This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

STORIES

FOR

THE MIDDLE RANKS OF SOCIETY,

AND

TALES

FOR

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

By HANNAH MORE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES,
IN THE STRAND.
1818.

X
H
2637
V.2

Printed by A. Strahan,
New-Street Square, London.

1371325 190

TALES

FOR THE

COMMON PEOPLE.

Religion is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue.

BURKE on the French Revolution.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain: In Two Parts	1
The Two Shoemakers: In Six Parts - -	69
The History of Tom White the Postboy: In Two Parts - - - -	219
The History of Hester Wilmot: In Two Parts; being the Sequel to the Sunday School -	283
The Grand Assizes, or General Gaol Delivery: An Allegory - - - -	332
The Servant Man turned Soldier: An Allegory	350
The History of Betty Brown the St. Giles's Orange Girl: with some Account of Mrs. Sponge the Money-Lender - -	372
Black Giles the Poacher: In Two Parts. Containing some Account of a Family who had rather live by their Wits than their Work	397
Tawney Rachel; or, the Fortune-teller: with some Account of Dreams, Omens, and Conjurers - - - -	448

THE

SHEPHERD

OF

SALISBURY PLAIN.

MR. JOHNSON, a very worthy charitable gentleman, was travelling some time ago across one of those vast plains which are well known in Wiltshire. It was a fine summer's evening, and he rode slowly that he might have leisure to admire God in the works of his creation. For this gentleman was of opinion, that a walk or a ride was as proper a time as any to think about good things; for which reason, on such occasions, he seldom thought so much about his money, or his trade, or public news, as at other times, that he might with more ease and satisfaction enjoy the pious thoughts which the wonderful works of

the great Maker of heaven and earth are intended to raise in the mind.

As this serene contemplation of the visible heavens insensibly lifted up his mind from the works of God in nature, to the same God as he is seen in revelation; it occurred to him that this very connection was clearly intimated by the Royal Prophet in the nineteenth psalm. That most beautiful description of the greatness and power of God exhibited in the former part, plainly seeming intended to introduce, illustrate, and unfold the operations of the word and Spirit of God on the heart in the latter. And he began to run a parallel in his own mind between the effects of that highly poetical and glowing picture of the material sun in searching and warming the earth, in the first six verses, and the spiritual operation attributed to the "law of God," which fills up the remaining part of the psalm. And he persuaded himself that the divine Spirit which dictated this fine hymn, had left it as a kind of general intimation to what use we were to convert our admi-

ration of created things; namely, that we might be led by a sight of them to raise our views from the kingdom of nature to that of grace, and that the contemplation of God in his works might draw us to contemplate him in his word.

In the midst of these reflections, Mr. Johnson's attention was all of a sudden called off by the barking of a Shepherd's dog, and looking up he spied one of those little huts, which are here and there to be seen on those great downs; and near it was the Shepherd himself busily employed with his dog in collecting together his vast flock of sheep. As he drew nearer, he perceived him to be a clean, well-looking, poor man, near fifty years of age. His coat, though at first it had probably been of one dark colour, had been in a long course of years so often patched with different sorts of cloth, that it was now become hard to say which had been the original colour. But this, while it gave a plain proof of the Shepherd's poverty, equally proved the ex-

ceeding neatness, industry, and good management of his wife. His stockings no less proved her good housewifery, for they were entirely covered with darns of different coloured worsted, but had not a hole in them; and his shirt, though nearly as coarse as the sails of a ship, was as white as the drifted snow, and was neatly mended where time had either made a rent, or worn it thin. This furnishes a rule of judging, by which one shall seldom be deceived. If I meet with a labourer, hedging, ditching, or mending the highways, with his stockings and shirt tight and whole, however mean and bad his other garments are, I have seldom failed on visiting his cottage, to find that also clean and well ordered, and his wife notable, and worthy of encouragement. Whereas a poor woman, who will be lying a-bed, or gossiping with her neighbours when she ought to be fitting out her husband in a cleanly manner, will seldom be found to be very good in other respects.

This was not the case with our Shepherd: and Mr. Johnson was not more struck with the decency of his mean and frugal dress, than with his open honest countenance, which bore strong marks of health, cheerfulness, and spirit.

Mr. Johnson, who was on a journey, and somewhat fearful from the appearance of the sky, that rain was at no great distance, accosted the Shepherd with asking what sort of weather he thought it would be on the morrow. "It will be "such weather as pleases me," answered the Shepherd. Though the answer was delivered in the mildest and most civil tone that could be imagined, the gentleman thought the words themselves rather rude and surly, and asked him how that could be. "Because," replied the Shepherd, "it will be such weather as shall "please God, and whatever pleases Him "always pleases me."

Mr. Johnson, who delighted in good men and good things, was very well satisfied with his reply. For he justly thought

that though a hypocrite may easily contrive to appear better than he really is to a stranger; and that no one should be too soon trusted, merely for having a few good words in his mouth; yet as he knew that "out of the abundance of the heart "the mouth speaketh;" he always accustomed himself to judge favourably of those who had a serious deportment and solid manner of speaking. It looks as if it proceeded from a good habit, said he, and though I may now and then be deceived by it, yet it has not often happened to me to be so. Whereas if a man accosts me with an idle, dissolute, vulgar, indecent, or prophane expression, I have never been deceived in *him*, but have generally on inquiry found his character to be as bad as his language gave me room to expect.

He entered into conversation with the Shepherd in the following manner: — "Your's is a troublesome life, honest "friend," said he. — "To be sure, Sir," replied the Shepherd, "'tis not a very

" lazy life; but 'tis not near so toilsome
" as that which my GREAT MASTER led
" for my sake; and he had every state
" and condition of life at his choice, and
" *chose* a hard one; while I only submit
" to the lot that is appointed me." —
" You are exposed to great cold and heat," said the gentleman. — " True,
" Sir," said the Shepherd; " but then I
" am not exposed to great temptations;
" and so throwing one thing against
" another, God is pleased to contrive to
" make things more equal than we poor,
" ignorant, short-sighted creatures, are
" apt to think. David was happier when
" he kept his father's sheep on such a
" plain as this, and employed in singing
" some of his own psalms perhaps, than
" ever he was when he became king of
" Israel and Judah. And I dare say we
" should never have had some of the most
" beautiful texts in all those fine Psalms,
" if he had not been a shepherd, which
" enabled him to make so many fine
" comparisons and similitudes, as one may

" say, from country life, flocks of sheep, " hills and valleys, fields of corn, and " fountains of water."

" You think then," said the gentleman, " that a laborious life is a happy " one." — " I do, Sir, and more so espe- " cially, as it exposes a man to fewer " sins. If King Saul had continued a " poor laborious man to the end of his " days, he might have lived happy and " honest, and died a natural death in " his bed at last, which you know, Sir, " was more than he did. But I speak " with reverence, for it was divine Provi- " dence overruled all that, you know, Sir, " and I do not presume to make compari- " sons. Besides, Sir, my employment has " been particularly honoured — Moses " was a shepherd in the plains of Midian. " It was to ' shepherds keeping their " ' flocks by night,' that the angels ap- " peared in Bethlehem, to tell the best " news, the gladdest tidings, that ever " were revealed to poor sinful men: " often and often has the thought warmed

" my poor heart in the coldest night, and " filled me with more joy and thankful- " ness than the best supper could have " done."

Here the shepherd stopped, for he began to feel that he had made too free, and had talked too long. But Mr. Johnson was so well pleased with what he said, and with the cheerful contented manner in which he said it, that he desired him to go on freely, for that it was a pleasure to him to meet with a plain man, who, without any kind of learning but what he had got from the bible, was able to talk so well on a subject in which all men, high and low, rich and poor, are equally concerned.

" Indeed I am afraid I make too bold, " Sir, for it better becomes me to listen to " such a gentleman as you seem to be, " than to talk in my poor way: but as I " was saying, Sir, I wonder all working men " do not derive as great joy and delight as " I do from thinking how God has ho- " noured poverty! Oh! Sir, what great, " or rich, or mighty men have had such

" honour put on them, or their condition,
" as shepherds, tent-makers, fishermen,
" and carpenters have had? Besides, it
" seems as if God honoured industry also.
" The way of duty is not only the way of
" safety, but it is remarkable how many
" in the exercise of the common duties of
" their calling humbly and rightly per-
" formed, as we may suppose, have found
" honours, preferment, and blessing; while
" it does not occur to me that the whole
" sacred volume presents a single instance
" of a like blessing conferred on idleness.
" Rebekah, Rachel, and Jethro's daugh-
" ters, were diligently employed in the
" lowest occupations of a country life,
" when Providence, by means of those
" very occupations, raised them up hus-
" bands so famous in history, as Isaac,
" Jacob, and the prophet Moses. The
" shepherds were neither playing nor
" sleeping, but 'watching their flocks,'
" when they received the news of a Sa-
" viour's birth; and the woman of Sama-
" ria, by the laborious office of drawing

" water, was brought to the knowledge of
" Him who gave her to drink of 'living
" 'water.'"

" My honest friend," said the gentleman, " I perceive you are well acquainted
" with Scripture." — " Yes, Sir, pretty
" well, blessed be God! through his mercy
" I learnt to read when I was a little boy;
" though reading was not so common
" when I was a child, as I am told, through
" the goodness of Providence and the
" generosity of the rich, it is likely to
" become now-a-days. I believe there is
" no day for the last thirty years, that I
" have not peeped at my Bible. If we
" can't find time to read a chapter, I defy
" any man to say he can't find time to
" read a verse; and a single text, Sir,
" well followed and put in practice every
" day, would make no bad figure at the
" year's end; three hundred and sixty-
" five texts, without the loss of a moment's
" time, would make a pretty stock, a little
" golden treasury, as one may say, from
" new-year's day to new-year's day; and

" if children were brought up to it, they
" would come to look for their text as
" naturally as they do for their breakfast.
" No labouring man, 'tis true, has so
" much leisure as a shepherd, for while
" the flock is feeding, I am obliged to be
" still, and at such times I can now and
" then tap a shoe for my children or my-
" self, which is a great saving to us, and
" while I am doing that I repeat a chapter
" or a psalm, which makes the time pass
" pleasantly in this wild solitary place.
" I can say the best part of the New
" Testament by heart; I believe I should
" not say the best part, for every part is
" good, but I mean the greatest part. I
" have led but a lonely life, and have often
" had but little to eat, but my Bible has
" been meat, drink, and company to me,
" as I may say, and when want and trouble
" have come upon me, I don't know what
" I should have done indeed, Sir, if I had
" not had the promises of this book for my
" stay and support."

" You have had great difficulties then?"

said Mr. Johnson. "Why, as to that, Sir, "not more than neighbours' fare; I have "but little cause to complain, and much to "be thankful; but I have had some little "struggles, as I will leave you to judge. "I have a wife and eight children, whom "I bred up in that little cottage which you "see under the hill about half a mile off." —"What, that with the smoke coming out "of the chimney?" said the gentleman. "O no, Sir," replied the Shepherd, smiling, "we have seldom smoke in the evening, "for we have little to cook, and firing is "very dear in these parts. 'Tis that cot- "tage which you see on the left hand of "the church, near that little tuft of haw- "thorns."—"What, that hovel with only "one room above and below, with scarcely "any chimney? how is it possible you can "live there with such a family!"—"O! "it is very possible and very certain too," cried the Shepherd. "How many better "men have been worse lodged! how many "good christians have perished in prisons "and dungeons, in comparison of which

" my cottage is a palace! The house is very
" well, Sir; and if the rain did not some-
" times beat down upon us through the
" thatch when we are a-bed, I should not
" desire a better; for I have health, peace,
" and liberty, and no man maketh me
" afraid."

" Well, I will certainly call on you be-
" fore it be long; but how can you con-
" trive to lodge so many children?" —
" We do the best we can, Sir. My poor
" wife is a very sickly woman, or we should
" always have done tolerably well. There
" are no gentry in the parish, so that she
" has not met with any great assistance in
" her sickness. The good curate of the
" parish, who lives in that pretty parson-
" age in the valley, is very willing, but not
" very able to assist us on these trying oc-
" casions, for he has little enough for him-
" self, and a large family into the bargain.
" Yet he does what he can, and more than
" many richer men do, and more than he
" can well afford. Besides that, his prayers
" and good advice we are always sure of,

" and we are truly thankful for that, for " a man must give, you know, Sir, accord- " ing to what he hath, and not according " to what he hath not."

" I am afraid," said Mr. Johnson, " that " your difficulties may sometimes lead " you to repine."

" No, Sir," replied the Shepherd, " it " pleases God to give me two ways of " bearing up under them. I pray that " they may be either removed or sanctified " to me. Besides, if my road be right I " am contented, though it be rough and " uneven. I do not so much stagger at " hardships in the right way, as I dread a " false security, and a hollow peace, while " I may be walking in a more smooth, but " less safe way. Besides, Sir, I strengthen " my faith by recollecting what the best " men have suffered, and my hope, with " the view of the shortness of all suffer- " ing. It is a good hint, Sir, of the vanity " of all earthly possessions, that though " the whole Land of Promise was his, yet " the first bit of ground which Abraham,

" the father of the faithful, got posses-
" sion of, in the land of Canaan, was a
" *grave.*"

" Are you in any distress at pre-
" sent?" said Mr. Johnson. " No, Sir,
" thank God," replied the Shepherd. " I
" get my shilling a day, and most of my
" children will soon be able to earn
" something; for we have only three
" under five years old." — " Only!" said
the gentleman, " that is a heavy bur-
" den." — " Not at all; God fits the
" back to it. Though my wife is not
" able to do any out-of-door work, yet
" she breeds up our children to such
" habits of industry, that our little maids,
" before they are six years old, can
" first get a halfpenny, and then a penny
" a day by knitting. The boys who
" are too little to do hard work, get a
" trifle by keeping the birds off the corn;
" for this the farmers will give them a
" penny or two pence, and now and then
" a bit of bread and cheese into the bargain.
" When the season of crow-keeping is over,

"then they glean or pick stones; any
" thing is better than idleness, Sir, and if
" they did not get a farthing by it, I would
" make them do it just the same, for
" the sake of giving them early habits of
" labour.

" So you see, Sir, I am not so badly off as
" many are; nay, if it were not that it costs
" me so much in 'pothecary's stuff for my
" poor wife, I should reckon myself well
" off, nay I do reckon myself well off,
" for blessed be God he has granted her
" life to my prayers, and I would work
" myself to a 'natomy, and live on one
" meal a-day, to add any comfort to her
" valuable life; indeed I have often done
" the last, and thought it no great matter
" neither."

While they were in this part of the discourse, a fine plump cherry-cheek little girl ran up out of breath, with a smile on her young happy face, and without taking any notice of the gentleman, cried out with great joy,—" Look here, father, only see
" how much I have got!" Mr. Johnson

was much struck with her simplicity, but puzzled to know what was the occasion of this great joy. On looking at her he perceived a small quantity of coarse wool, some of which had found its way through the holes of her clean, but scanty and ragged woollen apron. The father said, "This has been a successful "day indeed, Molly; but don't you see "the gentleman?" Molly now made a curtsey down to the very ground; while Mr. Johnson inquired into the cause of the mutual satisfaction which both father and daughter had expressed, at the unusual good fortune of the day.

"Sir," said the Shepherd, "poverty is "a great sharpener of the wits.—My wife "and I cannot endure to see our children "(poor as they are) without shoes and "stockings, not only on account of the "pinching cold which cramps their poor "little limbs, but because it degrades and "debases them; and poor people who have "but little regard to appearances, will sel-

" dom be found to have any great regard
" for honesty and goodness; I don't say
" this is always the case; but I am sure
" it is so too often. Now shoes and
" stockings being very dear, we could
" never afford to get them without a
" little contrivance. I must shew you
" how I manage about the shoes when
" you condescend to call at our cot-
" tage, Sir; as to stockings, this is one
" way we take to help to get them.
" My young ones, who are too little to do
" much work, sometimes wander at odd
" hours over the hills for the chance of
" finding what little wool the sheep may
" drop when they rub themselves, as they
" are apt to do, against the bushes.* These
" scattered bits of wool the children pick
" out of the brambles, which I see have
" torn sad holes in Molly's apron to-day;
" they carry this wool home, and when
" they have got a pretty parcel together,

* This piece of frugal industry is not imaginary, but a real fact, as is the character of the Shepherd, and his uncommon knowledge of the Scriptures.

"their mother cards it; for she can sit and "card in the chimney corner, when she "is not able to wash, or work about "house. The biggest girl then spins "it; it does very well for us without "dying, for poor people must not stand "for the colour of their stockings. Af- "ter this our little boys knit it for them- "selves, while they are employed in "keeping cows in the fields, and after "they get home at night. As for the "knitting which the girls and their mo- "ther do, that is chiefly for sale, which "helps to pay our rent."

Mr. Johnson lifted up his eyes in silent astonishment at the shifts which honest poverty can make rather than beg or steal; and was surprised to think how many ways of subsisting there are, which those who live at their ease little suspect. He secretly resolved to be more attentive to his own petty expences than he had hitherto been; and to be more watchful that nothing was wasted in his family.

But to return to the Shepherd. Mr.

Johnson told him, that as he must needs be at his friend's house, who lived many miles off, that night, he could not, as he wished to do, make a visit to his cottage at present. "But I will certainly do it," said he, "on "my return, for I long to see your wife "and her nice little family, and to be an "eye-witness of her neatness and good ma- "nagement." The poor man's tears started into his eyes on hearing the commendation bestowed on his wife; and wiping them off with the sleeve of his coat, for he was not worth a handkerchief in the world, he said — "Oh, Sir, you just now, I am "afraid, called me an humble man, but "indeed I am a very proud one." — "Proud!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, "I "hope not—Pride is a great sin, and as the "poor are liable to it as well as the rich, so "good a man as you seem to be, ought to "guard against it." — "Sir," said he, "you are right, but I am not proud of my- "self, God knows, I have nothing to be "proud of. I am a poor sinner, but in- "deed, Sir, I am proud of my wife: she is

" not only the most tidy, notable woman on
" the plain, but she is the kindest wife and
" mother, and the most contented, thank-
" ful christian that I know. Last year I
" thought I should have lost her in a violent
" fit of the rheumatism, caught by going
" to work too soon after her lying-in, I
" fear; for 'tis but a bleak coldish place,
" as you may see, Sir, in winter, and some-
" times the snow lies so long under the hill,
" that I can hardly make myself a path to
" get out and buy a few necessaries in the
" next village; and we are afraid to send
" out the children, for fear they should be
" lost when the snow is deep. So, as I
" was saying, the poor soul was very bad
" indeed, and for several weeks lost the
" use of all her limbs except her hands; a
" merciful providence spared her the use
" of these, so that when she could not turn
" in her bed, she could contrive to patch a
" rag or two for her family. She was al-
" ways saying, had it not been for the
" great goodness of God, she might have
" had her hands lame as well as her feet,

" or the palsy instead of the rheumatism,
" and then she could have done nothing—
" but, nobody had so many mercies as she
" had.

" I will not tell you what we suffered
" during that bitter weather, Sir, but my
" wife's faith and patience during that try-
" ing time, were as good a lesson to me as
" any sermon I could hear, and yet Mr.
" Jenkins gave us very comfortable ones
" too, that helped to keep up my spirits."

" I fear, Shepherd," said Mr. Johnson,
" you have found this to be but a bad
" world."

" Yes, Sir," replied the Shepherd, " but
" it is governed by a good God. And tho'
" my trials have now and then been sharp,
" why then, Sir, as the saying is, if the pain
" be violent, it is seldom lasting, and if it
" be but moderate, why then we can bear
" it the longer, and when it is quite taken
" away, ease is the more precious, and
" gratitude is quickened by the remem-
" brance; thus every way and in every case

"I can always find out a reason for vindi-
"cating Providence."

"But," said Mr. Johnson, "how do
"you do to support yourself under the
"pressure of actual want. Is not hunger
"a great weakener of your faith?"

"Sir," replied the Shepherd, "I en-
"deavour to live upon the promises. You
"who abound in the good things of this
"world are apt to set too high a value on
"them. Suppose, Sir, the King, seeing me
"hard at work, were to say to me, that, if
"I would patiently work on till Christmas,
"a fine palace and a great estate should be
"the reward of my labours. Do you
"think, Sir, that a little hunger, or a little
"cold, or a little wet, would make me
"flinch, when I was sure that a few months
"would put me in possession? Should I
"not say to myself frequently — chear
"up Shepherd, 'tis but till Christmas!
"now is there not much less difference
"between this supposed day and Christ-
"mas, when I should take possession of

"the estate and palace, than there is be-
"tween time and eternity, when I am
"sure of entering on a kingdom not
"made with hands? There is some com-
"parison between a moment and a thou-
"sand years, because a thousand years
"are made up of moments, all time being
"made up of the same sort of stuff, as I
"may say; while there is no sort of com-
"parison between the longest portion of
"time and eternity. You know, Sir,
"there is no way of measuring two things,
"one of which has length and breadth,
"which shows it must have an end some-
"where, and another thing, which being
"eternal, is without end and without
"measure."

"But," said Mr. Johnson, "is not the
"fear of death sometimes too strong for
"your faith?"

"Blessed be God, Sir," replied the Shepherd, "the dark passage through the
"valley of the shadow of death is made
"safe by the power of Him who conquer-
"ed death. I know, indeed, we shall go as

" naked out of this world as we came into
" it, but an humble penitent will not be
" found naked in the other world, Sir.
" My Bible tells me of garments of praise
" and robes of righteousness. And is it
" not a support, Sir, under any of the
" petty difficulties and distresses here, to
" be assured by the word of Him who
" cannot lie, that those who were in white
" robes came out of great tribulation?
" But, Sir, I beg your pardon for being so
" talkative. Indeed you great folks can
" hardly imagine how it raises and cheers
" a poor man's heart, when such as you
" condescend to talk familiarly to him on
" religious subjects. It seems to be a
" practical comment on that text which
" says, *the rich and poor meet together, the*
" *Lord is the maker of them all.* And so
" far from creating disrespect, Sir, and
" that nonsensical wicked notion about
" equality, it rather prevents it. But to
" return to my wife. One Sunday after-
" noon when she was at the worst, as I was
" coming out of church, for I went one

" part of the day, and my eldest daughter
" the other, so my poor wife was never left
" alone; as I was coming out of church,
" I say, Mr. Jenkins, the minister, called
" out to me, and asked me how my wife
" did, saying he had been kept from com-
" ing to see her by the deep fall of snow,
" and indeed from the parsonage-house to
" my hovel it was quite impassable. I
" gave him all the particulars he asked,
" and I am afraid a good many more, for
" my heart was quite full. He kindly
" gave me a shilling, and said he would
" certainly try to pick out his way and
" come and see her in a day or two.

" While he was talking to me, a plain
" farmer-looking gentleman in boots, who
" stood by, listened to all I said, but
" seemed to take no notice. It was Mr.
" Jenkins's wife's father, who was come
" to pass the Christmas-holidays at the
" parsonage-house. I had always heard
" him spoken of as a plain frugal man,
" who lived close himself, but was re-

"marked to give away more than any of "his show-away neighbours.

"Well! I went home with great spirits "at this seasonable and unexpected sup- "ply; for we had tapped our last six- "pence, and there was little work to be "had on account of the weather. I told "my wife I had not come back empty- "handed. — 'No, I dare say not,' says "she, 'you have been serving a master "*who filleth the hungry with good things,* "*though he sendeth the rich empty away.*' "— True, Mary, says I, we seldom fail "to get good spiritual food from Mr. "Jenkins, but to-day he has kindly sup- "plied our bodily wants. She was more "thankful when I showed her the shilling, "than, I dare say, some of your great "people are when they get a hundred "pounds."

Mr. Johnson's heart smote him when he heard such a value set upon a shilling; surely, said he to himself, I will never waste another; but he said nothing to the Shepherd, who thus pursued his story;

"Next morning before I went out, I "sent part of the money to buy a little "ale and brown sugar to put into her "water-gruel; which you know, Sir, "made it nice and nourishing. I went out "to cleave wood in a farm-yard, for there "was no standing out on the plain, after "such snow as had fallen in the night. I "went with a lighter heart than usual, "because I had left my poor wife a little "better, and comfortably supplied for this "day; and I now resolved more than ever "to trust God for the supplies of the "next. When I came back at night, my "wife fell a crying as soon as she saw me. "This, I own, I thought but a bad return "for the blessings she had so lately re-"ceived, and so I told her.—'O,' said "she, 'it is too much, we are too rich; "I am now frightened, not lest we should "have no portion in this world, but for "fear we should have our whole portion "in it. Look here, John!' So saying, she "uncovered the bed whereon she lay, and "showed me two warm, thick, new blan-

" kets. I could not believe my own eyes,
" Sir, because when I went out in the
" morning, I had left her with no other
" covering than our little old, thin, blue
" rug. I was still more amazed when she
" put half-a-crown into my hand, telling
" me she had had a visit from Mr. Jen-
" kins and Mr. Jones, the latter of whom
" had bestowed all these good things
" upon us. Thus, Sir, have our lives
" been crowned with mercies. My wife
" got about again, and I do believe, un-
" der Providence, it was owing to these
" comforts; for the rheumatism, Sir,
" without blankets by night and flannel
" by day, is but a baddish job, especially
" to people who have little or no fire.
" She will always be a weakly body; but
" thank God her soul prospers and is in
" health. But I beg your pardon, Sir,
" for talking on at this rate."—" Not at
" all, not at all," said Mr. Johnson; " I
" am much pleased with your story, you
" shall certainly see me in a few days.
" Good night." So saying, he slipped a

crown into his hand and rode off. Surely, said the Shepherd, *goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life*, as he gave the money to his wife when he got home at night.

As to Mr. Johnson, he found abundant matter for his thoughts during the rest of his journey. On the whole he was more disposed to envy than to pity the Shepherd. I have seldom seen, said he, so happy a man. It is a sort of happiness which the world could not give, and which I plainly see, it has not been able to take away. This must be the true spirit of religion. I see more and more, that true goodness is not merely a thing of words and opinions, but a living principle brought into every common action of a man's life. What else could have supported this poor couple under every bitter trial of want and sickness? No, my honest Shepherd, I do not pity, but I respect and even honour thee; and I will visit thy poor hovel on my return to Salis-

bury with as much pleasure as I am now going to the house of my friend.

If Mr. Johnson keeps his word in sending me the account of his visit to the Shepherd's cottage, I shall be very glad to entertain my readers with it.

PART II.

I AM willing to hope that my readers will not be sorry to hear some farther particulars of their old acquaintance *the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.* They will call to mind that at the end of the first part, he was returning home full of gratitude for the favours he had received from Mr. Johnson, whom we left pursuing his journey, after having promised to make a visit to the Shepherd's cottage.

Mr. Johnson, after having passed some time with his friend, set out on his return to Salisbury, and on the Saturday evening reached a very small inn, a mile

or two distant from the Shepherd's village; for he never travelled on a Sunday without such a reason as he might be able to produce at the day of judgment. He went the next morning to the church nearest the house where he had passed the night; and after taking such refreshment as he could get at that house, he walked on to find out the Shepherd's cottage. His reason for visiting him on a Sunday was chiefly because he supposed it to be the only day which the Shepherd's employment allowed him to pass at home with his family; and as Mr. Johnson had been struck with his talk, he thought it would be neither unpleasant nor unprofitable to observe how a man who carried such an appearance of piety spent his Sunday; for though he was so low in the world, this gentleman was not above entering very closely into his character, of which he thought he should be able to form a better judgment, by seeing whether his practice at home kept pace with his professions abroad: for it is not so much

by observing how people talk, as how they live, that we ought to judge of their characters.

After a pleasant walk Mr. Johnson got within sight of the cottage, to which he was directed by the clump of hawthorns and the broken chimney. He wished to take the family by surprise; and walking gently up to the house he stood awhile to listen. The door being half open, he saw the Shepherd, (who looked so respectable in his Sunday coat that he should hardly have known him,) his wife, and their numerous young family, drawing round their little table, which was covered with a clean though very coarse cloth. There stood on it a large dish of potatoes, a brown pitcher, and a piece of a coarse loaf. The wife and children stood in silent attention, while the Shepherd, with uplifted hands and eyes, devoutly begged the blessing of Heaven on their homely fare. Mr. Johnson could not help sighing to reflect, that he had sometimes seen better dinners eaten with less appearance of thankfulness.

The Shepherd and his wife then sat down with great seeming cheerfulness, but the children stood; and while the mother was helping them, little fresh-coloured Molly, who had picked the wool from the bushes with so much delight, cried out, "Father, I wish I was big enough to "say grace, I am sure I should say it "very heartily to-day, for I was thinking "what must *poor* people do who have no "salt to their potatoes, and do but look, "our dish is quite full." — "That is the "true way of thinking, Molly," said the father; "in whatever concerns bodily "wants and bodily comforts, it is our "duty to compare our own lot with the "lot of those who are worse off, and this "will keep us thankful: on the other "hand, whenever we are tempted to set up "our own wisdom or goodness, we must "compare ourselves with those who are "wiser and better, and that will keep us "humble." Molly was now so hungry, and found the potatoes so good, that she had no time to make any more remarks;

but was devouring her dinner very heartily, when the barking of the great dog drew her attention from her trencher to the door, and spying the stranger, she cried out, "Look, father, see here, if "yonder is not the good gentleman!" Mr. Johnson finding himself discovered, immediately walked in, and was heartily welcomed by the honest Shepherd, who told his wife that this was the gentleman to whom they were so much obliged.

The good woman began, as some very neat people are rather too apt to do, with making many apologies that her house was not cleaner, and that things were not in fitter order to receive such a gentleman. Mr. Johnson however, on looking round, could discover nothing but the most perfect neatness. The trenchers on which they were eating were almost as white as their linen; and notwithstanding the number and smallness of the children, there was not the least appearance of dirt or litter. The furniture was very simple and poor, hardly indeed amounting to bare neces-

saries. It consisted of four brown wooden chairs, which, by constant rubbing, were become as bright as a looking-glass; an iron pot and kettle; a poor old grate, which scarcely held a handful of coal, and out of which the little-fire that had been in it appeared to have been taken, as soon as it had answered the end for which it had been lighted — that of boiling their potatoes. Over the chimney stood an old-fashioned broad bright candlestick, and a still brighter spit; it was pretty clear that this last was kept rather for ornament than use. An old carved elbow chair, and a chest of the same date which stood in the corner, were considered as the most valuable part of the Shepherd's goods, having been in his family for three generations. But all these were lightly esteemed by him, in comparison of another possession, which, added to the above, made up the whole of what he had inherited from his father; and which last he would not have parted with, if no other could have been had, for a king's ransom:

this was a large old Bible, which lay on the window seat, neatly covered with brown cloth, variously patched. This sacred book was most reverently preserved from dog's ears, dirt, and every other injury, but such as time and much use had made it suffer in spite of care. On the clean white walls were pasted, a hymn on the Crucifixion of our Saviour, a print of the Prodigal Son, the Shepherd's Hymn, and Patient Joe, or the Newcastle Collier.*

After the first salutations were over, Mr. Johnson said, that if they would go on with their dinner he would sit down. Though a good deal ashamed, they thought it more respectful to obey the gentleman, who having cast his eye on their slender provisions, gently rebuked the Shepherd for not having indulged himself, as it was Sunday, with a morsel of bacon to relish his potatoes. The Shepherd said nothing, but poor Mary coloured and hung down

* Printed for the Cheap Repository, price one halfpenny.

her head, saying, "Indeed, Sir, it is not "my fault, I did beg my husband to allow "himself a bit of meat to-day out of your "honour's bounty; but he was too good "to do it, and it is all for my sake." The Shepherd seemed unwilling to come to an explanation, but Mr. Johnson desired Mary to go on. So she continued: "You must know, Sir, that both of us, "next to a sin, dread a debt, and in- "deed in some cases a debt is a sin; but "with all our care and pains we have "never been able quite to pay off the "doctor's bill for that bad fit of rheu- "matism which I had last winter. Now "when you were pleased to give my hus- "band that kind present the other day, "I heartily desired him to buy a bit of "meat for Sunday, as I said before, that "he might have a little refreshment for "himself out of your kindness. 'But,' "answered he, 'Mary, it is never out of "my mind long together that we still "owe a few shillings to the doctor, and "thank God it is all we did owe in the

" world. Now if I carry him this money " directly, it will not only show him our " honesty and our good-will; but it will " be an encouragement to him to come to " you another time in case you should be " taken once more in such a bad fit; for " I must own,' added my poor husband, " ' that the thought of your being so " terribly ill without any help, is the " only misfortune that I want courage to " face.' "

Here the grateful woman's tears ran down so fast that she could not go on. She wiped them with the corner of her apron, and humbly begged pardon for making so free. " Indeed, Sir," said the Shepherd, " though my wife is full as unwilling to be " in debt as myself, yet I could hardly " prevail on her to consent to my paying " this money just then, because she said " it was hard I should not have a taste of " the gentleman's bounty myself. But " for once, Sir, I would have my own " way. For you must know, as I pass " best part of my time alone, tending my

" sheep, 'tis a great point with me, Sir,
" to get comfortable matter for my own
" thoughts; so that 'tis rather self interest
" in me to allow myself in no pleasures
" and no practices that wont bear think-
" ing on over and over. For when one
" is a good deal alone, you know, Sir, all
" one's bad deeds do so rush in upon
" one, as I may say, and so torment one,
" that there is no true comfort to be had
" but in keeping clear of wrong doings
" and false pleasures; and that I suppose
" may be one reason why so many folks
" hate to stay a bit by themselves. — But
" as I was saying — when I came to think
" the matter over on the hill yonder, said
" I to myself, a good dinner is a good
" thing I grant, and yet it will be but
" cold comfort to me a week after, to be
" able to say — to be sure I had a nice
" shoulder of mutton last Sunday for din-
" ner, thanks to the good gentleman!
" but then I am in debt. I *had* a rare
" dinner, that's certain, but the pleasure
" of that has long been over, and the debt

"still remains. I have spent the crown; "and now if my poor wife should be "taken in one of those fits again, die she "must, unless God work a miracle to "prevent it, for I can get no help for her. "This thought settled all; and I set off "directly and paid the crown to the doc- "tor with as much cheerfulness as I "should have felt on sitting down to the "fattest shoulder of mutton that ever "was roasted. And if I was contented "at the time, think how much more "happy I have been at the remembrance! "O, Sir, there are no pleasures worth the "name but such as bring no plague or "penitence after them."

Mr. Johnson was satisfied with the Shepherd's reasons; and agreed, that though a good dinner was not to be despised, yet it was not worthy to be compared with *a contented mind, which,* as the Bible truly says, *is a continual feast.* "But come," said the good gentleman, "what have we got in this brown mug?" —"As good water," said the Shepherd,

"as any in the king's dominions. I have "heard of countries beyond sea in which "there is no wholesome water; nay, I "have been myself in a great town not "far off, where they are obliged to buy "all the water which they get, while a "good Providence sends to my very "door a spring as clear and fine as "Jacob's well. When I am tempted to "repine that I have often no other "drink, I call to mind, that it was no-"thing better than a cup of cold water "which the woman at the well of Sychar "drew for the greatest guest that ever "visited this world."

"Very well," replied Mr. Johnson; "but as your honesty has made you pre-"fer a poor meal to being in debt, I will "at least send and get something for you "to drink. I saw a little public-house "just by the church, as I came along. "Let that little rosy-faced fellow fetch a "mug of beer." So saying, he looked full at the boy who did not offer to stir; but cast an eye at his father to know

what he was to do. "Sir," said the Shepherd, "I hope we shall not appear "ungrateful, if we seem to refuse your "favour; my little boy would, I am sure, "fly to serve you on any other occasion. "But, good Sir, it is Sunday; and should "any of my family be seen at a public-"house on a sabbath-day, it would be a "much greater grief to me than to drink "water all my life. I am often talking "against these doings to others; and if "I should say one thing and do another, "you can't think what an advantage it "would give many of my neighbours "over me, who would be glad enough to "report that they had caught the Shep-"herd's son at the alehouse without ex-"plaining how it happened. Christians "you know, Sir, must be doubly watch-"ful; or they will not only bring dis-"grace on themselves, but what is much "worse, on that holy name by which "they are called."

"Are you not a little too cautious, my "honest friend?" said Mr. Johnson. —

"I humbly ask your pardon, Sir," replied the Shepherd, "if I think that is impos-
"sible. In my poor notion I no more un-
"derstand how a man can be too cautious,
"than how he can be too strong, or too
"healthy."

"You are right indeed," said Mr. John-son, "as a general principle, but this struck
"me as a very small thing."—"Sir," said the Shepherd, "I am afraid you will think
"me very bold, but you encourage me to
"speak out."—"'Tis what I wish," said the gentleman.—"Then, Sir," resumed the Shepherd, "I doubt if, where there
"is a frequent temptation to do wrong,
"any fault can be called small; that is, in
"short, if there is any such thing as a
"small wilful sin. A poor man like me is
"seldom called out to do great things, so
"that it is not by a few striking deeds his
"character can be judged by his neigh-
"bours, but by the little round of daily
"customs he allows himself in."

"I should like," said Mr. Johnson, "to
"know how you manage in this respect."

" I am but a poor scholar, Sir," replied the Shepherd, " but I have made myself a " little sort of rule. I always avoid, as I " am an ignorant man, picking out any " one single difficult text to distress my " mind about, or to go and build opinions " upon, because I know that puzzles and " injures poor unlearned Christians. But " I endeavour to collect what is the *general* " spirit or meaning of Scripture on any " particular subject, by putting a few " texts together, which though I find them " dispersed up and down, yet all seem to " look the same way, to prove the same " truth, or hold out the same comfort. " So when I am tried or tempted, or any " thing happens in which I am at a loss " what to do, I apply to my rule—To the " *law and the testimony*. To be sure I can't " always find a particular direction as to " the very case, because then the Bible " must have been bigger than all those " great books I once saw in the library at " Salisbury palace, which the butler told " me were acts of parliament; and had

"that been the case a poor man would
"never have had money to buy, nor a
"working man time to read the Bible;
"and so Christianity could only have
"been a religion for the rich, for those
"who had money and leisure; which,
"blessed be God! is so far from being the
"truth, that in all that fine discourse of our
"Saviour to John's disciples, it is enough
"to reconcile any poor man in the world
"to his low condition to observe, when
"Christ reckons up the things for which
"he came on earth, to observe, I say, what
"he keeps for last. *Go tell John*, says he,
"*those things which ye do hear and see;*
"*the blind receive their sight, and the lame*
"*walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the*
"*deaf hear, and the dead are raised up.*
"Now, Sir, all these are wonders to be
"sure, but they are nothing to what fol-
"lows. They are but like the lower rounds
"of a ladder, as I may say, by which you
"mount to the top—*And the poor have*
"*the gospel preached to them!* I dare say, if
"John had had any doubts before, this last

" part of the message must have cleared " them up at once. For it must have " made him certain sure at once, that a " religion which placed preaching salva- " tion to the poor above healing the sick, " which ranked the soul above the body, " and set heaven above health, must have " come from God."

" But," said Mr. Johnson, " you say " you can generally pick out your particu- " lar duty from the Bible, though that " immediate duty be not fully explained."

" Indeed, Sir," replied the Shepherd, " I think I can find out the principle at " least, if I bring but a willing mind. The " want of that is the great hindrance. " *Whoso doeth my will he shall know of the* " *doctrine.* You know that text, Sir. I " believe a stubborn will makes the Bible " harder to be understood, than any want " of learning. 'Tis corrupt affections " which blind the understanding, Sir. The " more a man hates sin, the clearer he will " see his way, and the more he loves holi- " ness, the better he will understand

"his Bible. The more practical con-
"viction will he get of that pleasant
"truth, that *the secret of the Lord is*
"*with them that fear him.* Now, Sir,
"suppose I had time and learning, and
"possessed all the books I saw at the
"Bishop's, where could I find out a
"surer way to lay the axe to the root of
"all covetousness, selfishness, and in-
"justice, than the plain and ready rule,
"*to do unto all men as I would they*
"*should do unto me.* If my neighbour
"does me an injury can I be at any loss
"how to proceed with him, when I re-
"collect the parable of the unforgiving
"steward, who refused to pardon a debt
"of an hundred pence, when his own
"ten thousand talents had been remitted
"to him? I defy any man to retain
"habitual selfishness, hardness of heart,
"or any other allowed sin, who daily
"and conscientiously tries his own heart
"by this touchstone. The straight rule
"will show the crooked practice to every

" one who honestly tries the one by the " other."

" Why, you seem to make Scripture a " thing of general application," said Mr. Johnson, " in cases to which many, I " fear, do not apply it."

" It applies to every thing, Sir," replied the Shepherd. " When those " men who are now disturbing the peace " of the world, and trying to destroy " the confidence of God's children in " their Maker and their Saviour; when " those men, I say, came to my poor " hovel with their new doctrines and " their new books, I would never look " into one of them; for I remembered " it was the first sin of the first pair to " lose their innocence for the sake of a " little wicked knowledge; besides, *my* " *own Book* told me — *To fear God and* " *honour the king* — *To meddle not with* " *them who are given to change* — *Not to* " *speak evil of dignities* — *To render* " *honour to whom honour is due.* So " that I was furnished with a little coat

" of mail, as I may say, which preserved " me, while those who had no such " armour fell into the snare."

While they were thus talking, the children who had stood very quietly behind, and had not stirred a foot, now began to scamper about all at once, and in a moment ran to the window-seat to pick up their little old hats. Mr. Johnson looked surprised at this disturbance; the Shepherd asked his pardon, telling him it was the sound of the church bell which had been the cause of their rudeness; for their mother had brought them up with such a fear of being too late for church, that it was but who could catch the first stroke of the bell, and be first ready. He had always taught them to think that nothing was more indecent than to get into church after it was begun; for as the service opened with an exhortation to repentance, and a confession of sin, it looked very presumptuous not to be ready to join in it; it looked as if people did not feel themselves to be sinners. And

though such as lived at a great distance might plead difference of clocks as an excuse, yet those who lived within the sound of the bell, could pretend neither ignorance nor mistake.

Mary and her children set forward. Mr. Johnson and the Shepherd followed, taking care to talk the whole way on such subjects as might fit them for the solemn duties of the place to which they were going. "I have often been sorry "to observe," said Mr. Johnson, "that "many who are reckoned decent, good "kind of people, and who would on no "account neglect going to church, yet "seem to care but little in what frame "or temper of mind they go thither. "They will talk of their worldly concerns "till they get within the door, and then "take them up again the very minute the "sermon is over, which makes me ready "to fear they lay too much stress on the "mere form of going to a place of wor-"ship. Now, for my part, I always find "that it requires a little time to bring my

"mind into a state fit to do any *common* "business well, much more this great "and most necessary business of all." — "Yes, Sir," replied the Shepherd; "and "then I think too how busy I should be "in preparing my mind, if I was going "into the presence of a great gentleman, "or a lord, or the king; and shall the "King of kings be treated with less "respect? Besides, one likes to see peo- "ple feel as if going to church was a "thing of choice and pleasure, as well "as a duty, and that they were as de- "sirous not to be the last there, as "they would be if they were going to a "feast, or a fair."

After service, Mr. Jenkins the clergyman, who was well acquainted with the character of Mr. Johnson, and had a great respect for him, accosted him with much civility; expressing his concern that he could not enjoy just now so much of his conversation as he wished, as he was obliged to visit a sick person at a distance, but hoped to have a little talk

with him before he left the village. As they walked along together, Mr. Johnson made such inquiries about the Shepherd, as served to confirm him in the high opinion he entertained of his piety, good sense, industry, and self-denial. They parted, the clergyman promising to call in at the cottage in his way home.

The Shepherd, who took it for granted that Mr. Johnson was gone to the parsonage, walked home with his wife and children, and was beginning in his usual way to catechise and instruct his family, when Mr. Johnson came in, and insisted that the Shepherd should go on with his instructions just as if he were not there. This gentleman, who was very desirous of being useful to his own servants and workmen in the way of religious instruction, was sometimes sorry to find that though he took a good deal of pains, they now and then did not quite understand him; for, though his meaning was very good, his language was not always very plain; and though the *things* he said

were not hard to be understood, yet the *words* were, especially to such as were very ignorant. And he now began to find out that if people were ever so wise and good, yet if they had not a simple, agreeable, and familiar way of expressing themselves, some of their plain hearers would not be much the better for them. For this reason he was not above listening to the plain, humble way in which this honest man taught his family; for though he knew that he himself had many advantages over the Shepherd, had more learning, and could teach him many things, yet he was not too proud to learn even of so poor a man, in any point where he thought the Shepherd might have the advantage of him.

This gentleman was much pleased with the knowledge and piety which he discovered in the answers of the children, and desired the Shepherd to tell him how he contrived to keep up a sense of divine things in his own mind, and in that of his family, with so little leisure, and

so little reading. "O! as to that, Sir," said the Shepherd, "we do not read "much except in one book to be sure; "but with my hearty prayer for God's "blessing on the use of that book, what "little knowledge is needful seems to "come of course, as it were. And my "chief study has been to bring the fruits "of the Sunday reading into the week's "business, and to keep up the same "sense of God in the heart, when the "Bible is in the cupboard as when it is "in the hand. In short, to apply what I "read in the book to what I meet with "in the field."

"I don't quite understand you," said Mr. Johnson. "Sir," replied the Shepherd, "I have but a poor gift at convey-"ing these things to others, though I have "much comfort from them in my own "mind; but I am sure that the most "ignorant and hard-working people, who "are in earnest about their salvation, "may help to keep up devout thoughts "and good affections during the week;

"though they have hardly any time to
"look at a book; and it will help them
"to keep out bad thoughts too, which
"is no small matter. But then they
"must know the Bible; they must have
"read the word of God diligently; that
"is a kind of stock in trade for a Christian
"to set up with; and it is this which
"makes me so careful in teaching it to
"my children; and even in storing
"their memories with psalms and chap-
"ters. This is a great help to a poor
"hard-working man, who will scarcely
"meet with any thing in them but what
"he may turn to some good account.
"If one lives in the fear and the love of
"God, almost every thing one sees
"abroad will teach one to adore his
"power and goodness, and bring to mind
"some texts of Scripture, which shall fill
"the heart with thankfulness, and the
"mouth with praise. When I look up-
"wards *the Heavens declare the Glory of*
"*God;* and shall I be silent and un-
"grateful? If I look round and see the

"valleys standing thick with corn, how "can I help blessing that Power who "*giveth me all things richly to enjoy?* I "may learn gratitude from the beasts "of the field, for the *ox knoweth his* "*owner, and the ass his master's crib,* "and shall a Christian not know, shall a "Christian not consider what great things "God has done for him? I, who am a "Shepherd, endeavour to fill my soul "with a constant remembrance of that "good Shepherd, who *feedeth me in green* "*pastures, and maketh me to lie down* "*beside the still waters, and whose rod and* "*staff comfort me.* A religion, Sir, which "has its seat in the heart, and its fruits in "the life, takes up little time in the "study. And yet in another sense true "religion, which from sound principle "brings forth right practice, fills up the "whole time, and life too as one may say."

"You are happy," said Mr. Johnson, "in this retired life, by which you escape "the corruptions of the world."—"Sir," replied the Shepherd, "I do not escape

"the corruptions of my own evil nature. "Even there, on that wild solitary hill, I "can find out that my heart is prone to "evil thoughts. I suppose, Sir, that "different states have different tempta- "tions. You great folks that live in the "world, perhaps, are exposed to some, of "which such a poor man as I am, know "nothing. But to one who leads a lonely "life like me, evil thoughts are a chief "besetting sin; and I can no more with- "stand these without the grace of God, "than a rich gentleman can withstand "the snares of evil company, without the "same grace. And I feel that I stand "in need of God's help continually, and "if he should give me up to my own "evil heart I should be lost."

Mr. Johnson approved of the Shepherd's sincerity, for he had always observed, that where there was no humility, and no watchfulness against sin, there was no religion, and he said that the man who did not feel himself to be a sinner, in his opinion, could not be a christian.

Just as they were in this part of their discourse, Mr. Jenkins, the clergyman, came in. After the usual salutations, he said, "Well, Shepherd, I wish you joy; I "know you will be sorry to gain any ad- "vantage by the death of a neighbour; "but old Wilson, my clerk, was so infirm; "and I trust so well prepared, that there "is no reason to be sorry for his death. "I have been to pray by him, but he died "while I staid. I have always intended "you should succeed to his place; 'tis "no great matter of profit, but every "little is something."

"No great matter, Sir!" cried the Shepherd; "indeed it is a great thing to "me; it will more than pay my rent. "Blessed be God for all his goodness!"— Mary said nothing, but lifted up her eyes full of tears in silent gratitude.

"I am glad of this little circumstance," said Mr. Jenkins, "not only for your sake, "but for the sake of the office itself. I so "heartily reverence every religious in- "stitution, that I would never have even

" the *Amen* added to the excellent prayers " of our church, by vain or profane lips, " and if it depended on me, there should " be no such thing in the land as an idle, " drunken, or irreligious parish-clerk. " Sorry I am to say, that this matter is " not always sufficiently attended to, and " that I know some of a very indifferent " character."

Mr. Johnson now inquired of the clergyman whether there were many children in the parish. " More than you would " expect," replied he, " from the seeming smallness of it; but there are some " little hamlets which you do not see." — " I think," returned Mr. Johnson, " I " recollect that in the conversation I had " with the Shepherd on the hill yonder, " he told me you had no Sunday school." — " I am sorry to say we have none," said the minister; " I do what I can to remedy " this misfortune by public catechising; " but having two or three churches to " serve, I cannot give so much time as I " wish to private instruction; and having

"a large family of my own, and no "assistance from others, I have never "been able to establish a school."

"There is an excellent institution in "London," said Mr. Johnson, "called "the Sunday-School Society, which kindly "gives books and other helps, on the "application of such pious clergymen "as stand in need of their aid, and which "I am sure would have assisted you; "but I think we shall be able to do "something ourselves. Shepherd," continued he, "if I were a king, and had it "in my power to make you a rich and "a great man, with a word speaking, I "would not do it. Those who are raised "by some sudden stroke, much above the "station in which Divine Providence had "placed them, seldom turn out very "good, or very happy. I have never "had any great things in my power, but "as far as I have been able, I have been "always glad to assist the worthy. I "have, however, never attempted or de-"sired to set any poor man much above

" his natural condition, but it is a pleasure
" to me to lend him such assistance as
" may make that condition more easy to
" himself, and put him in a way which
" shall call him to the performance of
" more duties than perhaps he could have
" performed without my help, and of
" performing them in a better manner to
" others, and with more comfort to him-
" self. — What rent do you pay for this
" cottage?"

" Fifty shillings a-year, Sir."

" It is in a sad tattered condition; is
" there not a better to be had in the vil-
" lage?"

" That in which the poor clerk lived," said the clergyman, " is not only more
" tight and whole, but has two decent
" chambers, and a very large light
" kitchen." — " That will be very con-
" venient," replied Mr. Johnson, " pray
" what is the rent?" — " I think," said the Shepherd, " poor neighbour Wilson
" gave somewhat about four pounds
" a-year, or it might be guineas." —

"Very well," said Mr. Johnson, "and "what will the clerk's place be worth, "think you?" — About three pounds, was the answer.

"Now," continued Mr. Johnson, "my "plan is, that the Shepherd should "take that house immediately; for as "the poor man is dead, there will be no "need of waiting till quarter-day, if I "make up the difference." — "True, "Sir," said Mr. Jenkins, "and I am sure "my wife's father, whom I expect to-"morrow, will willingly assist a little "towards buying some of the clerk's old "goods. And the sooner they remove "the better, for poor Mary caught that "bad rheumatism by sleeping under a "leaky thatch." The Shepherd was too much moved to speak, and Mary could hardly sob out, "Oh, Sir! you are too "good; indeed this house will do very "well." — "It may do very well for you "and your children, Mary," said Mr. Johnson, gravely, "but it will not do for "a school; the kitchen is neither large

"nor light enough. Shepherd," continued he, "with your good Minister's "leave, and kind assistance, I propose to "set up in this parish a Sunday school, "and to make you the master. It will "not at all interfere with your weekly "calling, and it is the only lawful way in "which you could turn the sabbath into "a day of some little profit to your family, "by doing, as I hope, a great deal of good "to the souls of others. The rest of the "week you will work as usual. The differ-"ence of rent between this house and the "clerk's I shall pay myself, for to put "you into a better house at your own "expence would be no great act of kind-"ness. — As for honest Mary, who is not "fit for hard labour, or any out-of-door "work, I propose to endow a small "weekly school, of which she shall be "the mistress, and employ her notable "turn to good account, by teaching ten "or a dozen girls to knit, sew, spin, card, "or any other useful way of getting their "bread; for all this I shall only pay her

" the usual price, for I am not going to " make you rich but useful."

" Not rich, Sir?" cried the Shepherd; " how can I ever be thankful enough for " such blessings? And will my poor " Mary have a dry thatch over her head? " and shall I be able to send for the doc- " tor when I am like to lose her? Indeed " my cup runs over with blessings, I hope " God will give me humility." — Here he and Mary looked at each other and burst into tears. The gentlemen saw their distress, and kindly walked out upon the little green before the door, that these honest people might give vent to their feelings. As soon as they were alone they crept into one corner of the room, where they thought they could not be seen, and fell on their knees, devoutly blessing and praising God for his mercies. Never were more hearty prayers presented, than this grateful couple offered up for their benefactors. The warmth of their gratitude could only be equalled by the earnestness with which

they besought the blessing of God on the work in which they were going to engage.

The two gentlemen now left this happy family, and walked to the parsonage, where the evening was spent in a manner very edifying to Mr. Johnson, who the next day took all proper measures for putting the Shepherd in immediate possession of his now comfortable habitation. Mr. Jenkins's father-in-law, the worthy gentleman who gave the Shepherd's wife the blankets, in the first part of this history, arrived at the parsonage before Mr. Johnson left it, and assisted in fitting up the clerk's cottage.

Mr. Johnson took his leave, promising to call on the worthy Minister and his new clerk once a year, in his summer's journey over the plain, as long as it should please God to spare his life. He had every reason to be satisfied with the objects of his bounty. The Shepherd's zeal and piety made him a blessing to the rising generation. The old resorted to his school for the benefit of hearing the

young instructed; and the clergyman had the pleasure of seeing that he was rewarded for the protection he gave the school, by the great increase in his congregation. The Shepherd not only exhorted both parents and children to the indispensible duty of a regular attendance at church, but by his pious counsels he drew them thither, and by his plain and prudent instructions enabled them to understand, and of course to delight in the public worship of God.

THE

TWO SHOEMAKERS.

JACK BROWN and JAMES STOCK were two lads apprenticed at nearly the same time to Mr. Williams, a shoemaker, in a small town in Oxfordshire; they were pretty near the same age, but of very different characters and dispositions.

Brown was eldest son to a farmer in good circumstances, who gave the usual apprentice fee with him. Being a wild giddy boy, whom his father could not well manage or instruct in farming, he thought it better to send him out to learn a trade at a distance, than to let him idle about at home; for Jack always preferred bird's-nesting and marbles to any other employment; he would trifle away half the day when his father thought he was

at school, with any boys he could meet, with who were as idle as himself; and never could be prevailed upon to do, or to learn any thing, while a game at taw could be had for love or money. All this time, his little brothers, much younger than himself, were beginning to follow the plough, or to carry the corn to mill as soon as they were able to mount a cart-horse.

Jack, however, who was a lively boy, and did not naturally want either sense or good-nature, might have turned out well enough, if he had not had the misfortune to be his mother's favourite. She concealed and forgave all his faults. To be sure he was a little wild, she would say, but he would not make the worse man for that, for Jack had a good spirit of his own, and she would not have it broke, and so make a mope of the boy. The farmer, for a quiet life, as it is called, gave up all these points to his wife; and, with them, gave up the future virtue and happiness of his child. He

was a laborious and industrious man, but had no religion; he thought only of the gains and advantages of the present day, and never took the future into the account. His wife managed him entirely, and as she was really notable, he did not trouble his head about any thing further. If she had been careless in her dairy, he would have stormed and sworn; but as she only ruined one child by indulgence, and almost broke the hearts of the rest by unkindness, he gave himself little concern about the matter. The cheese, certainly, was good, and that indeed is a great point; but she was neglectful of her children, and a tyrant to her servants. Her husband's substance, indeed, was not wasted, but his happiness was not consulted. His house, it is true, was not dirty, but it was the abode of fury, ill-temper, and covetousness. And the farmer, though he did not care for liquor, was too often driven to the public-house in an evening, because his own was neither quiet nor comfortable. The mother was

always scolding, and the children were always crying.

Jack, however, notwithstanding his idleness, picked up a little reading and writing, but never would learn to cast an account; that was too much labour. His mother was desirous he should continue at school, not so much for the sake of his learning, which she had not sense enough to value, but to save her darling from the fatigue of labour; for if he had not gone to school, she knew he must have gone to work, and she thought the former was the least tiresome of the two. Indeed this foolish woman had such an opinion of his genius, that she used, from a child, to think he was too wise for any thing but a parson, and hoped she should live to see him one. She did not wish to see her son a minister because she loved either learning or piety, but because she thought it would make Jack a gentleman, and set him above his brothers.

Farmer Brown still hoped, that though Jack was likely to make but an idle and

ignorant farmer, yet he might make no bad tradesman, when he should be removed from the indulgences of a father's house, and from a silly mother, whose fondness kept him back in every thing. This woman was enraged when she found that so fine a scholar, as she took Jack to be, was to be put apprentice to a shoemaker. The farmer, however, for the first time in his life, would have his own way. But being a worldly man, and too apt to mind only what is falsely called *the main chance;* instead of being careful to look out for a sober, prudent, and religious master for his son, he left all that to accident, as if it had been a thing of little or no consequence. This is a very common fault; and fathers who are guilty of it, are in a great measure answerable for the future sins and errors of their children, when they come out into the world, and set up for themselves. If a man gives his son a religious education, a good example, and a good master, it is indeed *possible* that the son may not turn out well, but

it does not often happen; and when it does, the father has no blame resting on him; and it is a great point towards a man's comfort to have his conscience quiet in that respect, however God may think fit to over-rule events.

The farmer, however, took care to desire his friends to inquire for a shoemaker who had good business, and was a good workman; and the mother did not forget to put in her word, and desired that it might be one who was not *too strict;* for Jack had been brought up tenderly, was a meek boy, and could not bear to be contradicted in any thing. And this is the common notion of meekness among people who do not take up their notions on rational and Christian grounds.

Mr. Williams was recommended to the farmer as being the best shoemaker in the town in which he lived, and far from a strict master; and, without further inquiries, to Mr. Williams he went.

James Stock, who was the son of an honest labourer in the next village, was

bound out by the parish in consideration of his father having so numerous a family, that he was not able to put him out himself. James was in every thing the very reverse of his new companion. He was a modest, industrious, pious youth; and though so poor, and the child of a labourer, was a much better scholar than Jack, who was a wealthy farmer's son. His father had, it is true, been able to give him but very little schooling, for he was obliged to be put to work when quite a child. When very young, he used to run of errands for Mr. Thomas, the curate of the parish; a very kind-hearted young gentleman, who boarded next door to his father's cottage. He used also to rub down and saddle his horse, and do any other little job for him, in the most civil obliging manner. All this so recommended him to the clergyman, that he would often send for him in of an evening, after he had done his day's work in the field, and condescended to teach him himself to write and cast accounts, as well as to instruct him in

the principles of his religion. It was not merely out of kindness for the little good-natured services James did him, that he showed him this favour, but also for his readiness in the catechism, and his devout behaviour at church.

The first thing that drew the minister's attention to this boy, was the following: — He had frequently given him halfpence and pence for holding his horse and carrying him to water, before he was big enough to be further useful to him. On Christmas-day he was surprised to see James at church, reading out of a handsome new prayer-book; he wondered how he came by it, for he knew there was nobody in the parish likely to have given it to him, for at that time there were no Sunday schools; and the father could not afford it he was sure.

"Well James," said he, as he saw him when they came out, "you made a good "figure at church to-day; it made you "look like a man and a christian, not "only to have so handsome a book, but

" to be so ready in all parts of the service. " How came you by that book?" James owned modestly, that he had been a whole year saving up the money by single halfpence, all of which had been of the minister's own giving, and that in all that time he had not spent a single farthing on his own diversions. " My dear " boy," said good Mr. Thomas, " I am " much mistaken if thou dost not turn " out well in the world, for two reasons:— " first, for thy saving turn and self-deny- " ing temper; and next, because thou " didst devote the first eighteen-pence " thou wast ever worth in the world to so " good a purpose."

James bowed and blushed, and from that time Mr. Thomas began to take more notice of him, and to instruct him as I said above. As James soon grew able to do him more considerable service, he would now and then give him sixpence. This he constantly saved till it became a little sum, with which he bought shoes and stockings; well knowing that

his poor father, with a large family and low wages, could not buy them for him. As to what little money he earned himself by his daily labour in the field, he constantly carried it to his mother every Saturday night, to buy bread for the family, which was a pretty help to them.

As James was not over stout in his make, his father thankfully accepted the proposal of the parish officers to bind out his son to a trade. This good man, however, had not, like Farmer Brown, the liberty of choosing a master for his son, or he would carefully have enquired if he was a proper man to have the care of youth; but Williams the shoemaker was already fixed on, by those who were to put the boy out, who told him if he wanted a master it must be him or none; for the overseers had a better opinion of Williams than he deserved, and thought it would be the making of the boy to go to him. The father knew that beggars must not be choosers, so he fitted out

James for his new place, having indeed little to give him besides his blessing.

The worthy Mr. Thomas, however, kindly gave him an old coat and waistcoat, which his mother, who was a neat and notable woman, contrived to make up for him herself without a farthing expence, and when it was turned and made fit for his size, it made him a very handsome suit for Sundays, and lasted him a couple of years.

And here let me stop to remark what a pity it is, that poor women so seldom are able or willing to do these sort of little handy jobs themselves; and that they do not oftener bring up their daughters to be more useful in family work. They are great losers by it every way; not only as they are disqualifying their girls from making good wives hereafter, but they are losers in point of present advantage; for gentry could much oftener afford to give a poor boy a jacket or a waistcoat, if it was not for the expence of making it, which adds very

much to the cost. To my certain knowledge, many poor women would often get an old coat, or a bit of coarse new cloth given them to fit out a boy, if the mothers or sisters were known to be able to cut it out to advantage, and to make it up decently themselves. But half-a-crown for the making a bit of kersey, which costs but a few shillings, is more than many very charitable gentry can afford to give — so they often give nothing at all, when they see the mothers so little able to turn it to advantage. It is hoped they will take this hint kindly, as it is meant for their good.

But to return to our two young shoemakers. They were both now settled at Mr. Williams's, who, as he was known to be a good workman, had plenty of business. He had sometimes two or three journeymen, but no apprentices but Jack and James.

Jack, who, with all his faults, was a keen, smart boy, took to learn the trade quick enough, but the difficulty was to

make him stick two hours together to his work. At every noise he heard in the street, down went the work — the last one way, the upper leather another; the sole dropped on the ground, and the thread he dragged after him, all the way up the street. If a blind fiddler, a ballad singer, a mountebank, a dancing bear, or a drum, were heard at a distance — out ran Jack — nothing could stop him, and not a stitch more could he be prevailed on to do that day. Every duty, every promise was forgotten for the present pleasure — he could not resist the smallest temptation — he never stopped for a moment to consider whether a thing was right or wrong, but whether he liked it or disliked it. And as his ill-judging mother took care to send him privately a good supply of pocket-money, that deadly bane to all youthful virtue, he had generally a few pence ready to spend, and to indulge in the present diversion whatever it was. And what was still worse even than spending his money, he spent his time too, or

rather his master's time. Of this he was continually reminded by James, to whom he always answered, "What have you to "complain about? It is nothing to you "or any one else; I spend nobody's "money but my own."—"That may "be," replied the other, "but you can-"not say it is your own time that you "spend." He insisted upon it that it was; but James fetched down their indentures, and there showed him that he had solemnly bound himself by that instrument, not to waste his master's property. "Now," quoth James, "thy "own time is a very valuable part of thy "master's property." To this he replied, "Every one's time was his own, and he "should not sit moping all day over his "last—for his part, he thanked God, he "was no parish 'prentice."

James did not resent this piece of foolish impertinence, as some silly lads would have done; nor fly out into a violent passion: for even at this early age, he had begun to learn of him *who was meek and*

lowly of heart; and therefore *when he was reviled, he reviled not again.* On the contrary he was so very kind and gentle, that even Jack, vain and idle as he was, could not help loving him, though he took care never to follow his advice.

Jack's fondness for his boyish and silly diversions in the street, soon produced the effects which might naturally be expected; and the same idleness which led him to fly out into the town at the sound of a fiddle or the sight of a puppet-show, soon led him to those places to which all these fiddles and shows naturally lead; I mean, the *ale-house.* The acquaintance picked up in the street was carried on at the Greyhound; and the idle pastimes of the boy soon led to the destructive vices of the man.

As he was not an ill-tempered youth, nor naturally much given to drink, a sober and prudent master, who had been steady in his management and regular in his own conduct, who would have recommended good advice by a good example, might

have made something of Jack. But I am sorry to say, that Mr. Williams, though a good workman, and not a very hard or severe master, was neither a sober nor a steady man — so far from it, that he spent much more time at the Greyhound than at home. There was no order either in his shop or family. He left the chief care of the business to his two young apprentices; and being but a worldly man, he was at first disposed to show favour to Jack much more than to James, because he had more money, and his father was better in the world than the father of poor James.

At first, therefore, he was disposed to consider James as a sort of drudge, who was to do all the menial work of the family, and he did not care how little he taught him of his trade. With Mrs. Williams the matter was still worse; she constantly called him away from the business of his trade to wash the house, nurse the child, turn the spit, or run of errands. And here I must remark, that

though parish apprentices are bound in duty to be submissive to both master and mistress, and always to make themselves as useful as they can in a family, and to be civil and humble; yet on the other hand, it is the duty of masters always to remember, that if they are paid for instructing them in their trade, they ought conscientiously to instruct them in it, and not to employ them the greater part of their time in such household or other drudgery, as to deprive them of the opportunity of acquiring their trade. This practice is not the less unjust because it is common.

Mr. Williams soon found out that his favourite Jack would be of little use to him in the shop; for though he worked well enough, he did not care how little he did. Nor could he be of the least use to his master in keeping an account, or writing out a bill upon occasion, for, as he never could be made to learn to cypher, he did not know addition from multiplication,

One day one of the customers called at the shop in a great hurry, and desired his bill might be made out that minute; Mr. Williams, having taken a cup too much, made several attempts to put down a clear account, but the more he tried, the less he found himself able to do it. James, who was sitting at his last, rose up, and with great modesty, asked his master if he would please to give him leave to make out the bill, saying, that though but a poor scholar, he would do his best, rather than keep the gentleman waiting. Williams gladly accepted his offer, and confused as his head was with liquor, he yet was able to observe with what neatness, dispatch, and exactness, the account was drawn out. From that time he no longer considered James as a drudge, but as one fitted for the higher departments of the trade, and he was now regularly employed to manage the accounts, with which all the customers were so well pleased, that it contributed greatly to raise him in his master's esteem;

for there were now never any of those blunders or false charges for which the shop had before been so famous.

James went on in a regular course of industry, and soon became the best workman Mr. Williams had; but there were many things in the family which he greatly disapproved. Some of the journeymen used to swear, drink, and sing very licentious songs. All these things were a great grief to his sober mind; he complained to his master, who only laughed at him; and indeed, as Williams did the same himself, he put it out of his own power to correct his servants, if he had been so disposed. James, however, used always to reprove them with great mildness indeed, but with great seriousness also. This, but still more his own excellent example, produced at length very good effects on such of the men as were not quite hardened in sin.

What grieved him most, was the manner in which the Sunday was spent. The master lay in bed all the morning, nor did the mother or her children ever go to

church, except there was some new finery to be shown, or a christening to be attended. The town's people were coming to the shop all the morning, for work which should have been sent home the night before, had not the master been at the ale-house. And what wounded James to the very soul was, that the master expected the two apprentices to carry home shoes to the country customers on the Sunday morning; which he wickedly thought was a saving of time, as it prevented their hindering their work on the Saturday. These shameful practices greatly afflicted poor James; he begged his master, with tears in his eyes, to excuse him, but he only laughed at his squeamish conscience, as he called it.

Jack did not dislike this part of the business, and generally after he had delivered his parcel, wasted good part of the day in nutting, playing at fives, or dropping in at the public-house: any thing was better to Jack than going to church.

James, on the other hand, when he was

compelled, sorely against his conscience, to carry home any goods on a Sunday morning, always got up as soon as it was light, knelt down, and prayed heartily to God to forgive him a sin which it was not in his power to avoid; he took care not to lose a moment by the way, but as he was taking his walk with the utmost speed, to leave his shoes with the customers, he spent his time in endeavouring to keep up good thoughts in his mind, and praying that the day might come when his conscience might be delivered from this grievous burthen. He was now particularly thankful, that Mr. Thomas had formerly taught him so many psalms and chapters, which he used to repeat in these walks with great devotion.

He always got home before the rest of the family was up, dressed himself very clean, and went twice to church; and as he greatly disliked the company and practices of his master's house, particularly on the sabbath-day, he preferred spending his evening alone, reading his Bible, which I

forgot to say the worthy clergyman had given him when he left his native village. Sunday evening, which is to some people such a burden, was to James the highest holiday. He had formerly learnt a little how to sing a psalm of the clerk of his own parish, and this was now become a very delightful part of his evening exercise. And as Will Simpson, one of the journeymen, by James's advice and example, was now beginning to be of a more serious way of thinking, he often asked him to sit an hour with him, when they read the Bible, and talked it over together in a manner very pleasant and improving; and as Will was a famous singer, a psalm or two sung together, was a very innocent pleasure.

James's good manners and civility to the customers drew much business to the shop; and his skill as a workman was so great, that every one desired his shoes might be made by James. Williams grew so very idle and negligent, that he now totally neglected his affairs, and to hard

drinking added deep gaming. All James's care, both of the shop and the accounts, could not keep things in any tolerable order: he represented to his master that they were growing worse and worse; and exhorted him, if he valued his credit as a tradesman, his comfort as a husband and father, his character as a master, and his soul as a christian, to turn over a new leaf. Williams swore a great oath, that he would not be restrained in his pleasures to please a canting parish 'prentice, nor to humour a parcel of squalling brats — that let people say what they would of him, they should never say he was a *hypocrite*, and as long as they could not call him that, he did not care what else they called him.

In a violent passion he immediately went to the Greyhound, where he now spent, not only every evening, which he had long done, but good part of the day and night also. His wife was very dressy, extravagant, and fond of company, and wasted at home as fast as her husband

spent abroad; so that all the neighbours said, if it had not been for James his master must have been a bankrupt long ago, but they were sure he could not hold it much longer.

As Jack Brown sung a good song, and played many diverting tricks, Williams liked his company, and often allowed him to make one at the Greyhound, where he would laugh heartily at his stories; so that every one thought Jack was much the greater favourite — so he was as a companion in frolick, and foolery, and *pleasure*, as it is called; but he would not trust him with an inch of leather or sixpence in money: No, no — when business was to be done, or trust was to be reposed, James was the man: the idle and the drunken never trust one another, if they have common sense. They like to laugh, and sing, and riot, and drink together: but when they want a friend, a counsellor, a helper in business or in trouble, they go farther a-field; and Williams, while he would drink with Jack,

would trust James with untold gold; and even was foolishly tempted to neglect his business the more from knowing that he had one at home who was taking care of it.

In spite of all James's care and diligence, however, things were growing worse and worse: the more James saved, the more his master and mistress spent. One morning, just as the shop was opened, and James had set every body to their respective work, and he himself was settling the business for the day, he found that his master was not yet come from the Greyhound. As this was now become a common case, he only grieved but did not wonder at it. While he was indulging sad thoughts on what would be the end of all this, in ran the tapster from the Greyhound out of breath, and with a look of terror and dismay, desired James would step over to the public-house with him that moment, for that his master wanted him.

James went immediately, surprised at this unusual message. When he got into

the kitchen of the public-house, which he now entered for the first time in his life, though it was just opposite the house in which he lived, he was shocked at the beastly disgusting appearance of every thing he beheld. There was a table covered with tankards, punch-bowls, broken glasses, pipes, and dirty greasy packs of cards, and all over wet with liquor; the floor was strewed with broken earthen cups, odd cards, and an EO table which had been shivered to pieces in a quarrel; behind the table stood a crowd of dirty fellows, with matted locks, hollow eyes, and faces smeared with tobacco; James made his way after the tapster, through this wretched looking crew, to a settle which stood in the chimney corner. Not a word was uttered, but the silent horror seemed to denote something more than a mere common drunken bout.

What was the dismay of James, when he saw his miserable master stretched out on the settle, in all the agonies of death! He had fallen into a fit, after having drunk

hard best part of the night, and seemed to have but a few minutes to live. In his frightful countenance was displayed the dreadful picture of sin and death; for he struggled at once under the guilt of intoxication, and the pangs of a dying man. He recovered his senses for a few moments, and called out to ask if his faithful servant was come: James went up to him, took him by his cold hand, but was too much moved to speak. "Oh! James, "James," cried he, in a broken voice, "pray for me, comfort me." James spoke kindly to him, but was too honest to give him false comfort, as is too often done by mistaken friends in these dreadful moments.

"James," said he, "I have been a bad "master to you—you would have saved "me soul and body, but I would not let "you—I have ruined my wife, my chil-"dren, and my own soul. Take warning, "oh, take warning by my miserable end," said he to his stupified companions; but none were able to attend to him but James

who bid him lift up his heart to God, and prayed heartily for him himself. "Oh!" said the dying man, "it is too late, too "late for me — but you have still time," said he to the half-drunken terrified crew around him. "Where is Jack?" Jack Brown came forward, but was too much frightened to speak. "O wretched boy!" said he, "I fear I shall have the ruin "of thy soul, as well as my own, to an- "swer for. Stop short!—Take warning "—now, in the days of thy youth. O "James, James, thou dost not pray for "me. Death is dreadful to the wicked "—O the sting of death to a guilty con- "science!" Here he lifted up his ghastly eyes in speechless horror, grasped hard the hand of James, gave a deep hollow groan, and closed his eyes, never to open them but in an awful eternity.

This was death in all its horrors! The gay companions of his sinful pleasures could not stand the sight; all slunk away like guilty thieves from their late favourite friend — no one was eft to assist him, but

his two apprentices. Brown was not so hardened but that he shed many tears for his unhappy master; and even made some hasty resolutions of amendment, which were too soon forgotten.

While Brown stepped home to call the workmen to come and assist in removing their poor master, James staid alone with the corpse, and employed those awful moments in indulging the most serious thoughts, and praying heartily to God, that so terrible a lesson might not be thrown away upon him; but that he might be enabled to live in a constant state of preparation for death. The resolutions he made at this moment, as they were not made in his own strength, but in an humble reliance on God's gracious help, were of use to him as long as he lived; and if ever he was for a moment tempted to say, or do a wrong thing, the remembrance of his poor dying master's last agonies, and the dreadful words he uttered, always operated as an instant check upon him.

When Williams was buried, and his affairs came to be inquired into, they were found to be in a sad condition. His wife, indeed, was the less to be pitied, as she had contributed her full share to the common ruin. James, however, did pity her, and by his skill in accounts, his known honesty, and the trust the creditors put in his word, things came to be settled rather better than Mrs. Williams expected.

Both Brown and James were now within a month or two of being out of their time. The creditors, as was said before, employed James to settle his late master's accounts, which he did in a manner so creditable to his abilities, and his honesty, that they proposed to him to take the shop himself. He assured them it was utterly out of his power for want of money. As the creditors had not the least fear of being repaid, if it should please God to spare his life, they generously agreed among themselves, to advance him a small sum of money without any security but his bond; for this he was to pay a very reasonable interest, and to return

the whole in a given number of years. James shed tears of gratitude at this testimony to his character, and could hardly be prevailed on to accept their kindness, so great was his dread of being in debt.

He took the remainder of the lease from his mistress; and, in settling affairs with her, took care to make every thing as advantageous to her as possible. He never once allowed himself to think how unkind she had been to him; he only saw in her the needy widow of his deceased master, and the distressed mother of an infant family; and was heartily sorry it was not in his power to contribute to their support; it was not only James's duty, but his delight, to return good for evil — for he was a Christian.

James Stock was now, by the blessing of God on his own earnest endeavours, master of a considerable shop, and was respected by the whole town for his prudence, honesty, and piety. How he behaved in his new station, and also what befel his comrade Brown, must be the

subject of another book; and I hope my readers will look forward with some impatience for some further account of this worthy young man. In the mean time, other apprentices will do well to follow so praise-worthy an example, and to remember, that the respectable master of a large shop and a profitable business, was raised to that creditable situation, without money, friends, or connections, from the low beginning of a parish apprentice, by sobriety, industry, the fear of God, and an obedience to the divine principles of the Christian religion.

PART II.

The Apprentice turned Master.

THE first part of this history left off with the dreadful sudden death of Williams the idle shoemaker, who died in a drunken fit at the Greyhound. It also showed how James Stock, his faithful apprentice, by his honest and upright behaviour, so gained the love and respect of his late master's creditors, that they

set him up in business, though he was not worth a shilling of his own, such is the power of a good character! And when we last parted from him he had just got possession of his master's shop.

This sudden prosperity was a time of trial for James; who, as he was now become a creditable tradesman, I shall hereafter think proper to call Mr. James Stock. I say, this sudden rise in life was a time of trial; for we hardly know what we are ourselves till we become our own masters. There is indeed always a reasonable hope that a good servant will not make a bad master, and that a faithful apprentice will prove an honest tradesman. But the heart of man is deceitful; and some folks who seem to behave very well while they are under subjection, no sooner get a little power than their heads are turned, and they grow prouder than those who are gentlemen born. They forget at once that they were lately poor and dependent themselves, so that one would think that with their poverty they

had lost their memory too. I have known some who had suffered most hardships in their early days, become the most hard and oppressive in their turn; so that they seem to forget that fine considerate reason which God gives to the children of Israel why they should be merciful to their servants, *remembering*, saith he, *that thou thyself wast a bondman.*

Young Mr. Stock did not so forget himself. He had indeed the only sure guard from falling into this error. It was not from any easiness in his natural disposition: for that only just serves to make folks good-natured when they are pleased, and patient when they have nothing to vex them. James went upon higher ground. He brought his religion into all his actions; he did not give way to abusive language, because he knew it was a sin. He did not use his apprentices ill, because he knew he had himself a Master in Heaven.

He knew he owed his present happy situation to the kindness of the creditors.

But did he grow easy and careless because he knew he had such friends? No indeed. He worked with double diligence in order to get out of debt, and to let these friends see he did not abuse their kindness. Such behaviour as this is the greatest encouragement in the world to rich people to lend a little money. It creates friends, and it keeps them.

His shoes and boots were made in the best manner; this *got* him business; he set out with a rule to tell no lies and deceive no customers; this *secured* his business. He had two reasons for not promising to send home goods when he knew he should not be able to keep his word. The first, because he knew a lie was a sin, the next, because it was a folly. There is no credit sooner worn out than that which is gained by false pretences. After a little while no one is deceived by them. Falsehood is so soon detected that I believe most tradesmen are the poorer for it in the long run. Deceit is the worst part of a shopkeeper's stock in trade.

James was now at the head of a family. This is a serious situation (said he to himself, one fine summer's evening, as he stood leaning over the half door of his shop to enjoy a little fresh air); I am now master of a family. My cares are doubled, and so are my duties. I see the higher one gets in life the more one has to answer for. Let me now call to mind the sorrow I used to feel when I was made to carry work home on a Sunday by an ungodly master; and let me now *keep* the resolutions I then formed.

So what his heart found right to do he resolved to do quickly; and he set out at first as he meant to go on. The Sunday was truly a day of rest at Mr. Stock's. He would not allow a pair of shoes to be given out on that day to oblige the best customer he had. And what did he lose by it? Why nothing. For when the people were once used to it, they liked Saturday night just as well. But had it been otherwise he would have given up his gains to his conscience.

Showing how Mr. Stock behaved to his Apprentices.

WHEN he got up in the world so far as to have apprentices, he thought himself as accountable for their behaviour as if they had been his children. He was very kind to them, and had a cheerful merry way of talking to them, so that the lads who had seen too much of swearing reprobate masters were very fond of him. They were never afraid of speaking to him, they told him all their little troubles, and considered their master as their best friend, for they said they would do any thing for a good word and a kind look. As he did not swear at them when they had been guilty of a fault, they did not lie to him to conceal it, and thereby make one fault two. But though he was very kind, he was very watchful also, for he did not think neglect any part of kindness. He brought them to adopt one very pretty method, which was, on a Sunday evening to divert themselves with

writing out half a dozen texts of Scripture in a neat copy-book with gilt covers. You may have the same at any of the stationers; they do not cost above fourpence, and will last nearly a year.

When the boys carried him their books, he justly commended him whose texts were written in the fairest hand. "And "now, my boys," said he, "let us see which "of you will learn your texts best in the "course of the week; he who does this "shall choose for next Sunday." Thus the boys soon got many psalms and chapters by heart, almost without knowing how they came by them. He taught them how to make a practical use of what they learnt; "for," said he, "it will answer "little purpose to learn texts, if we do "not try to live up to them." One of the boys being apt to play in his absence, and to run back again to his work when he heard his master's step, he brought him to a sense of his fault by the last Sunday's texts, which happened to be the 6th of Ephesians. He showed

him what was meant by *being obedient to his master in singleness of heart as unto Christ*, and explained to him with so much kindness what it was, *not to work with eye-service as men-pleasers, but doing the will of God from the heart*, that the lad said he should never forget it; and it did more towards curing him of idleness than the soundest horse-whipping would have done.

How Mr. Stock got out of Debt.

Stock's behaviour was very regular, and he was much beloved for his kind and peaceable temper. He had also a good reputation for skill in his trade, and his industry was talked of through the whole town, so that he had soon more work than he could possibly do. He paid all his dealers to the very day, and took care to carry his interest money to the creditors the moment it became due. In two or three years he was able to begin to pay off a small part of the principal. His reason for being so eager to pay money as soon as it became

due was this: — He had observed tradesmen, and especially his old master, put off the day of payment as long as they could, even though they had the means of paying in their power. This deceived them: for having money in their pockets they forgot it belonged to the creditor, and not to themselves, and so got to fancy they were rich when they were really poor. This false notion led them to indulge in idle expences, whereas, if they had paid regularly, they would have had this one temptation the less. A young tradesman, when he is going to spend money, should at least ask himself, Whether this money is his own or his creditors? This little question might help to prevent many a bankruptcy.

A true Christian always goes heartily to work to find out what is his besetting sin; and when he has found it, (which he easily may if he looks sharply,) against this sin he watches narrowly. Now I know it is the fashion among some folks (and a bad fashion it is) to fancy that good people have no sin;

but this only shows their ignorance. It is not true. That good man St. Paul knew better.* And when men do not own their sins, it is not because there is no sin in their hearts, but because they are not anxious to search for it, nor humble to confess it, nor penitent to mourn over it. But this was not the case with James Stock. "Examine yourselves truly," said he, "is no bad part of the catechism." He began to be afraid that his desire of living creditably, and without being a burthen to any one, might, under the mask of honesty and independence, lead him into pride and covetousness. He feared that the bias of his heart lay that way. So instead of being proud of his sobriety; instead of bragging that he never spent his money idly, nor went to the ale-house; instead of boasting how hard he worked, and how he denied himself, he strove in secret that even these good qualities might not grow out of a wrong root. The fol-

* See Romans, vii.

lowing event was of use to him in the way of indulging any disposition to covetousness:

One evening as he was standing at the door of his shop, a poor dirty boy, without stockings and shoes, came up and asked him for a bit of broken victuals, for he had eaten nothing all day. In spite of his dirt and rags he was a very pretty, lively, civil spoken boy, and Mr. Stock could not help thinking he knew something of his face. He fetched him out a good piece of bread and cheese, and while the boy was devouring it, asked him if he had no parents, and why he went about in that vagabond manner? "Daddy has been "dead some years," said the boy; "he "died in a fit over at the Greyhound. "Mammy," says he, "used to live at "this shop, and then we did not want for "clothes nor victuals neither." Stock was melted almost to tears on finding that this dirty beggar-boy was Tommy Williams, the son of his old master. He blessed God on comparing his own happy con-

dition with that of this poor destitute child, but he was not proud at the comparison; and while he was thankful for his own prosperity, he pitied the helpless boy. "Where have you been living of late?" said he to him, "for I understood you "all went home to your mother's friends." —"So we did, Sir," said the boy, "but "they are grown tired of maintaining us, "because they said that mammy spent all "the money which should have gone to "buy victuals for us, on snuff and drams. "And so they have sent us back to this "place, which is daddy's parish."

"And where do you live here?" said Mr. Stock. "O Sir, we are all put into "the parish poor-house."—"And does "your mother do any thing to help to "maintain you?"—"No, Sir, for mammy "says she was not brought up to work "like poor folks, and she would rather "starve than spin or knit; so she lies a-"bed all the morning, and sends us about "to pick up what we can, a bit of victuals "or a few halfpence."—"And have you

"any money in your pocket now?"—
"Yes, Sir, I have got three halfpence
"which I have begged to-day."—"Then,
"as you were so very hungry, how came
"you not to buy a roll at that baker's over
"the way?"—"Because, Sir, I was going
"to lay it out in tea for mammy, for I never
"lay out a farthing for myself. Indeed
"mammy says she *will* have her tea twice
"a-day if we beg or starve for it."—
"Can you read, my boy?" said Mr. Stock.
—"A little, Sir, and say my prayers too."
—"And can you say your catechism?"
—"I have almost forgotten it all, Sir,
"though I remember something about
"*honouring my father and mother*, and
"that makes me still carry the halfpence
"home to mammy instead of buying
"cakes."—"Who taught you these good
"things?"—"One Jemmy Stock, Sir,
"who was a parish 'prentice to my daddy.
"He taught me one question out of the
"catechism every night, and always made
"me say my prayers to him before I went
"to bed. He told me I should go to

" the wicked place if I did not fear God,
" so I am still afraid to tell lies like the
" other boys. Poor Jemmy gave me a
" piece of gingerbread every time I learnt
" well; but I have no friend now; Jemmy
" was very good to me, though mammy
" did nothing but beat him."

Mr. Stock was too much moved to carry on the discourse; he did not make himself known to the boy, but took him over to the baker's shop; as they walked along he could not help repeating aloud a verse or two of that beautiful hymn, so deservedly the favourite of all children:

" Not more than others I deserve,
" Yet God hath given me more;
" For I have food while others starve,
" Or beg from door to door."

The little boy looked up in his face, saying, " Why, Sir, that's the very hymn " which Jemmy Stock gave me a penny " for learning." Stock made no answer, but put a couple of threepenny loaves into his hand to carry home, and told him

to call on him again at such a time in the following week.

How Mr. Stock contrived to be charitable without any Expence.

Stock had abundant subject for meditation that night. He was puzzled what to do with the boy. While he was carrying on his trade upon borrowed money, he did not think it right to give any part of that money to assist the idle, or even to help the distressed. "I must be just," said he, "before I am generous." Still he could not bear to see this fine boy given up to certain ruin. He did not think it safe to take him into his shop in his present ignorant unprincipled state. At last he hit upon this thought: I work for myself twelve hours in the day. Why shall I not work one hour or two for this boy in the evening? It will be but for a year, and I shall then have more right to do what I please. My money will then be my own, I shall have paid my debts.

So he began to put his resolution in practice that very night, sticking to his old notion of not putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day; and it was thought he owed much of his success in life, as well as his growth in goodness, to this little saying. "I am young and "healthy," said he, "one hour's work "more will do me no harm; I will set aside "all I get by these over-hours, and put "the boy to school. I have not only no "right to punish this child for the sins of "his father, but I consider that though "God hated those sins, he has made "them be instrumental to my advance-"ment."

Tommy Williams called at the time appointed. In the meantime Mr. Stock's maid had made him a neat little suit of clothes out of an old coat of her master's. She had also knit him a pair of stockings, and Mr. Stock made him sit down in the shop, while he himself fitted him with a pair of new shoes. The maid having

washed and dressed him, Mr. Stock took him by the hand, and walked along with him to the parish poor-house to find his mother. They found her dressed in ragged filthy finery, standing at the door, where she passed most of her time, quarrelling with half a dozen women as idle and dirty as herself. When she saw Tommy so neat and well-dressed, she fell a-crying for joy. She said "it put her "in mind of old times, for Tommy al- "ways used to be dressed like a gentle- "man." — "So much the worse," said Mr. Stock; "if you had not begun by "making him look like a gentleman, "you needed not have ended by making "him look like a beggar." — "Oh Jem!" said she, (for though it was four years since she had seen him, she soon recollected him,) "fine times for you! set a "beggar on horseback — you know the "proverb. I shall beat Tommy well for "finding you out, and exposing me to "you."

Instead of entering into any dispute with this bad woman, or praising himself at her expence; instead of putting her in mind of her past ill behaviour to him, or reproaching her with the bad use she had made of her prosperity, he mildly said to her, — "Mrs. Williams, I am sorry for "your misfortunes; I am come to relieve "you of part of your burthen. I will "take Tommy off your hands. I will "give him a year's board and schooling, "and by that time I shall see what he is "fit for. I will promise nothing, but if "the boy turns out well I will never "forsake him. I shall make but one "bargain with you, which is, that he must "not come to this place to hear all this "railing and swearing, nor shall he keep "company with these pilfering idle "children. You are welcome to go and "see him when you please, but here he "must not come."

The foolish woman burst out a-crying, saying, "she should lose her poor dear "Tommy for ever. Mr. Stock might

" give *her* the money he intended to pay " at the school, for nobody could do so " well by him as his own mother." The truth was, she wanted to get these new clothes into her clutches, which would all have been pawned at the dram shop before the week was out. This Mr. Stock well knew. From crying she fell to scolding and swearing. She told him he was an unnatural wretch, that wanted to make a child despise his own mother because she was poor. She even went so far as to say she would not part from him; she said she hated your godly people, they had no bowels of compassion, but tried to set men, women, and children against their own flesh and blood.

Mr. Stock now almost lost his patience, and for one moment a thought came across him, to strip the boy, carry back the clothes, and leave him to his unnatural mother. " Why," said he, " should I work over-hours, and wear " out my strength for this wicked woman?" But he soon checked this thought, by

reflecting on the patience and long-suffering of God with rebellious sinners. This cured his anger in a moment, and he mildly reasoned with her on her folly and blindness in opposing the good of her child.

One of the neighbours who stood by said, "What a fine thing it was for the "boy! but some people were born to be "lucky. She wished Mr. Stock would "take a fancy to *her* child, he should "have him soon enough." Mrs. Williams now began to be frightened lest Mr. Stock should take the woman at her word, and sullenly consented to let the boy go, from envy and malice, not from prudence and gratitude; and Tommy was sent to school that very night, his mother crying and roaring, instead of thanking God for such a blessing.

And here I cannot forbear telling a very good-natured thing of Will Simpson, one of the workmen. By-the-bye it was that very young fellow who was reformed by Stock's good example when he was an

apprentice, and who used to sing psalms with him on a Sunday evening when they got out of the way of Williams's junketing. Will coming home early one evening, was surprised to find his master at work by himself, long after the usual time. He begged so heartily to know the reason, that Stock owned the truth. Will was so struck with this piece of kindness, that he snatched up a last, crying out, "Well, master, you shall not "work by yourself, however; we will "go snacks in maintaining Tommy: it "shall never be said that Will Simpson "was idling about, when his master was "working for charity." This made the hour pass cheerfully, and doubled the profits.

In a year or two Mr. Stock, by God's blessing on his labours, became quite clear of the world. He now paid off his creditors; but he never forgot his obligation to them, and found many opportunities of showing kindness to them, and to their children after them. He now cast about

for a proper wife, and as he was thought a prosperous man, and was very well-looking besides, most of the smart girls of the place, with their tawdry finery, used to be often parading before the shop, and would even go to church in order to put themselves in his way. But Mr. Stock, when he went to church, had other things in his head; and if ever he thought about these gay damsels at all, it was with concern in seeing them so improperly tricked out, so that the very means they took to please him made him dislike them.

There was one Betsy West, a young woman of excellent character and very modest appearance. He had seldom seen her out, as she was employed night and day in waiting on an aged widowed mother who was both lame and blind. This good girl was indeed almost literally eyes and feet to her helpless parent, and Mr. Stock used to see her, through the little casement window, lifting her up and feeding her with a tenderness which

greatly raised his esteem for her. He used to tell Will Simpson, as they sat at work, that such a dutiful daughter could hardly fail to make a faithful wife. He had not, however, the heart to try to draw her off from her care of her sick mother. The poor woman declined very fast. Betsy was much employed in reading or praying by her while she was awake, and passed good part of the night while she slept, in doing some fine works to sell in order to supply her sick mother with little delicacies which their poor pittance could not afford, while she herself lived on a crust.

Mr. Stock knew that Betsy would have little or nothing after her mother's death, as she had only a life income. On the other hand Mr. Thompson, the tanner, had offered him two hundred pounds with his daughter Nancy: but he was almost sorry that he had not in this case an opportunity of resisting his natural bias, which rather lay on the side of loving money: "For," said he, "putting prin-

" ciple and putting affection out of the
" question, I shall do a more *prudent*
" thing by marrying Betsy West, who
" will conform to her station, and is a
" religious, humble, industrious girl,
" without a shilling, than by having an
" idle dressy lass, who will neglect my
" family and fill my house with company,
" though she should have twice the for-
" tune which Nancy Thompson would
" bring."

At length poor old Mrs. West was released from all her sufferings. At a proper time Mr. Stock proposed marriage to Betsy, and was accepted. All the disappointed girls in the town wondered what any body could like in such a dowdy as that. Had the man no eyes? They thought Mr. Stock had had more taste. Oh! how it did provoke all the vain idle things to find, that staying at home, dressing plainly, serving God, and nursing a blind mother, should do that for Betsy West, which all their contrivances, flaunting, and dancing, could not do for them.

He was not disappointed in his hope of meeting with a good wife in Betsy, as indeed those who marry on right grounds seldom are. But if religious persons will, for the sake of money, choose partners for life who have no religion, do not let them complain that they are unhappy; they might have known that beforehand.

Tommy Williams was now taken home to Stock's house and bound apprentice. He was always kind and attentive to his mother; and every penny which Will Simpson or his master gave him for learning a chapter, he would save to buy a bit of tea and sugar for her. When the other boys laughed at him for being so foolish as to deny himself cakes and apples, to give his money to her who was so bad a woman, he would answer, "It may be "so, but she is my mother for all that."

Mr. Stock was much moved at the change in this boy, who turned out a very good youth. He resolved, as God should prosper him, that he would try to snatch other helpless creatures from sin and ruin,

"For," said he, "it is owing to God's "blessing on the instructions of my good "minister when I was a child, that I have "been saved from the broad way of de- "struction." He still gave God the glory of every thing he did aright; and when Will Simpson one day said to him, "Mas- "ter, I wish I were half as good as you "are."—"Hold, William," answered he gravely, "I once read in a book, that the "devil is willing enough we should ap- "pear to do good actions, if he can but "make us proud of them."

But we must not forget our other old acquaintance, Mr. Stock's fellow-prentice. So next month you may expect a full account of the many tricks and frolics of idle Jack Brown.

PART III.

Some Account of the Frolics of idle Jack Brown.

You shall now hear what befel idle Jack Brown, who, being a farmer's son, had

many advantages to begin life with. But he who wants prudence may be said to want every thing, because he turns all his advantages to no account.

Jack Brown was just out of his time when his master Williams died in that terrible drunken fit at the Greyhound. You know already how Stock succeeded to his master's business, and prospered in it. Jack wished very much to enter into partnership with him. His father and mother too were desirous of it, and offered to advance a hundred pounds with him. Here is a fresh proof of the power of character! The old farmer, with all his covetousness, was eager to get his son into partnership with Stock, though the latter was not worth a shilling; and even Jack's mother, with all her pride, was eager for it, for they had both sense enough to see it would be the making of Jack. The father knew that Stock would look to the main chance; and the mother, that he would take the labouring oar, and so her darling would have little to do. The

ruling passion operated in both. One parent wished to secure to the son a life of pleasure, the other a profitable trade. Both were equally indifferent to whatever related to his eternal good.

Stock, however, young as he was, was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. His wisdom was an overmatch for their cunning. He had a kindness for Brown, but would on no account enter into business with him. "One of these three "things," said he, "I am sure will hap-"pen if I do; he will either hurt my "principles, my character, or my trade; "perhaps all." And here, by-the-bye, let me drop a hint to other young men who are about to enter into partnership. Let them not do that in haste which they may repent at leisure. Next to marriage it is a tie the hardest to break; and next to that it is an engagement which ought to be entered into with the most caution. Many things go to the making such a connection suitable, safe, and pleasant. There is many a rich merchant need not

be above taking a hint in this respect from James Stock the shoemaker.

Brown was still unwilling to part from him; indeed he was too idle to look out for business, so he offered Stock to work with him as a journeyman; but this he also mildly refused. It hurt his good-nature to do so; but he reflected that a young man who has his way to make in the world must not only be good-natured, he must be prudent also. "I am resolved," said he, "to employ none but the most "sober, regular young men I can get. "Evil communications corrupt good "manners, and I should be answerable "for all the disorders of my own house "if I knowingly took a wild drinking "young fellow into it. That which "might be kindness to one, would be "injustice to many, and therefore a sin "in myself."

Brown's mother was in a great rage when she heard that her son had stooped so low as to make this offer. She valued herself on being proud, for she thought pride was

a grand thing. Poor woman! She know that it is the meanest thing world. It was her ignorance which her proud, as is apt to be the case " mean-spirited rascal," said she " I had rather follow you to your " as well as I love you, than see " grace your family by working up " Stock, the parish apprentice." got already what pains she had taken the partnership, but pride and have bad memories.

It is hard to say which was now most in her mind, her desire revenged on Stock, or to see her s a figure. She raised every shill could get from her husband, and could crib from the dairy, to set in a showy way. So the very next day she came herself, and took the new white house, with the t sash windows painted blue, and b before the door. It is that house has the old cross just before it, as down between the church and th

hound. Its being so near the church to be sure was no recommendation to Jack, but its being so near the Greyhound was, and so taking one thing with the other it was to be sure no bad situation; but what weighed most with the mother was, that it was a much more showy shop than Stock's; and the house, though not half so convenient, was far more smart.

In order to draw custom, his foolish mother advised him to undersell his neighbours just at first; to buy ordinary but showy goods, and to employ cheap workmen. In short, she charged him to leave no stone unturned to ruin his old comrade Stock. Indeed she always thought with double satisfaction of Jack's prosperity, because she always joined to it the hope that his success would be the ruin of Stock, for she owned it would be the joy of her heart to bring that proud upstart to a morsel of bread. She did not understand, for her part, why such beggars must become tradesmen; it was making a velvet purse of a sow's ear.

Stock, however, set out on quite another set of principles. He did not allow himself to square his own behaviour to others by theirs to him. He seldom asked himself what he should *like* to do: but he had a mighty way of saying, I wonder now what is my *duty* to do? And when he was once clear in that matter he generally did it, always begging God's blessing and direction. So instead of setting Brown at defiance; instead of all that vulgar selfishness, of catch he that catch can—and two of a trade can never agree—he resolved to be friendly towards him. Instead of joining in the laugh against Brown for making his house so fine, he was sorry for him, because he feared he would never be able to pay such a rent. He very kindly called upon him, told him there was business enough for them both, and gave him many useful hints for his going on. He warned him to go oftener to church and seldomer to the Greyhound; put him in mind how following the one and forsaking the other had been the ruin

of their poor master, and added the following

ADVICE TO YOUNG TRADESMEN.

Buy the best goods; cut the work out yourself; let the eye of the master be every where; employ the soberest men; avoid all the low deceits of trade; never lower the credit of another to raise your own; make short payments; keep exact accounts; avoid idle company, and be very strict to your word.

For a short time things went on swimmingly. Brown was merry and civil. The shop was well situated for gossip; and every one who had something to say, and nothing to do, was welcome. Every idle story was first spread, and every idle song first sung, in Brown's shop. Every customer who came to be measured was promised that his shoes should be done first. But the misfortune was, if twenty came in a day the same promise was made to all; so that nineteen were disappointed, and of course affronted. He never said *No* to

any one. It is indeed a word which it requires some honesty to pronounce. By all these false promises he was thought the most obliging fellow that ever made a shoe. And as he set out on the principle of underselling, people took a mighty fancy to the cheap shop. And it was agreed among all the young and giddy, that he would beat Stock hollow, and that the old shop would be soon knocked up.

All is not gold that glistens.

After a few months, however, folks began to be not quite so fond of the cheap shop; one found out that the leather was bad, another that the work was slight. Those who liked substantial goods went all of them to Stock's, for they said Brown's heel taps did not last a week; his new boots let in water; and they believed he made his soles of brown paper. Besides, it was thought by most, that his promising all, and keeping his word with none, hurt his business as much as any thing. Indeed, I doubt,

putting religion out of the question, if lying ever answers, even in a political view.

Brown had what is commonly called *a good heart;* that is, he had a thoughtless good nature, and a sort of feeling for the moment which made him seem sorry when others were in trouble. But he was not apt to put himself to any inconvenience, nor go a step out of his way, nor give up any pleasure to serve the best friend he had. He loved *fun;* and those who do should always see that it be harmless, and that they do not give up more for it than it is worth. I am not going to say a word against innocent merriment. I like it myself. But what the proverb says of gold, may be said of mirth; it may be bought too dear. If a young man finds that what he fancies is a good joke may possibly offend God, hurt his neighbour, afflict his parent, or make a modest girl blush, let him then be assured it is not fun but wickedness, and he had better let it alone.

Jack Brown then, as *good a heart* as he had, did not know what it was to deny himself any thing. He was so *good-natured* indeed, that he never in his life refused to make one of a jolly set; but he was not good-natured enough to consider that those men whom he kept up all night roaring and laughing, had wives and children at home, who had little to eat, and less to wear, because *they* were keeping up the character of merry fellows and good hearts at the public-house.

The Mountebank.

One day he saw his father's plough-boy come galloping up to his door in great haste. This boy brought Brown word that his mother was dangerously ill, and that his father had sent his own best bay mare Smiler, that his son might lose no time, but set out directly to see his mother before she died. Jack burst into tears, lamented the danger of so fond a mother, and all the people in the shop extolled his *good heart.*

He sent back the boy directly, with a message that he would follow him in half an hour, as soon as the mare had baited; for he well knew that his father would not thank him for any haste he might make if Smiler was hurt.

Jack accordingly set off, and rode with such speed to the next town, that both himself and Smiler had a mind to another bait. They stopped at the Star; unluckily it was fair-day, and as he was walking about while Smiler was eating her oats, a bill was put into his hand setting forth, that on a stage opposite the Globe, a mountebank was showing away, and his Andrew performing the finest tricks that ever were seen. He read — he stood still — he went on — "It will not hinder me," says he; "Smiler must rest; and I shall "see my poor dear mother quite as soon "if I just take a peep, as if I sit moping "at the Star."

The tricks were so merry that the time seemed short, and when they were over he could not forbear going into the Globe

and treating these choice spirits with a bowl of punch. Just as they were taking the last glass Jack happened to say that he was the best fives player in the country. "That is lucky," said the Andrew, "for there is a famous match "now playing in the court, and you may "never again have such an opportunity "to show your skill." Brown declared "he could not stay, for that he had left "his horse at the Star, and must set off "on urgent business." They now all pretended to call his skill in question. This roused his pride, and he thought another half hour could break no squares. Smiler had now had a good feed of corn, and he would only have to push her on a little more; so to it he went.

He won the first game. This spurred him on; and he played till it was so dark they could not see a ball. Another bowl was called for from the winner. Wagers and betts now drained Brown not only of all the money he had won, but of all he had in his pocket, so that he was obliged

to ask leave to go to the house where his horse was, to borrow enough to discharge his reckoning at the Globe.

All these losses brought his poor dear mother to his mind, and he marched off with rather a heavy heart to borrow the money, and to order Smiler out of the stable. The landlord expressed much surprise at seeing him, and the ostler declared there was no Smiler there; that he had been rode off above two hours ago by the Merry Andrew, who said he came by order of the owner, Mr. Brown, to fetch him to the Globe, and to pay for his feed. It was indeed one of the neatest tricks the Andrew ever performed, for he made such a clean conveyance of Smiler, that neither Jack nor his father ever heard of her again.

It was night: no one could tell what road the Andrew took, and it was another hour or two before an advertisement could be drawn up for apprehending the horse-stealer. Jack had some doubts whether he should go on or return back.

He knew that though his father might fear his wife most, yet he loved Smiler best. At length he took that courage from a glass of brandy which he ought to have taken from a hearty repentance, and he resolved to pursue his journey. He was obliged to leave his watch and silver buckles in pawn for a little old hack which was nothing but skin and bone, and would hardly trot three miles an hour.

He knocked at his father's door about five in the morning. The family were all up. He asked the boy who opened the door how his mother was? "She is "dead," said the boy; "she died yes-"terday afternoon." Here Jack's heart smote him, and he cried aloud, partly from grief, but more from the reproaches of his own conscience, for he found by computing the hours, that had he come straight on, he should have been in time to receive his mother's blessing.

The farmer now called from within, "I hear Smiler's step. Is Jack come?"

"Yes, father," said Jack, in a low voice. "Then," cried the farmer, "run "every man and boy of you, and take "care of the mare. Tom, do thou go "and rub her down; Jem, run and get "her a good feed of corn. Be sure walk "her about that she may not catch "cold." Young Brown came in. "Are "you not an undutiful dog?" said the father; "you might have been here "twelve hours ago. Your mother could "not die in peace without seeing you. "She said it was a cruel return for all "her fondness that you could not make "a little haste to see her; but it was "always so, for she had wronged her "other children to help you, and this "was her reward." Brown sobbed out a few words, but his father replied, "Never cry Jack, for the boy told me "that it was out of regard for Smiler that "you were not here as soon as he was; "and if 'twas your over care of her, why "there's no great harm done. You could "not have saved your poor mother, and

" you might have hurt the mare." Here Jack's double guilt flew into his face. He knew that his father was very covetous, and had lived on bad terms with his wife; and also that his own unkindness to her had been forgiven by him out of love to the horse; but to break to him how he had lost that horse through his own folly and want of feeling, was more than Jack had courage to do. The old man, however, soon got at the truth, and no words can describe his fury. Forgetting that his wife lay dead above stairs, he abused his son in a way not fit to be repeated; and though his covetousness had just before found an excuse for a favourite son neglecting to visit a dying parent, yet he now vented his rage against Jack as an unnatural brute, whom he would cut off with a shilling, and bade him never see his face again.

Jack was not allowed to attend his mother's funeral, which was a real grief to him; nor would his father advance even the little money which was needful to re-

deem his things at the Star. He had now no fond mother to assist him, and he set out on his return home on his borrowed hack, full of grief. He had the added mortification of knowing, that he had also lost by his folly a little hoard of money which his mother had saved up for him.

When Brown got back to his own town he found that the story of Smiler and the Andrew had got thither before him, and it was thought a very good joke at the Greyhound. He soon recovered his spirits as far as related to the horse, but as to his behaviour to his dying mother it troubled him at times to the last day of his life, though he did all he could to forget it. He did not, however, go on at all better, nor did he engage in one frolic the less for what had passed at the Globe; his *good heart* continually betraying him into acts of levity and vanity.

Jack began at length to feel the reverse of that proverb, *Keep your shop and your shop will keep you.* He had neglected his customers, and they forsook him. Quarter

day came round; there was much to pay, and little to receive. He owed two years' rent. He was in arrears to his men for wages. He had a long account with his currier. It was in vain to apply to his father. He had now no mother. Stock was the only true friend he had in the world, and had helped him out of many petty scrapes, but he knew Stock would advance no money in so hopeless a case. Duns came fast about him. He named a speedy day for payment; but as soon as they were out of the house, and the danger put off to a little distance, he forgot every promise, was as merry as ever, and run the same round of thoughtless gaiety. Whenever he was in trouble Stock did not shun him, because that was the moment to throw in a little good advice. He one day asked him if he always intended to go on in this course? "No," said he, "I am resolved by-and-"bye to reform, grow sober, and go to "church. Why I am but five-and-twenty, "man; I am stout and healthy, and likely

" to live long; I can repent, and grow " melancholy and good at any time."

" Oh, Jack!" said Stock, " don't cheat " thyself with that false hope. What " thou dost intend to do, do quickly. " Didst thou never read about the heart " growing hardened by long indulgence " in sin? Some folk, who pretend to " mean well, show that they mean nothing " at all, by never beginning to put their " good resolutions into practice; which " made a wise man once say, that hell " is paved with good intentions. We " cannot repent when we please. *It is* " *the goodness of God which leadeth us to* " *repentance.*"

" I am sure," replied Jack, " I am no " one's enemy but my own."

" It is as foolish," said Stock, " to say a " bad man is no one's enemy but his own, " as that a good man is no one's friend but " his own. There is no such neutral " character. A bad man corrupts or " offends all within reach of his example, " just as a good man benefits or instructs

" all within the sphere of his influence.
" And there is no time when we can say
" that this transmitted good and evil will
" end. A wicked man may be punished for
" sins he never committed himself, if he
" has been the cause of sin in others, as
" surely as a saint will be rewarded for
" more good deeds than he himself has
" done, even for the virtuous and good
" actions of all those who are made bet-
" ter by his instruction, his example, or
" his writings."

Michaelmas-day was at hand. The landlord declared he would be put off no longer, but would seize for rent if it was not paid him on that day, as well as for a considerable sum due to him for leather. Brown at last began to be frightened. He applied to Stock to be bound for him. This Stock flatly refused. Brown now began to dread the horrors of a jail, and really seemed so very contrite, and made so many vows and promises of amendment, that at length Stock was prevailed on, together with two or three of Brown's

other friends, to advance each a small sum of money to quiet the landlord, Brown promising to make over to them every part of his stock, and to be guided in future by their advice, declaring that he would turn over a new leaf, and follow Mr. Stock's example, as well as his direction in every thing.

Stock's good-nature was at last wrought upon, and he raised the money. The truth is, he did not know the worst, nor how deeply Brown was involved. Brown joyfully set out on the very quarter-day to a town at some distance to carry his landlord this money, raised by the imprudent kindness of his friend. At his departure Stock put him in mind of the old story of Smiler and the Merry Andrew, and he promised of his own head, that he would not even call at a public-house till he had paid the money.

He was as good as his word. He very triumphantly passed by several. He stopped a little under the window of one where the sounds of merriment and loud

laughter caught his ear. At another he heard the enticing notes of a fiddle and the light heels of the merry dancers. Here his heart had well nigh failed him, but the dread of a jail on the one hand, and what he feared almost as much, Mr. Stock's anger on the other, spurred him on; and he valued himself not a little at having got the better of this temptation. He felt quite happy when he found he had reached the door of his landlord without having yielded to one idle inclination.

He knocked at the door. The maid who opened it said her master was not at home. "I am sorry for it," said he, strutting about; and with a boasting air he took out his money. "I want to pay "him my rent: he needed not to have "been afraid of *me*." The servant, who knew her master was very much afraid of him, desired him to walk in, for her master would be at home in half an hour. "I will call again," said he; "but no; "let him call on me, and the sooner the

"better: I shall be at the Blue Posts." While he had been talking he took care to open his black leather case, and to display the bank bills to the servant, and then, in a swaggering way, he put up his money and marched off to the Blue Posts.

He was by this time quite proud of his own resolution, and having tendered the money, and being clear in his own mind, that it was the landlord's own fault and not his, that it was not paid, he went to refresh himself at the Blue Posts. In a barn belonging to this public-house a set of strollers were just going to perform some of that sing-song ribaldry by which our villages are corrupted, the laws broken, and that money drawn from the poor for pleasure, which is wanted by their families for bread. The name of the last new song which made part of the entertainment, made him think himself in high luck, that he should have just that half hour to spare. He went into the barn, but was too much delighted with the actor, who sung his favourite song, to

remain a quiet hearer. He leaped out of the pit, and got behind the two ragged blankets which served for a curtain. He sung so much better than the actors themselves, that they praised and admired him to a degree which awakened all his vanity. He was so intoxicated with their flattery, that he could do no less than invite them all to supper, an invitation which they were too hungry not to accept.

He did not, however, quite forget his appointment with his landlord; but the half hour was long since past by. "And "so," says he, "as I know he is a mean "curmudgeon, who goes to bed I suppose by day-light to save candle, it will "be too late to speak with him to-night; "besides, let him call upon me; it is his "business and not mine. I left word "where I was to be found; the money "is ready, and if I don't pay him to-night, I can do it before breakfast."

By the time these firm resolutions were made, supper was ready. There never

was a more jolly evening. Ale and punch were as plenty as water. The actors saw what a vain fellow was feasting them; and as they wanted victuals, and he wanted flattery, the business was soon settled. They ate, and Brown sung. They pretended to be in raptures. Singing promoted drinking, and every fresh glass produced a song, or a story still more merry than the former. Before morning the players who were engaged to act in another barn a dozen miles off, stole away quietly. Brown having dropt asleep they left him to finish his nap by himself. As to him his dreams were gay and pleasant, and the house being quite still, he slept comfortably till morning.

As soon as he had breakfasted, the business of the night before popped into his head. He set off once more to his landlord's in high spirits, gaily singing by the way scraps of all the tunes he had picked up the night before from his new friends. The landlord opened the door himself, and reproached him with no

small surliness for not having kept his word with him the evening before, adding, that he supposed he was come now with some more of his shallow excuses. Brown put on all that haughtiness which is common to people who being generally apt to be in the wrong, happen to catch themselves doing a right action; he looked big, as some sort of people do when they have money to pay. "You need not have "been so anxious about your money," said he, "I was not going to break or "run away." The landlord well knew this was the common language of those who are ready to do both. Brown haughtily added, "You shall see I am a "man of my word; give me a receipt." The landlord had it ready and gave it him.

Brown put his hand in his pocket for his black leather case in which the bills were; he felt, he searched, he examined, first one pocket, then the other; then both waistcoat pockets, but no leather case could he find. He looked terrified.

It was indeed the face of real terror, but the landlord conceived it to be that of guilt, and abused him heartily for putting his old tricks upon him; he swore he would not be imposed upon any longer; — the money or a jail — there lay his choice.

Brown protested for once with great truth, that he had no intention to deceive; declared that he had actually brought the money, and knew not what was become of it; but the thing was far too unlikely to gain credit. Brown now called to mind that he had fallen asleep on the settle in the room where they had supped. This raised his spirits; for he had no doubt but the case had fallen out of his pocket; he said he would step to the public-house and search for it, and would be back directly. Not one word of all this did the landlord believe, so inconvenient is it to have a bad character. He swore Brown should not stir out of his house without a constable, and made him wait while he sent for one. Brown,

guarded by the constable, went back to the Blue Posts, the landlord charging the officer not to lose sight of the culprit. The caution was needless, Brown had not the least design of running away, so firmly persuaded was he that he should find his leather case.

But who can paint his dismay, when no tale or tidings of the leather case could be had! The master, the mistress, the boy, and the maid of the public-house all protested they were innocent. His suspicions soon fell on the strollers with whom he had passed the night; and he now found out, for the first time, that a merry evening did not always produce a happy morning. He obtained a warrant, and proper officers were sent in pursuit of the strollers. No one, however, believed he had really lost any thing: and as he had not a shilling left to defray the expensive treat he had given, the master of the inn agreed with the other landlord in thinking this story was a trick to defraud them both, and Brown remained

in close custody. At length the officers returned, who said they had been obliged to let the strollers go, as they could not fix the charge on any one, and they had all offered to swear before a justice that they had seen nothing of the leather case. It was at length agreed, that as he had passed the evening in a crowded barn, he had probably been robbed there, if at all; and among so many, who could pretend to guess at the thief?

Brown raved like a madman; he cried, tore his hair, and said he was ruined for ever. The abusive language of his old landlord, and his new creditor at the Blue Posts, did not lighten his sorrow. His landlord would be put off no longer. Brown declared he could neither find bail nor raise another shilling; and as soon as the forms of law were made out, he was sent to the county jail.

Here it might have been expected that hard living and much leisure would have brought him to reflect a little on his past follies. But his heart was not truly

touched. The chief thing which grieved him at first was, his having abused the kindness of Stock, for to him he should appear guilty of a real fraud, where he had indeed been only vain, idle, and imprudent. And it is worth while here to remark, that vanity, idleness, and imprudence, often bring a man to utter ruin both of soul and body, though silly people do not put them in the catalogue of heavy sins, and those who indulge in them are often reckoned honest merry fellows, with *the best hearts in the world.*

I wish I had room to tell my readers what befel Jack in his present doleful habitation, and what became of him afterwards. I promise them, however, that they shall certainly know the first of next month, when I hope they will not forget to enquire for the Fourth Part of the Shoemakers, or Jack Brown in Prison.

PART IV.

Jack Brown in Prison.

Brown was no sooner lodged in his doleful habitation, and a little recovered from his first surprise, than he sat down and wrote his friend Stock the whole history of the transaction. Mr. Stock, who had long known the exceeding lightness and dissipation of his mind, did not so utterly disbelieve the story as all the other creditors did. To speak the truth, Stock was the only one among them who had good sense enough to know, that a man may be completely ruined, both in what relates to his property and his soul, without committing Old Bailey crimes. He well knew that idleness, vanity, and the love of *pleasure*, as it is falsely called, will bring a man to a morsel of bread, as surely as those things which are reckoned much greater sins; and that they undermine his principles as certainly, though not perhaps quite so fast.

Stock was too angry with what had happened to answer Brown's letter, or to seem to take the least notice of him. However, he kindly and secretly undertook a journey to the hard-hearted old farmer, Brown's father, to intercede with him, and to see if he would do any thing for his son. Stock did not pretend to excuse Jack, or even to lessen his offences; for it was a rule of his never to disguise truth or to palliate wickedness. Sin was still sin in his eyes, though it were committed by his best friend; but though he would not soften the sin he felt tenderly for the sinner. He pleaded with the old farmer on the ground, that his son's idleness and other vices would gather fresh strength in a jail. He told him, that the loose and worthless company which he would there keep would harden him in vice, and if he was now wicked he might there become irreclaimable.

But all his pleas were urged in vain. The farmer was not to be moved. Indeed he argued with some justice, that he ought

not to make his industrious children beggars to save one rogue from the gallows. Mr. Stock allowed the force of his reasoning, though he saw the father was less influenced by this principle of justice than by resentment on account of the old story of Smiler. People, indeed, should take care that what appears in their conduct to proceed from justice does not really proceed from revenge. Wiser men than farmer Brown often deceive themselves, and fancy they act on better principles than they really do, for want of looking a little more closely into their own hearts, and putting down every action to its true motive. When we are praying against deceit we should not forget to take self-deceit into the account.

Mr. Stock at length wrote to poor Jack; not to offer him any help, that was quite out of the question, but to exhort him to repent of his evil ways; to lay before him the sins of his past life, and to advise him to convert the present punishment into a benefit, by humbling himself

before God. He offered his interest to get his place of confinement exchanged for one of those improved prisons, where solitude and labour have been made the happy instruments of bringing many to a better way of thinking, and ended by saying, that if he ever gave any solid signs of real amendment he would still be his friend in spite of all that was past.

If Mr. Stock had sent him a good sum of money to procure his liberty, or even a trifle to make merry with his wretched companions, Jack would have thought him a friend indeed. But to send him nothing but dry advice, and a few words of empty comfort, was, he thought, but a cheap shabby way of showing his kindness. Unluckily the letter came just as he was going to sit down to one of those direful merry-makings which are often carried on with brutal riot within the doleful walls of a jail on the entrance of a new prisoner, who is often expected to give a feast to the rest.

When his companions were heated with

gin; "Now," said Jack, "I'll treat you "with a sermon, and a very pretty "preachment it is." So saying he took out Mr. Stock's kind and pious letter, and was delighted at the bursts of laughter it produced. "What a canting dog!" said one. "Repentance, indeed!" cried Tom Crew; "No, no, Jack, tell this "hypocritical rogue that if we have lost "our liberty, it is only for having been "jolly, hearty fellows, and we have more "spirit than to repent of that I hope: "all the harm we have done is living a "little too fast, like honest bucks as we "are." — "Aye, aye," said Jolly George, "had we been such sneaking miserly "fellows as Stock, we need not have come "hither. But if the ill nature of the laws "has been so cruel as to clap up such fine "hearty blades, we are no *félons* however. "We are afraid of no Jack Ketch; and "I see no cause to repent of any sin that's "not hanging matter. As to those who "are thrust into the condemned hole "indeed, and have but a few hours to

" live, they *must* see the parson, and hear " a sermon, and such stuff. But I do " not know what such stout young fellows " as we are have to do with repentance. " And so, Jack, let us have that rare new " catch which you learnt of the strollers " that merry night when you lost your " pocket-book."

This thoughtless youth soon gave a fresh proof of the power of evil company, and of the quick progress of the heart of a sinner from bad to worse. Brown, who always wanted principle, soon grew to want feeling also. He joined in the laugh which was raised against Stock, and told many *good stories*, as they were called, in derision of the piety, sobriety, and self-denial of his old friend. He lost every day somewhat of those small remains of shame and decency which he had brought with him to the prison. He even grew reconciled to this wretched way of life, and the want of money seemed to him the heaviest evil in the life of a jail.

Mr. Stock finding from the gaoler

that his letter had been treated with ridicule, would not write to him any more. He did not come to see him nor send him any assistance, thinking it right to let him suffer that want which his vices had brought upon him. But, as he still hoped that the time would come when he might be brought to a sense of his own evil courses, he continued to have an eye upon him by means of the gaoler, who was an honest, kind-hearted man.

Brown spent one part of his time in thoughtless riot, and the other in gloomy sadness. Company kept up his spirits; with his new friends he contrived to drown thought; but when he was alone he began to find that a *merry fellow*, when deprived of his companions and his liquor, is often a most forlorn wretch. Then it is that even a merry fellow says, *Of laughter, what is it? and of mirth it is madness.*

As he contrived, however, to be as little alone as possible, his gaiety was commonly uppermost, till that loathsome distemper,

called the jail fever, broke out in the prison. Tom Crew, the ringleader in all their evil practices, was first seized with it. Jack staid a little while with his comrade to assist and divert him, but of assistance he could give little, and the very thought of diversion was now turned into horror. He soon caught the distemper, and that in so dreadful a degree, that his life was in great danger. Of those who remained in health not a soul came near him, though he had shared his last farthing with them. He had just sense enough left to feel this cruelty. Poor fellow! he did not know before, that the friendship of the worldly is at an end when there is no more drink or diversion to be had. He lay in the most deplorable condition; his body tormented with a dreadful disease, and his soul terrified and amazed at the approach of death: that death which he thought at so great a distance, and of which his comrades had so often assured him, that a young fellow of five-and-twenty was in no

danger. Poor Jack! I cannot help feeling for him. Without a shilling! without a friend! without one comfort respecting this world, and, what is far more terrible, without one hope respecting the next.

Let not the young reader fancy that Brown's misery arose entirely from his altered circumstances. It was not merely his being in want, and sick, and in a prison, which made his condition so desperate. Many an honest man unjustly accused, many a persecuted saint, many a holy martyr has enjoyed sometimes more peace and content in a prison than wicked men have ever tasted in the height of their prosperity. But to any such comforts, to any comfort at all, poor Jack was an utter stranger.

A christian friend generally comes forward at the very time when worldly friends forsake the wretched. The other prisoners would not come near Brown, though he had often entertained and had never offended them; even his own father was not moved with his sad condition.

When Mr. Stock informed him of it, he answered, "'Tis no more than he de-"serves. As he brews so he must bake. "He has made his own bed, and let him "lie in it."—The hard old man had ever at his tongue's end some proverb of hardness, or frugality, which he contrived to turn in such a way as to excuse himself.

We shall now see how Mr. Stock behaved. He had his favourite sayings too, but they were chiefly on the side of kindness, mercy, or some other virtue. "I must not," said he, "pretend to call "myself a Christian, if I do not requite "evil with good." When he received the gaoler's letter, with the account of Brown's sad condition, Will Simpson and Tommy Williams began to compliment him on his own wisdom and prudence, by which he had escaped Brown's misfortunes. He only gravely said, "Bless-"ed be God that I am not in the same "misery. It is *He* who has made us to "differ. But for *his* grace I might have "been in no better condition. Now

"Brown is brought low by the hand of "God, it is my time to go to him." — "What, you!" said Will, "whom he "cheated of your money?" — "This "is not a time to remember injuries," said Mr. Stock. "How can I ask for- "giveness for my own sins, if I withhold "forgiveness from him?" So saying, he ordered his horse, and set off to see poor Brown; thus proving that his was a religion not of words but of deeds.

Stock's heart nearly failed him as he passed through the prison. The groans of the sick and dying, and, what to such a heart as his was still more moving, the brutal merriment of the healthy in such a place, pierced his very soul. Many a silent prayer did he put up as he passed along, that God would yet be pleased to touch their hearts, and that now, during this infectious sickness, might be the accepted time. The gaoler observed him drop a tear, and asked the cause. "I cannot forget," said he, "that the "most dissolute of these men is still my

"fellow-creature. The same God made "them; the same Saviour died for "them; how then can I hate the worst "of them? With my advantages they "might have been much better than I "am; without the blessing of God on "my good Minister's instructions, I "might have been worse than the worst "of these. I have no cause for pride, "much for thankfulness; *Let us not be "high-minded, but fear.*"

It would have moved a heart of stone to have seen poor miserable Jack Brown lying on his wretched bed, his face so changed by pain, poverty, dirt, and sorrow, that he could hardly be known for that merry soul of a jack-boot, as he used to be proud to hear himself called. His groans were so piteous that it made Mr. Stock's heart ache. He kindly took him by the hand, though he knew the distemper was catching. — "How dost do, "Jack?" said he, "dost know me?" Brown shook his head and said faintly, "Know you! aye, that I do. I am sure

"I have but one friend in the world who "would come to see me in this woeful "condition. O James! what have I "brought myself to? What will become "of my poor soul? I dare not look "back, for that is all sin, nor forward, for "that is all misery and woe."

Mr. Stock spoke kindly to him, but did not attempt to cheer him with false comfort, as is too often done. "I am "ashamed to see you in this dirty place," says Brown. "As to the place, Jack," replied the other, "if it has helped to "bring you to a sense of your past "offences, it will be no bad place for you. "I am heartily sorry for your distress "and your sickness; but if it should please "God by them to open your eyes, and "to show you that sin is a greater evil "than the prison to which it has brought "you, all may yet be well. I had rather "see you in this humble penitent state, "lying on this dirty bed, in this dismal "prison, than roaring and rioting at the "Greyhound, the king of the company,

" with handsome clothes on your back,
" and plenty of money in your pocket."

Brown wept bitterly and squeezed his hand, but was too weak to say much. Mr. Stock then desired the gaoler to let him have such things as were needful, and he would pay for them. He would not leave the poor fellow till he had given him with his own hands some broth which the gaoler had got ready for him, and some medicines which the doctor had sent. All this kindness cut Brown to the heart. He was just able to sob out, " My unnatural father leaves me to " perish, and my injured friend is more " than a father to me." Stock told him that one proof he must give of his repentance was, that he must forgive his father, whose provocation had been very great. He then said he would leave him for the present to take some rest, and desired him to lift up his heart to God for mercy. " Dear James," replied Brown, " do " you pray for me. God perhaps may " hear you, but he will never hear the

"prayer of such a sinner as I have been." —"Take care how you think so," said Stock. "To believe that God cannot "forgive you would be still a greater sin "than any you have yet committed "against him." He then explained to him in a few words, as well as he was able, the nature of repentance and forgiveness through a Saviour, and warned him earnestly against unbelief and hardness of heart.

Poor Jack grew much refreshed in body with the comfortable things he had taken; and a little cheered with Stock's kindness in coming so far to see, and to forgive such a forlorn outcast, sick of an infectious distemper, and locked within the walls of a prison. Surely, said he to himself, there must be some mighty power in a religion which can lead men to do such things! things so much against the grain as to forgive such an injury, and to risk catching such a distemper; but he was so weak he could not express this in words. He tried to pray, but he

could not; at length, overpowered with weariness, he fell asleep.

When Mr. Stock came back, he was surprised to find him so much better in body; but his agonies of mind were dreadful, and he had now got strength to express part of the horrors which he felt. "James," said he, (looking wildly,) "it "is all over with me. I am a lost crea-"ture. Even your prayers cannot save "me." — "Dear Jack," replied Mr. Stock, "I am no minister; it does not "become me to talk much to thee: "but I know I may venture to say what-"ever is in the Bible. As ignorant as "I am I shall be safe enough while I "stick to that." — "Aye," said the sick man, "you used to be ready enough to "read to me, and I would not listen, "or if I did it was only to make fun "of what I heard, and now you will "not so much as read a bit of a chapter "to me."

This was the very point to which Stock longed to bring him. So he took a little

Bible out of his pocket, which he always carried with him on a journey, and read slowly, verse by verse, the 55th chapter of Isaiah. When he came to the sixth and seventh verses, poor Jack cried so much that Stock was forced to stop. The words were, *Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord.* Here Brown stopped him, saying, "Oh "it is too late, too late for me." — "Let "me finish the verse," said Stock, "and "you will see your error; you will see "that it is never too late." So he read on—*Let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon.* Here Brown started up, snatched the book out of his hand, and cried out, "Is that "really there? No, no; that's of your "own putting in, in order to comfort "me; let me look at the words myself."— "No, indeed," said Stock, "I would not "for the world give you unfounded com- "fort, or put off any notion of my own

"for a scripture doctrine." — "But is it "possible!" cried the sick man, "that "God may really pardon me? Do'st "think he can? Do'st think he will?" — "I am sure of it," said Stock; "I dare "not give thee false hopes, or indeed, "any hopes of my own. But these are "God's own words, and the only difficulty "is to know when we are really brought "into such a state as that the words may "be applied to us. For a text may be "full of comfort, and yet may not belong "to us."

Mr. Stock was afraid of saying more. He would not venture out of his depth; nor, indeed, was poor Brown able to bear more discourse just now. So he made him a present of the Bible, folding down such places as he thought might be best suited to his state, and took his leave, being obliged to return home that night. He left a little money with the gaoler, to add a few comforts to the allowance of the prison, and promised to return in a short time.

When he got home, he described the sufferings and misery of Brown in a very moving manner; but Tommy Williams, instead of being properly affected at it, only said, "Indeed, master, I am not "very sorry; he is rightly served."— "How, Tommy," said Mr. Stock (rather sternly), "not sorry to see a fellow-"creature brought to the lowest state of "misery; one too whom you have known "so prosperous?"—"No, master, I can't "say I am; for Mr. Brown used to make "fun of you, and laugh at you for being "so godly, and reading your Bible."

"Let me say a few words to you, "Tommy," said Mr. Stock. "In the "first place you should never watch for "the time of a man's being brought low "by trouble to tell of his faults. Next, "you should never rejoice at his trouble, "but pity him, and pray for him. Lastly, "as to his ridiculing me for my religion, "if I cannot stand an idle jest, I am not "worthy the name of a Christian.— *He "that is ashamed of me and my word*, do'st

"remember what follows, Tommy?"—
"Yes, master, 'twas last Sunday's text,—
"*of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed*
"*when he shall judge the world.*"

Mr. Stock soon went back to the prison. But he did not go alone. He took with him Mr. Thomas, the worthy minister who had been the guide and instructor of his youth, who was so kind as to go at his request and visit this forlorn prisoner. When they got to Brown's door, they found him sitting up in his bed with the Bible in his hand. This was a joyful sight to Mr. Stock, who secretly thanked God for it. Brown was reading aloud; they listened; it was the fifteenth of Saint Luke. The circumstances of this beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son were so much like his own, that the story pierced him to the soul; and he stopped every minute to compare his own case with that of the Prodigal. He was just got to the eighteenth verse, *I will arise and go to my father*, — at that moment he spied his two friends; joy darted into his

eyes. "O dear Jem," said he, "it is "*not* too late, I will arise and go to my "father, my heavenly Father, and you, "Sir, will show me the way, won't you?" said he to Mr. Thomas, whom he recollected. "I am very glad to see you in "so hopeful a disposition," said the good Minister. "O, Sir," said Brown, "what "a place is this to receive you in? O, "see to what I have brought myself!"

"Your condition, as to this world, is "indeed very low," replied the good divine, "But what are mines, dungeons, "or galleys, to that eternal hopeless "prison to which your unrepented sins "must soon have consigned you. Even "in this gloomy prison, on this bed of "straw, worn down by pain, poverty, "and want, forsaken by your worldly "friends, an object of scorn to those with "whom you used to carouse and riot; "yet here, I say, brought thus low, if "you have at last found out your own "vileness, and your utterly undone state "by sin, you may still be more an

" object of favour in the sight of God,
" than when you thought yourself pros-
" perous and happy; when the world
" smiled upon you, and you passed your
" days and nights in envied gaiety and
" unchristian riot. If you will but im-
" prove the present awful visitation; if
" you do but heartily renounce and abhor
" your present evil courses; if you even
" now turn to the Lord your Saviour with
" lively faith, deep repentance, and
" unfeigned obedience, I shall still have
" more hope of you than of many who
" are going on quite happy, because quite
" insensible. The heavy laden sinner,
" who has discovered the iniquity of his
" own heart, and his utter inability to
" help himself, may be restored to God's
" favour, and become happy, though in a
" dungeon. And be assured, that he
" who from deep and humble contrition
" dares not so much as lift up his eyes to
" heaven, when with a hearty faith he
" sighs out, *Lord be merciful to me a*
" *sinner*, shall in no wise be cast out.

"These are the words of him who cannot "lie."

It is impossible to describe the self-abasement, the grief, the joy, the shame, the hope, and the fear which filled the mind of this poor man. A dawn of comfort at length shone on his benighted mind. His humility and fear of falling back into his former sins, if he should ever recover, Mr. Thomas thought were strong symptoms of a sound repentance. He improved and cherished every good disposition he saw arising in his heart, and particularly warned him against self-deceit, self-confidence, and hypocrisy.

After Brown had deeply expressed his sorrow for his offences, Mr. Thomas thus addressed him: "There are two ways of "being sorry for sin. Are you, Mr. "Brown, afraid of the guilt of sin because "of the punishment annexed to it, or are "you afraid of sin itself? Do you wish "to be delivered from the power of sin? "Do you hate sin because you know it is "offensive to a pure and holy God? Or

" are you only ashamed of it because it
" has brought you to a prison, and
" exposed you to the contempt of the
" world? It is not said that the wages
" of this or that particular sin is death,
" but of sin in general; there is no
" exception made because it is a more
" creditable or a favourite sin, or because
" it is a little one. There are, I repeat,
" two ways of being sorry for sin. Cain
" was sorry — *My punishment is greater*
" *than I can bear*, said he; but here you
" see the punishment seemed to be the
" cause of concern, not the sin. David
" seems to have had a true notion of
" godly sorrow, when he says, *Wash me*
" *from mine iniquity, cleanse me from my*
" *sin.* And when Job *repented in dust*
" *and ashes*, it is not said he excused
" himself, but *he abhorred himself.* And
" the prophet Isaiah called himself *undone*,
" because he was *a man of unclean lips*;
" for, said he, *I have seen the King, the*
" *Lord of hosts*; that is, he could not
" take the proper measure of his own

" iniquity till he had considered the " perfect holiness of God."

One day, when Mr. Thomas and Mr. Stock came to see him, they found him more than commonly affected. His face was more ghastly pale than usual, and his eyes were red with crying. " Oh, Sir," said he, " what a sight have I just seen! " Jolly George, as we used to call him, " the ringleader of all our mirth, who was " at the bottom of all the fun, and tricks, " and wickedness, that are carried on " within these walls, Jolly George is just " dead of the jail distemper! He taken, " and I left! I *would* be carried into his " room to speak to him, to beg him to " take warning by me, and that I might " take warning by him. But what did I " see! what did I hear! not one sign of " repentance; not one dawn of hope. " Agony of body, blasphemies on his " tongue, despair in his soul; while I am " spared and comforted with hopes of " mercy and acceptance. Oh, if all my " old friends at the Greyhound could

"but then have seen Jolly George! A "hundred sermons about death, Sir, don't "speak so home, and cut so deep, as the "sight of one dying sinner."

Brown grew gradually better in his health, that is, the fever mended, but the distemper settled in his limbs, so that he seemed likely to be a poor, weakly cripple the rest of his life. But as he spent much of his time in prayer, and in reading such parts of the Bible as Mr. Thomas directed, he improved every day in knowledge and piety, and of course grew more resigned to pain and infirmity.

Some months after this, his hard-hearted father, who had never been prevailed upon to see him, or offer him the least relief, was taken off suddenly by a fit of apoplexy; and after all his threatenings, he died without a will. He was one of those silly, superstitious men, who fancy they shall die the sooner for having made one; and who love the world and the things that are in the world so dearly, that they dread to set about any business

which may put them in mind that they are not always to live in it. As, by this neglect, his father had not fulfilled his threat of cutting him off with a shilling, Jack, of course, went shares with his brothers in what their father left. What fell to him proved to be just enough to discharge him from prison, and to pay all his debts, but he had nothing left. His joy at being thus enabled to make restitution was so great, that he thought little of his own wants. He did not desire to conceal the most trifling debt, nor to keep a shilling for himself.

Mr. Stock undertook to settle all his affairs. There did not remain money enough, after every creditor was satisfied, even to pay for his removal home. Mr. Stock kindly sent his own cart for him with a bed in it, made as comfortable as possible, for he was too weak and lame to be removed any other way, and Mrs. Stock gave the driver a particular charge to be tender and careful of him, and not

to drive hard, nor to leave the cart a moment.

Mr. Stock would fain have taken him into his own house, at least for a time, so convinced was he of his sincere reformation both of heart and life; but Brown would not be prevailed on to be further burdensome to this generous friend. He insisted on being carried to the parish workhouse, which he said was a far better place than he deserved. In this house Mr. Stock furnished a small room for him, and sent him every day a morsel of meat from his own dinner. Tommy Williams begged that he might always be allowed to carry it, as some atonement for his having for a moment so far forgotten his duty, as rather to rejoice than sympathise in Brown's misfortunes. He never thought of this fault without sorrow, and often thanked his master for the wholesome lesson he then gave him, and he was the better for it all his life.

Mrs. Stock often carried poor Brown a dish of tea or a bason of good broth her-

self. He was quite a cripple, and never able to walk out as long as he lived. Mr. Stock, Will Simpson, and Tommy Williams laid their heads together, and contrived a sort of barrow on which he was often carried to church by some of his poor neighbours, of which Tommy was always one; and he requited their kindness, by reading a good book to them whenever they would call in; and he spent his time in teaching their children to sing psalms or say the catechism.

It was no small joy to him thus to be enabled to go to church. Whenever he was carried by the Greyhound, he was much moved, and used to put up a prayer full of repentance for the past, and praise for the present.

PART V.

A Dialogue between James Stock and Will Simpson, the Shoemakers, as they sat at Work, on the duty of carrying Religion into our common Business.

James Stock, and his journeyman Will Simpson, as I informed my readers in the Second Part, had resolved to work together one hour every evening, in order to pay for Tommy Williams's schooling. This circumstance brought them to be a good deal together when the rest of the men were gone home. Now it happened that Mr. Stock had a pleasant way of endeavouring to turn all common events to some use; and he thought it right on the present occasion to make the only return in his power to Will Simpson for his great kindness. For, said he, if Will gives up so much of his time to help me to provide for this poor boy, it is the least I can do to try to turn part of that time

to the purpose of promoting Will's spiritual good. Now as the bent of Stock's own mind was religious, it was easy to him to lead their talk to something profitable. He always took especial care, however, that the subject should be introduced properly, cheerfully, and without constraint. As he well knew that great good may be sometimes done by a prudent attention in seizing proper opportunities, so he knew that the cause of piety had been sometimes hurt by forcing serious subjects where there was clearly no disposition to receive them. I say he had found out that two things were necessary to the promoting of religion among his friends; a warm zeal to be always on the watch for occasions, and a cool judgment to distinguish which was the right time and place to make use of them. To know *how* to do good is a great matter, but to know *when* to do it is no small one.

Simpson was an honest good-natured young man; he was now become sober, and rather religiously disposed. But he

was ignorant; he did not know much of the grounds of religion, or of the corruption of his own nature; he was regular at church, but was first drawn thither rather by his skill in psalm-singing than by any great devotion. He had left off going to the Greyhound, and often read the Bible, or some other good book on the Sunday evening. This he thought was quite enough; he thought the Bible was the prettiest history book in the world, and that religion was a very good thing for Sundays. But he did not much understand what business people had with it on working days. He had left off drinking because it had brought Williams to the grave, and his wife to dirt and rags; but not because he himself had seen the evil of sin. He now considered swearing and sabbath-breaking as scandalous and indecent, but he had not found out that both were to be left off because they are highly offensive to God, and grieve his Holy Spirit. As Simpson was less self-conceited than most ignorant people are, Stock had

always a good hope that when he should come to be better acquainted with the word of God, and with the evil of his own heart, he would become one day a good Christian. The great hindrance to this was, that he fancied himself so already.

One evening Simpson had been calling to Stock's mind how disorderly the house and shop, where they were now sitting quietly at work, had formerly been, and he went on thus:

Will. How comfortably we live now, master, to what we used to do in Williams's time! I used then never to be happy but when we were keeping it up all night, but now I am as merry as the day is long. I find I am twice as happy since I am grown good and sober.

Stock. I am glad you are happy, Will, and I rejoice that you are sober; but I would not have you take too much pride in your own *goodness* for fear it should become a sin, almost as great as some of those you have left off. Besides, I would

not have you make quite so sure that you *are* good.

Will. Not good, master! why don't you find me regular and orderly at work?

Stock. Very much so, and accordingly I have a great respect for you.

Will. I pay every one his own, seldom miss church, have not been drunk since Williams died, have handsome clothes for Sundays, and save a trifle every week.

Stock. Very true, and very laudable it is; and to all this you may add that you very generously work an hour, for poor Tommy's education, every evening without fee or reward.

Will. Well, master, what can a man do more? If all this is not being good, I don't know what is.

Stock. All these things are very right as far as they go, and you could not well be a Christian without doing them. But I shall make you stare, perhaps, when I

tell you, you may do all these things, and many more, and yet be no Christian.

Will. No Christian! surely, master, I do hope that after all I have done, you will not be so unkind as to say I am no Christian.

Stock. God forbid that I should say so, Will. I hope better things of you. But come now, what do you think it is to be a Christian.

Will. What! why to be christened when one is a child, to learn the catechism when one can read, to be confirmed when one is a youth, and to go to church when one is a man.

Stock. These are all very proper things, and quite necessary. They make part of a Christian's life. But for all that, a man may be exact in them all, and yet not be a Christian.

Will. Not be a Christian! ha! ha! ha! you are very comical, master.

Stock. No, indeed, I am very serious, Will. At this rate it would be a very easy

thing to be a Christian, and every man who went through certain forms would be a good man; and one man who observed these forms would be as good as another. Whereas, if we come to examine ourselves by the word of God, I am afraid there are but few comparatively whom our Saviour would allow to be real Christians. What is your notion of a Christian's practice?

Will. Why, he must not rob, nor murder, nor get drunk. He must avoid scandalous things, and do as other decent orderly people do.

Stock. It is easy enough to be what the world calls a Christian, but not to be what the Bible calls so.

Will. Why, master, we working men are not expected to be saints, and martyrs, and apostles, and ministers.

Stock. We are not. And yet, Will, there are not two sorts of Christianity; we are called to practise the same religion which they practised, and something of the same spirit is expected in us which we

reverence in them. It was not saints and martyrs only to whom our Saviour said that they must *crucify the world with its affections and lusts.* We are called to *be holy* in our measure and degree, *as he who hath called us is holy.* It was not only saints and martyrs who were told that they must be *like minded with Christ;* that *they must do all to the glory of God;* that *they must renounce the spirit of the world, and deny themselves.* It was not to apostles only that Christ said, *They must have their conversation in Heaven.* It was not to a few holy men set apart for the altar, that he said, *They must set their affections on things above.* — That they *must not be conformed to the world.* No, it was to fishermen, to publicans, to farmers, to day-labourers, to poor tradesmen, that he spoke when he told them, they must *love not the world, nor the things of the world.* — *That they must renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, grow in grace, lay up for themselves treasures in Heaven.*

Will. All this might be very proper for *them* to be taught, because they had not been bred up Christians, but Heathens or Jews: and Christ wanted to make them his followers, that is, Christians. But thank God we do not want to be taught all this, for we *are* Christians, born in a Christian country, of Christian parents.

Stock. I suppose then you fancy that Christianity comes to people in a Christian country by nature?

Will. I think it comes by a good education or a good example. When a fellow who has got any sense sees a man cut off in his prime by drinking, like Williams, I think he will begin to leave it off. When he sees another man respected, like you, master, for honesty and sobriety, and going to church, why he will grow honest, and sober, and go to church; that is, he will see it his advantage to be a Christian.

Stock. Will, what you say is the truth, but 'tis not the whole truth. You are right as far as you go, but you do not go

far enough. The worldly advantages of piety are, as you suppose, in general great. Credit, prosperity, and health, almost naturally attend on a religious life, both because a religious life supposes a sober and industrious life; and because a man who lives in a course of duty puts himself in the way of God's blessing. But a true Christian has a still higher aim in view, and will follow religion even under circumstances, when it may hurt his credit and ruin his prosperity, if it should ever happen to be the will of God that he should be brought into such a trying state.

Will. Well, master, to speak the truth, if I go to church on Sundays, and follow my work in the week, I must say I think that is being good.

Stock. I agree with you, that he who does both, gives the best outward signs that he is good, as you call it. But our going to church, and even reading the Bible, are no proofs that we are as good as we need be, but rather that we do both

these in order to make us better than we are. We do both on Sundays, as means, by God's blessing, to make us better all the week. We are to bring the fruits of that chapter or of that sermon into our daily life, and try to get our inmost heart and secret thoughts, as well as our daily conduct, amended by them.

Will. Why sure, master, you won't be so unreasonable as to want a body to be religious always? I can't do that neither. I'm not such a hypocrite as to pretend to it.

Stock. Yes, you can be so in every action of your life!

Will. What, master, always to be thinking about religion?

Stock. No, far from it Will; much less to be always talking about it. But you must be always acting under its power and spirit.

Will. But surely 'tis pretty well if I do this when I go to church; or while I am saying my prayers. Even you, master, as strict as you are, would not have me

always on my knees, nor always at church, I suppose: for then how would your work be carried on, and how would our town be supplied with shoes?

Stock. Very true, Will. 'Twould be no proof of our religion to let our customers go barefoot; but 'twould be a proof of our laziness, and we should starve as we ought to do. The business of the world must not only be carried on, but carried on with spirit and activity. We have the same authority for not being *slothful in business* as we have for being *fervent in spirit.* Religion has put godliness and laziness as wide asunder as any two things in the world; and what God has separated, let no man pretend to join. Indeed, the spirit of religion can have no fellowship with sloth, indolence, and self-indulgence. But still, a Christian does not carry on his common trade quite like another man neither; for something of the spirit which he labours to attain at church, he carries with him into his worldly concerns. While there are some who set up for

Sunday Christians, who have no notion that they are bound to be week-day Christians too.

Will. Why, master, I do think, if God Almighty is contented with one day in seven, he won't thank you for throwing him the other six into the bargain. I thought he gave us them for our own use; and I am sure nobody works harder all the week than you do.

Stock. God, it is true, sets apart one day in seven for actual rest from labour, and for more immediate devotion to his service. But show me that text, wherein he says, thou shalt love the Lord thy God on *Sundays* — Thou shalt keep my commandments on the *Sabbath Day* — To be carnally minded on *Sundays, is death* — Cease to do evil, and learn to do well *one day in seven* — Grow in grace on the *Lord's Day* — Is there any such text?

Will. No, to be sure there is not; for that would be encouraging sin on all the other days.

Stock. Yes, just as you do when you make religion a thing for the church, and not for the world. There is no one lawful calling in pursuing which we may not serve God acceptably. You and I may serve him while we are stitching this pair of boots. Farmer Furrow, while he is plowing yonder field. Betsy West, over the way, whilst she is nursing her sick mother. Neighbour Incle, in measuring out his tapes and ribbons. I say, all these may serve God just as acceptably in those employments as at church, I had almost said more so.

Will. Aye, indeed — how can that be? Now you're too much on t'other side.

Stock. Because a man's trials in trade being often greater, they give him fresh means of glorifying God, and proving the sincerity of his religion. A man who mixes in business, is naturally brought into continual temptations and difficulties. These will lead him, if he be a good man, to look more to God, than he perhaps would otherwise do. He sees temptations

on the right hand and on the left; he knows that there are snares all around him; this makes him watchful: he feels that the enemy within is too ready to betray him; this makes him humble himself; while a sense of his own difficulties makes him tender to the failings of others.

Will. Then you would make one believe, after all, that trade and business must be sinful in itself, since it brings a man into all these snares and scrapes.

Stock. No, no, Will; trade and business don't create evil passions — they were in the heart before — Only now and then they seem to lie snug a little — our concerns with the world bring them out into action a little more, and thus show both others and ourselves what we really are. But then, as the world offers more trials on the one hand, so on the other it holds out more duties. If we are called to battle oftener, we have more opportunities of victory. Every temptation resisted, is an enemy subdued;

and *he that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city.*

Will. I don't quite understand you, master.

Stock. I will try to explain myself. There is no passion more called out by the transactions of trade than covetousness. Now, 'tis impossible to withstand such a master sin as that, without carrying a good deal of the spirit of religion into one's trade.

Will. Well, I own I don't yet see how I am to be religious when I'm hard at work, or busy settling an account. I can't do two things at once; 'tis as if I were to pretend to make a shoe and cut out a boot at the same moment.

Stock. I tell you both must subsist together. Nay, the one must be the motive to the other. God commands us to be industrious, and if we love him, the desire of pleasing him should be the main spring of our industry.

Will. I don't see how I can always be thinking about pleasing God.

Stock. Suppose, now, a man had a wife and children whom he loved, and wished to serve; would not he be often thinking about them while he was at work? and though he would not be *always* thinking nor always talking about them, yet would not the very love he bore them be a constant spur to his industry? He would always be pursuing the same course from the same motive, though his words and even his thought must often be taken up in the common transactions of life.

Will. I say first one, then the other; now for labour, now for religion.

Stock. I will show that both must go together. I will suppose you were going to buy so many skins of our currier — that is quite a worldly transaction — you can't see what a spirit of religion has to do with buying a few calves' skins. Now, I tell you it has a great deal to do with it. Covetousness, a desire to make a good bargain, may rise up in your heart. Selfishness, a spirit of monopoly, a wish

to get all, in order to distress others; these are evil desires, and must be subdued. Some opportunity of unfair gain offers, in which there may be much sin, and yet little scandal. Here a Christian will stop short; he will recollect, *That he who maketh haste to be rich shall hardly be innocent.* Perhaps the sin may be on the side of your dealer — *he* may want to overreach *you* — this is provoking — you are tempted to violent anger, perhaps to swear; — here is a fresh demand on you for a spirit of patience and moderation, as there was before for a spirit of justice and self-denial. If, by God's grace, you get the victory over these temptations, you are the better man for having been called out to them; always provided, that the temptations be not of your own seeking. If you give way, and sink under these temptations, don't go and say that trade and business have made you covetous, passionate, and profane. No, no; depend upon it, you were so before; you would have had all these evil seeds lurking

in your heart, if you had been loitering about at home and doing nothing, with the additional sin of idleness into the bargain. When you are busy, the devil often tempts you; when you are idle, you tempt the devil. If business and the world call these evil tempers into action, business and the world call that religion into action too which teaches us to resist them. And in this you see the week-day fruit of the Sunday's piety. 'Tis trade and business in the week which calls us to put our Sunday readings, praying, and church-going into practice.

Will. Well, master, you have a comical way, somehow, of coming over one. I never should have thought there would have been any religion wanted in buying and selling a few calves' skins. But, I begin to see there is a good deal in what you say. And, whenever I am doing a common action, I will try to remember that it must be done *after a godly sort.*

Stock. I hear the clock strike nine—let us leave off our work. I will only

observe further, that one good end of our bringing religion into our business is, to put us in mind not to undertake more business than we can carry on consistently with our religion. I shall never commend that man's diligence, though it is often commended by the world, who is not diligent about the salvation of his soul. We are as much forbidden to be overcharged with the *cares* of life as with its *pleasures*. I only wish to prove to you, that a discreet Christian may be wise for both worlds; that he may employ his hands without entangling his soul, and labour for the meat that perisheth without neglecting that which endureth unto eternal life; that he may be prudent for time, while he is wise for eternity.

PART VI.

Dialogue the Second. On the duty of carrying Religion into our Amusements.

THE next evening Will Simpson being got first to his work, Mr. Stock found him singing very cheerfully over his last. His master's entrance did not prevent his finishing his song, which concluded with these words:

"Since life is no more than a passage at best,
"Let us strew the way over with flowers."

When Will had concluded his song, he turned to Mr. Stock, and said, "I thank "you, master, for first putting it into my "head how wicked it is to sing profane "and indecent songs. I never sing any "now which have any wicked words in "them."

Stock. I am glad to hear it. So far you do well. But there are other things as bad as wicked words, nay worse perhaps, though they do not so much shock the ear of decency.

Will. What is that, master? What *can* be so bad as wicked words?

Stock. Wicked *thoughts*, Will. Which thoughts, when they are covered over with smooth words, and dressed out in pleasing rhymes, so as not to shock modest young people by the sound, do more harm to their principles than those songs of which the words are so gross and disgusting, that no person of common decency can for a moment listen to them.

Will. Well, master, I am sure that was a very pretty song I was singing when you came in, and a song which very sober good people sing.

Stock. Do they? Then I will be bold to say, that singing such songs is no part of their goodness. I heard indeed but two lines of it, but they were so heathenish that I desire to hear no more.

Will. Now you are really too hard. What harm could there be in it? there was not one indecent word.

Stock. I own, indeed, that indecent words are particularly offensive. But, as I said before, though immodest expressions offend the ear more, they do not corrupt the heart, perhaps, much more than songs of which the words are decent, and the principle vicious. In the latter case, because there is nothing that shocks his ear, a man listens till the sentiment has so corrupted his heart, that his ear grows hardened too, and by long custom he loses all sense of the danger of profane diversions; and I must say I have often heard young women of character sing songs in company which I should be ashamed to read by myself. But come, as we work, let us talk over this business a little; and first let us stick to this sober song of yours that you boast so much about. (*repeats.*)

"Since life is no more than a passage at best,
"Let us strew the way over with flowers."

Now what do you learn by this?

Will. Why, master, I don't pretend to learn much by it. But 'tis a pretty tune and pretty words.

Stock. But what do those pretty words mean?

Will. That we must make ourselves merry because life is short.

Stock. Will! Of what religion are you?

Will. You are always asking one such odd questions, master; why a Christian to be sure.

Stock. If I often ask you, or others, this question, it is only because I like to know what grounds I am to go upon when I am talking with you or them. I conceive that there are in this country two sorts of people, Christians, and no Christians. Now, if people profess to be of this first description, I expect one kind of notions, opinions, and behaviour from them; if they say they are of the latter, then I look for another set of notions and actions for them. I compel no man to think with me. I take every man at his word. I only expect him to

think and believe according to the character he takes upon himself, and to act on the principles of that character which he professes to maintain.

Will. That's fair enough; I can't say but it is, to take a man at his own word, and on his own grounds.

Stock. Well then. Of whom does the Scripture speak when it says, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?*

Will. Why of heathens to be sure, not of Christians.

Stock. And of whom, when it says, *Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they are withered?*

Will. O that is Solomon's worldly fool.

Stock. You disapprove of both then?

Will. To be sure I do. I should not be a Christian if I did not.

Stock. And yet, though a Christian, you are admiring the very same thought in the song you were singing. How do you reconcile this?

Will. O there is no comparison between them. These several texts are designed

to describe loose wicked heathens. Now I learn texts as part of my religion. But religion you know has nothing to do with a song. I sing a song for my pleasure.

Stock. In our last night's talk, Will, I endeavoured to prove to you that religion was to be brought into our *business*. I wish now to let you see that it is to be brought into our *pleasure* also. And that he who is really a Christian, must be a Christian in his very diversions.

Will. Now you are too strict again, master; as you last night declared, that in our business you would not have us always praying, so I hope that in our pleasure you would not have us always psalm-singing. I hope you would not have all one's singing to be about good things.

Stock. Not so Will; but I would not have any part either of our business or our pleasure to be about evil things. It is one thing to be singing *about* religion, it is another thing to be singing *against* it.

Saint Peter, I fancy, would not much have approved your favourite song. He, at least, seemed to have another view of the matter, when he said, *The end of all things is at hand.* Now this text teaches much the same awful truth with the first line of your song. But let us see to what different purposes the apostle and the poet turn the very same thought. Your song says, because life is so short, let us make it merry. Let us divert ourselves so much on the road that we may forget the end. Now what says the apostle, *Because the end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer.*

Will. Why, master, I like to be sober too, and have left off drinking. But still I never thought that we were obliged to carry texts out of the Bible to try the soundness of a song; and to enable us to judge if we might be both merry and wise in singing it.

Stock. Providence has not so stinted our enjoyments, Will, but he has left us many subjects of harmless merriment: but, for

my own part, I am never certain that any one is quite harmless till I have tried it by this rule that you seem to think so strict. There is another favourite catch which I heard you and some of the workmen humming yesterday.

Will. I will prove to you that there is not a word of harm in *that;* pray listen now. (*sings.*)

"Which is the best day to drink—Sunday, Monday,
"Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Satur-
"day?"

Stock. Now, Will, do you really find your unwillingness to drink is so great, that you stand in need of all these incentives to provoke you to it? Do you not find temptation strong enough without exciting your inclinations, and whetting your appetites in this manner? Can any thing be more unchristian than to persuade youth by pleasant words, set to the most alluring music, that the pleasures of drinking are so great, that every day in the week, naming them all successively, by

way of fixing and enlarging the idea, is equally fit, equally proper, and equally delightful, for what?—for the low and sensual purpose of getting drunk. Tell me, Will, are you so *very* averse to pleasure? Are you naturally so cold and dead to all passion and temptation, that you really find it necessary to inflame your imagination, and disorder your senses, in order to excite a quicker relish for the pleasures of sin?

Will. All this is true enough, indeed; but I never saw it in this light before.

Stock. As I passed by the Greyhound last night, in the way to my evening's walk in the fields, I caught this one verse of a song which the club were singing:

"Bring the flask, the music bring,
"Joy shall quickly find us;
"Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
"And cast dull care behind us."

When I got into the fields, I could not forbear comparing this song with the second lesson last Sunday evening at

church; these were the words: *Take heed lest at any time your heart be overcharged with drunkenness, and so that day come upon you unawares, for as a snare shall it come upon all them that are on the face of the earth.*

Will. Why, to be sure if the second lesson was right, the song must be wrong.

Stock. I ran over in my mind also a comparison between such songs as that which begins with

"Drink and drive care away,"

with those injunctions of holy writ, *Watch and pray therefore, that you enter not into temptation;* and again, *Watch and pray that you may escape all these things.* I say I compared this with the song I allude to,

"Drink and drive care away,"
"Drink and be merry;
"You'll ne'er go the faster
"To the Stygian ferry."

I compared this with that awful admonition of Scripture how to pass the time, *Not*

in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.

Will. I am afraid, then, master, you would not much approve of what I used to think a very pretty song, which begins with,

> " A plague on those musty old lubbers,
> " Who teach us to fast and to think."

Stock. Will, what would you think of any one who should sit down and write a book or a song to abuse the clergy?

Will. Why I should think he was a very wicked fellow, and I hope no one would look into such a book, or sing such a song.

Stock. And yet it must certainly be the clergy who are scoffed at in that verse, it being their professed business to teach us to *think* and be serious.

Will. Aye, master, and now you have opened my eyes, I think I can make some of those comparisons myself between the

spirit of the Bible and the spirit of these songs.

" Bring the flask, the goblet bring,"

won't stand very well in company with the threat of the prophet: *Woe unto them that rise up early, that they may mingle strong drink.*

Stock. Aye, Will; and these thoughtless people who live up to their singing, seem to be the very people described in another place as glorying in their intemperance, and acting what their songs describe: — *They look at the wine and say it is red, it moveth itself aright in the cup.*

Will. I do hope I shall for the future not only become more careful what songs I sing myself, but also not to keep company with those who sing nothing else but what, in my sober judgment, I now see to be wrong.

Stock. As we shall have no *body of flesh* in the world to come, it is a pity not only to make our pleasures here consist entirely

in the delights of animal life, but to make our very songs consist in extolling and exalting those delights which are unworthy of the man as well as of the Christian. If, through temptation or weakness, we fall into errors, let us not establish and confirm them by picking up all the songs and scraps of verses which excuse, justify, and commend sin. *That time is short*, is a reason given by these song-mongers why we should give into greater indulgences. *That time is short*, is a reason given by the apostle why we should enjoy our dearest comforts as if we enjoyed them not.

Now, Will, I hope you will see the importance of so managing, that our diversions (for diversions of some kind we all require) may be as carefully chosen as our other employments. For to make them such as shall effectually drive out of our minds all that the Bible and the Minister have been putting into them, seems to me as imprudent as it is unchristian. But this is not all. Such

sentiments as these songs contain, set off by the prettiest music, heightened by liquor, and all the noise and spirit of what is called jovial company, all this, I say, not only puts every thing that is right out of the mind, but puts every thing that is wrong into it. Such songs, therefore, as tend to promote levity, thoughtlessness, loose imaginations, false views of life, forgetfulness of death, contempt of whatever is serious, and neglect of whatever is sober, whether they be love songs, or drinking songs, will not, cannot be sung by any man or any woman who makes a serious profession of Christianity. *

* It is with regret I have lately observed, that the fashionable author and singer of songs more loose, profane, and corrupt, than any of those here noticed, not only received a prize as the reward of his important services, but received also the public acknowledgments of an illustrious society for having *contributed to the happiness of their country!*

THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM WHITE THE POSTBOY.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

TOM WHITE was one of the best drivers of a post-chaise on the Bath road. Tom was the son of an honest labourer at a little village in Wiltshire: he was an active industrious boy, and as soon as he was old enough he left his father, who was burthened with a numerous family, and went to live with farmer Hodges, a sober worthy man in the same village. He drove the waggon all the week; and

on Sundays, though he was now grown up, the farmer required him to attend the Sunday-school, carried on under the inspection of Dr. Shepherd, the worthy vicar, and always made him read his Bible in the evening after he had served his cattle; and would have turned him out of his service if he had ever gone to the ale-house for his own pleasure.

Tom by carrying some waggon-loads of faggots to the Bear inn, at Devizes, made many acquaintances in the stable-yard. He soon learnt to compare his own carter's frock, and shoes thick set with nails, with the smart red jacket, and tight boots of the post-boys, and grew ashamed of his own homely dress; he was resolved to drive a chaise, to get money, and to see the world. Foolish fellow! he never considered that though it is true, a waggoner works hard all day, yet he gets a quiet evening at home, and undisturbed rest at night. However, as there must be chaise-boys as well as plough-boys, there was no great harm in

the change. The evil company to which it exposed him, was the chief mischief. He left Farmer Hodges, though not without sorrow at quitting so kind a master, and got himself hired at the Black Bear.

Notwithstanding the temptations to which he was now exposed, Tom's good education stood by him for some time. At first he was frightened to hear the oaths and wicked words which are too often uttered in a stable-yard. However, though he thought it very wrong, he had not the courage to reprove it, and the next step to being easy at seeing others sin, is to sin ourselves. By degrees he began to think it manly, and a mark of spirit in others to swear; though the force of good habits was so strong, that at first when he ventured to swear himself it was with fear, and in a low voice. But he was soon laughed out of his sheepishness, as they called it; and though he never became so profane and blasphemous as some of his companions, (for he never swore in cool blood, or in mirth, as so many

do,) yet he would too often use a dreadful bad word when he was in a passion with his horses. And here I cannot but drop a hint on the deep folly, as well as wickedness, of being in a great rage with poor beasts, who, not having the gift of reason, cannot be moved like human creatures, with all the wicked words that are said to them; though these dumb creatures, unhappily, having the gift of feeling, suffer as much as human creatures can do, at the cruel and unnecessary beatings given them. Tom had been bred up to think that drunkenness was a great sin, for he never saw Farmer Hodges drunk in his life, and where a farmer is sober himself his men are less likely to drink, or if they do, the master can reprove them with the better grace.

Tom was not naturally fond of drink, yet for the sake of being thought merry company, and a hearty fellow, he often drank more than he ought. As he had been used to go to church twice on a Sunday, while he lived with the farmer,

who seldom used his horses on that day, except to carry his wife to church behind him, Tom felt a little uneasy when he was sent the very first Sunday a long journey with a great family; for I cannot conceal the truth, that too many gentlefolks will travel, when there is no necessity for it, on a Sunday, and when Monday would answer the end just as well. This is a great grief to all good and sober people, both rich and poor; and it is still more inexcusable in the great, who have every day at their command. However, he kept his thoughts to himself, though he could not now and then help thinking how quietly things were going on at the farmer's, whose waggoner on a Sunday led as easy a life as if he had been a gentleman. But he soon lost all thoughts of this kind, and in time did not know Sunday from Monday. Tom went on prosperously, as it is called, for three or four years, got plenty of money, but saved not a shilling. As soon as his horses were once in the stable, whoever would

might see them fed for Tom. He had other fish to fry. Fives, cards, cudgel-playing, laying wagers, and keeping loose company, each of which he at first disliked, and each of which he soon learned to practise, ran away with all his money, and all his spare time; and though he was generally in the way as soon as the horses were ready, because if there was no driving there was no pay, yet he did not care whether the carriage was clean or dirty, if the horses looked well or ill, if the harness was whole, or the horses were shod. The certainty that the gains of to-morrow would make up for the extravagance of to-day, made him quite thoughtless and happy; for he was young, active, and healthy, and never foresaw that a rainy day might come, when he would want what he now squandered.

One day being a little flustered with liquor as he was driving his return chaise through Brentford, he saw just before him another empty carriage, driven by one of his acquaintance: he whipped up his

horses, resolving to outstrip the other, and swearing dreadfully that he would be at the Red Lion first — for a pint, — "Done," cried the other — a wager. Both cut and spurred the poor beasts with the usual fury, as if their credit had been really at stake, or their lives had depended on this foolish contest. Tom's chaise had now got up to that of his rival, and they drove along-side of each other with great fury and many imprecations. But in a narrow part, Tom's chaise being in the middle, with his antagonist on one side, and a cart driving against him on the other, the horses reared, the carriages got entangled; Tom roared out a great oath to the other to stop, which he either could not, or would not do, but returned an horrid imprecation that he would win the wager if he was alive. Tom's horses took fright, and he himself was thrown to the ground with great violence. As soon as he could be got from under the wheels, he was taken up senseless, his leg was broke in two places, and his body

much bruised. Some people whom the noise had brought together, put him in the post-chaise, in which the waggoner kindly assisted, but the other driver seemed careless and indifferent, and drove off, observing with a brutal coolness, I am sorry I have lost my pint; I should have beat him hollow, had it not been for this *little accident.* Some gentlemen who came out of the inn, after reprimanding this savage, inquired who he was, wrote to inform his master, and got him discharged: resolving that neither they nor any of their friends would ever employ him, and he was long out of place, and nobody ever cared to be driven by him.

Tom was taken to one of those excellent hospitals with which London abounds. His agonies were dreadful, his leg was set, and a high fever came on. As soon as he was left alone to reflect on his condition, his first thought was that he should die, and his horror was inconceivable. — Alas! said he, what will become of my poor soul? I am cut off in the very commission of

three great sins: — I was drunk, I was in a horrible passion, and I had oaths and blasphemies in my mouth. — He tried to pray, but he could not; his mind was all distraction, and he thought he was so very wicked that God would not forgive him; because, says he, I have sinned against light and knowledge; I have had a sober education, and good examples; I was bred in the fear of God, and the knowledge of Christ, and I deserve nothing but punishment. At length he grew light-headed, and there was little hope of his life. Whenever he came to his senses for a few minutes, he cried out, O! that my old companions could now see me, surely they would take warning by my sad fate, and repent before it is too late.

By the blessing of God on the skill of the surgeon, and the care of the nurses, he, however, grew better in a few days. And here let me stop to remark, what a mercy it is that we live in a christian country, where the poor, when sick, or

lame, or wounded, are taken as much care of as any gentry; nay, in some respects more, because in hospitals and infirmaries there are more doctors and surgeons to attend, than most private gentlefolks can afford to have at their own houses, whereas THERE NEVER WAS AN HOSPITAL IN THE WHOLE HEATHEN WORLD. Blessed be God for this, among the thousand other excellent fruits of the Christian religion! A religion which, like its Divine Founder, while its grand object is the salvation of men's souls, teaches us also to relieve their bodily wants. It directs us never to forget that He who forgave sins, healed diseases, and while he preached the Gospel, fed the multitude.

It was eight weeks before Tom could be taken out of bed. This was a happy affliction; for by the grace of God, this long sickness and solitude gave him time to reflect on his past life. He began seriously to hate those darling sins which had brought him to the brink of ruin.

He could now pray heartily; he confessed and lamented his iniquities with many tears, and began to hope that the mercies of God, through the merits of a Redeemer, might yet be extended to him on his sincere repentance. He resolved never more to return to the same evil courses, but he did not trust in his own strength, he prayed that God would give him grace for the future, as well as pardon for the past. He remembered, and he was humbled at the thought, that he used to have short fits of repentance, and to form resolutions of amendment, in his wild and thoughtless days; and often when he had a bad head-ach after a drinking bout, or had lost his money at all-fours, he vowed never to drink or play again. But as soon as his head was well, and his pockets recruited, he forgot all his resolutions. And how should it be otherwise? for he trusted in his own strength, he never prayed to God to strengthen him, nor ever avoided the next temptation. He

thought that amendment was a thing to be set about at any time; he did not know that *it is the grace of God which bringeth us to repentance.*

The case was now different. Tom began to find that *his strength was perfect weakness,* and that he could do nothing without the Divine assistance, for which he prayed heartily and constantly. He sent home for his Bible and Prayer-book, which he had not opened for two years, and which had been given him when he left the Sunday-school. He spent the chief part of his time in reading them, and derived great comfort, as well as great knowledge, from this employment of his time. The study of the Bible filled his heart with gratitude to God, who had not cut him off in the midst of his sins, but had given him space for repentance; and the agonies he had lately suffered with his broken leg increased his thankfulness, that he had escaped the more dreadful pain of eternal misery. And here let me remark

what encouragement this is for rich people to give away Bibles and good books, and not to lose all hope, though, for a time, they see little or no good effect from it. According to all appearance, Tom's books were never likely to do him any good, and yet his generous benefactor, who had cast his bread upon the waters, found it after many days; for this Bible which had lain untouched for years, was at last made the instrument of his reformation. God will work in his own good time, and in his own way, but *our* zeal and *our* exertions are the means by which he commonly chooses to work.

As soon as he got well, and was discharged from the hospital, Tom began to think he must return to get his bread. At first he had some scruples about going back to his old employ: but, says he sensibly enough, gentlefolks must travel, travellers must have chaises, and chaises must have drivers: 'tis a very honest calling, and I don't know that goodness belongs to one sort of business more than

another; and he who can be good in a state of great temptation, provided the calling be lawful, and the temptations are not of his own seeking, and he be diligent in prayer, may be better than another man for aught I know: and *all that belongs to us is, to do our duty in that state of life in which it shall please God to call us;* and to leave events in God's hand. Tom had rubbed up his catechism at the hospital, and 'tis a pity that people don't look at their catechism sometimes when they are grown up; for it is full as good for men and women as it is for children; nay, better; for though the answers contained in it are intended for children to *repeat*, yet the duties enjoined in it are intended for men and women to put in *practice*. It is, if I may so speak, the very grammar of Christianity and of our church, and they who understand every part of their catechism thoroughly, will not be ignorant of any thing which a plain Christian need to know.

Tom now felt grieved that he was

obliged to drive on Sundays. But people who are in earnest, and have their hearts in a thing, can find helps in all cases. As soon as he had set down his company at their stage, and had seen his horses fed, says Tom, a man who takes care of his horses, will generally think it right to let them rest an hour or two at least. In every town it is a chance but there may be a church open during part of that time. If the prayers should be over, I'll try hard for the sermon; and if I dare not stay to the sermon, it is a chance but I may catch the prayers; it is worth trying for, however; and as I used to think nothing of making a push, for the sake of getting an hour to gamble, I need not grudge to take a little pains extraordinary to serve God. By this watchfulness he soon got to know the hours of service at all the towns on the road he travelled; and while the horses fed Tom went to church; and it became a favourite proverb with him, that *prayers and provender hinder no man's journey*; and I beg leave to recom-

mend Tom's maxim to all travellers, whether master or servant, carrier or coachman.

At first his companions wanted to laugh and make sport of this — but when they saw that no lad on the road was up so early or worked so hard as Tom; when they saw no chaise so neat, no glasses so bright, no harness so tight, no driver so diligent, so clean, or so civil, they found he was no subject to make sport at. Tom indeed was very careful in looking after the linch-pins; in never giving his horses too much water when they were hot; nor, whatever was his haste, would he ever gallop them up hill, strike them across the head, or when tired, cut and slash them, or gallop over the stones, as soon as he got into a town, as some foolish fellows do. What helped to cure Tom of these bad practices, was, that remark he met with in the Bible, that *a good man is merciful to his beast.* He was much moved one day on reading the prophet Jonah, to observe what compassion the great God

of heaven and earth had for poor beasts: for one of the reasons there given why the Almighty was unwilling to destroy the great city of Nineveh was, *because there was much cattle in it.* After this, Tom never could bear to see a wanton stroke inflicted. Doth God care for horses, said he, and shall man be cruel to them?

Tom soon grew rich for one in his station; for every gentleman on the road would be driven by no other lad if *careful Tom* was to be had. Being diligent, he *got* a great deal of money; being frugal, he *spent* but little; and having no vices, he *wasted* none. He soon found out that there was some meaning in that text which says, that *Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come:* for the same principles which make a man sober and honest, have also a natural tendency to make him healthy and rich; while a drunkard and a spendthrift can hardly escape being sick and a beggar. Vice is the parent of misery in both worlds.

After a few years Tom begged a holiday, and made a visit to his native village; his good character had got thither before him. He found his father was dead, but during his long illness Tom had supplied him with money, and by allowing him a trifle every week, had had the honest satisfaction of keeping him from the parish. Farmer Hodges was still living, but being grown old and infirm, he was desirous to retire from business. He retained a great regard for his old servant, Tom; and finding he was worth money, and knowing he knew something of country business, he offered to let him a small farm at an easy rate, and promised his assistance in the management for the first year, with the loan of a small sum of money, that he might set out with a pretty stock. Tom thanked him with tears in his eyes, went back and took a handsome leave of his master, who made him a present of a horse and cart, in acknowledgment of his long and faithful services; for, says he, I have saved many horses by Tom's care

and attention, and I could well afford to do the same by every servant who did the same by me; and should be a richer man at the end of every year by the same generosity, provided I could meet with just and faithful servants who deserved the same rewards.

Tom was soon settled in his new farm, and in less than a year had got every thing neat and decent about him. Farmer Hodges's long experience and friendly advice, joined to his own industry and hard labour, soon brought the farm to great perfection. The regularity, sobriety, peaceableness, and piety of his daily life, his constant attendance at church twice every Sunday, and his decent and devout behaviour when there, soon recommended him to the notice of Dr. Shepherd, who was still living, a pattern of zeal, activity, and benevolence to all parish priests. The doctor soon began to hold up Tom, or, as we must now more properly term him, Mr. Thomas White, to the imitation of the whole parish, and

the frequent and condescending conversation of this worthy clergyman contributed no less than his preaching to the improvement of his new parishioner in piety.

Farmer White soon found out that a dairy could not well be carried on without a mistress, and began to think seriously of marrying; he prayed to God to direct him in so important a business. He knew that a tawdry, vain, dressy girl was not likely to make good cheese and butter, and that a worldly and ungodly woman would make a sad wife and mistress of a family. He soon heard of a young woman of excellent character, who had been bred up by the vicar's lady, and still lived in the family as upper maid. She was prudent, sober, industrious, and religious. Her neat, modest, and plain appearance at church, for she was seldom seen any where else out of her master's family, was an example to all persons in her station, and never failed to recommend her to strangers, even before they

had an opportunity of knowing the goodness of her character. It was her character, however, which recommended her to Farmer White. He knew that *favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised*; —aye, and not only praised, but chosen too, says Farmer White, as he took down his hat from the nail on which it hung, in order to go and wait on Dr. Shepherd, to break his mind and ask his consent; for he thought it would be a very unhandsome return for all the favours he was receiving from his minister, to decoy away his faithful servant from her place without his consent.

This worthy gentleman, though sorry to lose so valuable a member of his little family, did not scruple a moment about parting with her, when he found it would be so greatly to her advantage. Tom was agreeably surprised to hear she had saved fifty pounds by her frugality. The doctor married them himself, Farmer Hodges being present.

"for happiness; but as this world is a "soil in which troubles and misfortunes "will spring up; troubles from which "you cannot save one another; mis- "fortunes which no human prudence can "avoid: then remember, 'tis the best "wisdom to go to that friend who is "always near, always willing, and always "able, to help you, and that friend is "God."

"Sir," said Farmer White, "I humbly "thank you for all your kind instructions, "of which I shall now stand more in need "than ever, as I shall have more duties "to fulfil. I hope the remembrance of "my past offences will keep me hum- "ble, and the sense of my remaining sin "will keep me watchful. I set out in "the world, Sir, with what is called a "good natural disposition, but I soon "found, to my cost, that without God's "grace that will carry a man but a little "way. A good temper is a good thing, "but nothing but the fear of God can "enable one to bear up against tempt-

"ation, evil company and evil passions.
"The misfortune of breaking my leg, as I
"then thought it, has proved the greatest
"blessing of my life. It showed me my
"own weakness, the value of the Bible,
"and the goodness of God. How many
"of my brother drivers have I seen, since
"that time, cut off in the prime of life by
"drinking, or by some sudden accident,
"while I have not only been spared, but
"blessed and prospered. O Sir! it
"would be the joy of my heart, if some
"of my old comrades, good-natured,
"civil fellows, whom I can't help loving,
"could see, as I have done, the danger
"of evil courses before it is too late.
"Though they may not hearken to you,
"Sir, or any other minister, they may
"believe *me*, because I have been one
"of them: and I can speak from expe-
"rience, of the great difference there is,
"even as to worldly comfort, between a
"life of sobriety and a life of sin. I
"could tell them, Sir, not as a thing I

" have read in a book, but as a truth I " feel in my own heart, that to fear God " and keep his commandments, will not " only bring a man peace at the last, but " will make him happy *now*. And I will " venture to say, Sir, that all the stocks, " pillories, prisons, and gibbets in the " land, though so very needful to keep " bad men in order, yet will never " restrain a well-disposed man from com- " mitting evil, half so much as that " single text, *How shall I do this great* " *wickedness, and sin against God?*" Dr. Shepherd condescended to approve of what the farmer had said, kindly shook him by the hand, and took leave.

PART II.

The Way to Plenty, or the Second Part of Tom White. Written in 1795, *the Year of Scarcity.*

TOM WHITE, as we have shown in the first part of this history, from an idle post-boy was become a respectable

farmer. God had blessed his industry, and he had prospered in the world. He was sober and temperate, and, as was the natural consequence, he was active and healthy. He was industrious and frugal, and he became prosperous in his circumstances. This is in the ordinary course of Providence. But it is not a certain and necessary rule. *God maketh his sun to shine on the just and the unjust.* A man who uses every honest means of thrift and industry, will, in most cases, find success attend his labours. But still the *race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.* God is sometimes pleased, for wise ends, to disappoint all the worldly hopes of the most upright man. His corn may be smitten by a blight; his barns may be consumed by fire; his cattle may be carried off by distemper. And to these, and other misfortunes, the good man is as liable as the spendthrift or the knave. Success is the *common* reward of industry, but if it were its *constant* reward, the industrious would be tempted

to look no further than the present state. They would lose one strong ground of their faith. It would set aside the Scripture scheme. This world would then be looked on as a state of reward, instead of a state of trial, and we should forget to look to a day of final retribution.

Farmer White never took it into his head, that because he paid his debts, worked early and late, and ate the bread of carefulness, he was therefore to come into no *misfortune like other folk*, but was to be free from the common trials and troubles of life. He knew that prosperity was far from being a sure mark of God's favour, and had read in good books, and especially in the Bible, of the great poverty and afflictions of the best of men. Though he was no great scholar, he had sense enough to observe, that a time of public prosperity was not always a time of public virtue; and he thought that what was true of a whole nation might be true of one man. So the more he prospered the more he prayed

that prosperity might not corrupt his heart. And when he saw lately signs of public distress coming on, he was not half so much frightened as some others were, because he thought it might do us good in the long run; and he was in hopes that a little poverty might bring on a little penitence. The great grace he laboured after was that of a cheerful submission. He used to say, that if the Lord's prayer had only contained those four little words, *Thy will be done*, it would be worth more than the biggest book in the world without them.

Dr. Shepherd, the worthy vicar, with whom the farmer's wife had formerly lived as housekeeper, was very fond of taking a walk with him about his grounds, and he used to say, that he learnt as much from the farmer as the farmer did from him. If the doctor happened to observe, I am afraid these long rains will spoil this fine piece of oats, the farmer would answer, but then, Sir, think how good it

is for the grass. If the doctor feared the wheat would be but indifferent, the farmer was sure the rye would turn out well. When grass failed, he did not doubt but turnips would be plenty. Even for floods and inundations he would find out some way to justify Providence. 'Tis better, said he, to have our lands a little overflowed, than that the springs should be dried up, and our cattle faint for lack of water. When the drought came, he thanked God that the season would be healthy; and high winds, which frightened others, he said served to clear the air. Whoever, or whatever was wrong, he was always sure that Providence was in the right. And he used to say, that a man with ever so small an income, if he had but frugality and temperance, and would cut off all vain desires, and cast his care upon God, was richer than a lord who was tormented by vanity and covetousness. When he saw others in the wrong, he did not, however, abuse them

for it, but took care to avoid the same fault. He had sense and spirit enough to break through many old, but very bad customs of his neighbours. If a thing is wrong in itself, said he one day to Farmer Hodges, a whole parish doing it can't make it right. And as to its being an old custom, why, if it be a good one I like it the better for being old, because it has had the stamp of ages, and the sanction of experience on its worth. But if it be old as well as bad, that is another reason for my trying to put an end to it, that we may not mislead our children as our fathers have misled us.

The Roof-Raising.]

Some years after he was settled, he built a large new barn. All the workmen were looking forward to the usual holiday of roof-raising. On this occasion it was a custom to give a dinner to the workmen, with so much liquor after it that they got so drunk, that they not only lost the remaining half-day's work, but they

were not always able to work the following day.

Mrs. White provided a plentiful dinner for roof-raising, and gave each man his mug of beer. After a hearty meal they began to grow clamorous for more drink. The farmer said, "My lads, I don't grudge "you a few gallons of ale merely for the "sake of saving my liquor, though that "is some consideration, especially in these "dear times; but I never will, knowingly, "help any man to make a beast of him-"self. I am resolved to break through "a bad custom. You are now well "refreshed. If you will go cheerfully "to your work, you will have half a day's "pay to take on Saturday night more "than you would have, if this afternoon "were wasted in drunkenness. For this "your families will be the better: whereas, "were I to give you more liquor, when "you have already had enough, I should "help to rob them of their bread. But "I wish to show you that I have your "good at heart full as much as my own

" profit. If you will now go to work, I " will give you all another mug at night " when you leave off. Thus your time " will be saved, your families helped, and " my ale will not go to make reasonable " creatures worse than brute beasts."

Here he stopped. " You are in the " right on't, master," said Tom the Thatcher, " you are a hearty man, " farmer," said John Plane, the carpenter. —" Come along, boys," said Tim Brick the mason; so they all went merrily to work, fortified with a good dinner. There was only one drunken surly fellow that refused; this was Dick Guzzle the smith. Dick never works above two or three days in the week, and spends the others at the Red Lion. He swore, that if the farmer did not give him as much liquor as he liked at roof-raising, he would not strike another stroke, but would leave the job unfinished, and he might get hands where he could. Farmer White took him at his word, and paid him off directly: glad enough to get rid of such a sot, whom he

had only employed from pity to a large and almost starving family. When the men came for their mug in the evening, the farmer brought out the remains of the cold gammon; they made a hearty supper, and thanked him for having broken through a foolish custom, which was afterwards much left off in that parish, though Dick would not come into it, and lost most of his work in consequence.

Farmer White's labourers were often complaining, that things were so dear that they could not buy a bit of meat. He knew it was partly true, but not entirely; for it was before these very hard times that their complaints began. One morning he stept out to see how an outhouse which he was thatching went on. He was surprised to find the work at a stand. He walked over to the thatcher's house. "Tom," said he, "I desire that piece of "work may be finished directly. If a "shower comes my grain will be spoiled." —"Indeed, master, I shan't work to-day, "nor to-morrow neither," said Tom.

"You forget that 'tis Easter Monday,
"and to-morrow is Easter Tuesday. And
"so on Wednesday I shall thatch away,
"master. But 'tis hard if a poor man,
"who works all the seasons round, may
"not enjoy these few holidays, which
"come but once a-year."

"Tom," said the farmer, "when these
"days were first put into our prayer-book,
"the good men who ordained them to be
"kept, little thought that the time would
"come when *holy-day* should mean
"*drunken-day*, and that the seasons which
"they meant to distinguish by superior
"piety, should be converted into seasons
"of more than ordinary excess. How
"much dost think now I shall pay thee
"for this piece of thatch?"—"Why you
"know, master, you have let it to me
"by the great. I think between this and
"to-morrow night, as the weather is so
"fine, I could clear about four shillings,
"after I have paid my boy; but thatch-
"ing does not come often, and other
"work is not so profitable."—"Very

" well, Tom; and how much now do you " think you may spend in these two holi- " days?" —" Why, master, if the ale is " pleasant, and the company merry, I do " not expect to get off for less than three " shillings."—" Tom, can you do pounds, " shillings, and pence?"—" I can make " a little score, master, behind the kitchen " door, with a bit of chalk, which is as " much as I want."—" Well, Tom, add " the four shillings you would have earned " to the three you intend to spend, what " does that make?"—" Let me see! three " and four make seven. Seven shillings, " master."—" Tom, you often tell me the " times are so bad that you can never buy " a bit of meat. Now here is the cost of " two joints at once; to say nothing of " the sin of wasting time and getting " drunk."—" I never once thought of " that," said Tom.—" Now, Tom," said the farmer, " if I were you, I would step " over to butcher Jobbins's, buy a shoulder " of mutton, which being left from Satur- " day's market, you will get a little

" cheaper. This I would make my wife
" bake in a deep dish full of potatoes. I
" would then go to work, and when the
" dinner was ready I would go and enjoy
" it with my wife and children; you
" need not give the mutton to the
" brats; the potatoes will have all the
" gravy, and be very savoury for them."
— " Aye, but I've got no beer, master;
" the times are so hard that a poor man
" can't afford to brew a drop of drink
" now as we used to do."

" Times are bad, and malt is very dear,
" Tom, and yet both don't prevent you
" from spending seven shillings in keep-
" ing holiday. Now send for a quart of
" ale as it is to be a feast; and you will
" even then be four shillings richer than
" if you had gone to the public-house. I
" would have you put by these four shil-
" lings, till you can add a couple to
" them; with this I would get a bushel
" of malt, and my wife should brew it,
" and you may take a pint of your own
" beer at home of a night, which will

" do you more good than a gallon at the " Red Lion." — " I have a great mind " to take your advice, master, but I shall " be made such fun of at the Lion! they " will so laugh at me if I don't go!" — " Let those laugh that win, Tom." — " But, master, I have got a friend to " meet me there." — " Then ask your " friend to come and eat a bit of your " cold mutton at night, and here is six- " pence for another pot, if you will pro- " mise to brew a small cask of your own." — " Thank you, master, and so I will; " and I won't go to the Lion. Come, " boy, bring the helm, and fetch the " ladder." And so Tom was upon the roof in a twinkling. The barn was thatched, the mutton bought, the beer brewed, the friend invited, and the holiday enjoyed.

The Sheep Shearing.

Dr. Shepherd happened to say to Farmer White one day, that there was nothing he disliked more than the manner in which

sheep-shearing and harvest-home were kept by some in his parish. "What," said the good doctor, "just when we are "blest with a prosperous gathering in of "these natural riches of our land, the "fleece of our flocks; when our barns "are crowned with plenty, and we have, "through the divine blessing on our "honest labour, reaped the fruits of the "earth in due season; is that very time "to be set apart for ribaldry, and riot, "and drunkenness? Do we thank God "for his mercies, by making ourselves "unworthy and unfit to enjoy them? "When he crowns the year with his "goodness, shall we affront him by our "impiety? It is more than a common "insult to his providence; it is a worse "than brutal return to *Him* who openeth "his hand and filleth all things living "with plenteousness."

"I thank you for the hint, Sir," said the farmer. "I am resolved to rejoice "though, and others shall rejoice with

"me: and we will have a merry night "on't."

So Mrs. White dressed a very plentiful supper of meat and pudding; and spread out two tables. The farmer sat at the head of one, consisting of some of his neighbours, and all his work-people. At the other sat his wife, with two long benches on each side of her. On these benches sat all the old and infirm poor, especially those who lived in the work-house, and had no day of festivity to look forward to in the whole year but this. On the grass, in the little court, sat the children of his labourers, and of the other poor, whose employment it had been to gather flowers, and dress and adorn the horns of the ram; for the farmer did not wish to put an end to any old custom, if it was innocent. His own children stood by the table, and he gave them plenty of pudding, which they carried to the children of the poor, with a little draught of cyder to every one. The farmer, who never sat down without

begging a blessing on his meal, did it with suitable solemnity on the present joyful occasion.

Dr. Shepherd practised one very useful method, which I dare say was not peculiar to himself; a method of which I doubt not other country clergymen have found the advantage. He was often on the watch to observe those seasons when a number of his parishioners assembled together, not not only at any season of festivity, but at their work. He has been known to turn a walk through a hay-field to good account; and has been found to do as much good by a few minutes discourse with a little knot of reapers, as by his Sunday's sermon. He commonly introduced his religious observations by some questions relating to their employment; he first gained their affections by his kindness, and then converted his influence over them to their soul's good. The interest he took in their worldly affairs opened their hearts to the reception of those divine truths which he was always

earnest to impress upon them. By these methods too he got acquainted with their several characters, their spiritual wants, their individual sins, dangers and temptations, which enabled him to preach with more knowledge and successful application, than those ministers can do who are unacquainted with the state of their congregations. It was a remark of Dr. Shepherd's, that a thorough acquaintance with human nature was one of the most important species of knowledge a clergyman could possess.

The sheep-shearing feast, though orderly and decent, was yet hearty and cheerful. Dr. Shepherd dropped in with a good deal of company he had at his house, and they were much pleased. When the doctor saw how the aged and the infirm poor were enjoying themselves, he was much moved; he shook the farmer by the hand, and said, "But, thou, when "thou makest a feast, call the blind, and "the lame, and the halt; they cannot "recompense thee, but thou shalt be

"recompensed at the resurrection of the "just."

"Sir," said the farmer, "'tis no great "matter of expence; I kill a sheep of "my own; potatoes are as plenty as "black-berries, with people who have "a little forethought. I save much more "cyder in the course of a year by never "allowing any carousing in my kitchen, "or drunkenness in my fields, than "would supply many such feasts as these, "so that I shall be never the poorer at "Christmas. It is cheaper to make "people happy, Sir, than to make them "drunk." The doctor and the ladies condescended to walk from one table to the other, and heard many merry stories, but not one profane word, or one indecent song: so that he was not forced to the painful necessity either of reproving them, or leaving them in anger. When all was over, they sung the sixty-fifth psalm, and the ladies all joined in it; and when they got home to the vicarage

to tea, they declared they liked it better than any concert.

The Hard Winter. *

In the famous cold winter of the year 1795, it was edifying to see how patiently Farmer White bore that long and severe frost. Many of his sheep were frozen to death, but he thanked God that he had still many left. He continued to find in-door work that his men might not be out of employ. The season being so bad, which some others pleaded as an excuse for turning off their workmen, he thought a fresh reason for keeping them. Mrs. White was so considerate, that just at that time she lessened the number of her hogs, that she might have more whey and skim-milk to assist poor families. Nay, I have known her live on boiled meat for a long while together, in a sickly season, because the pot-liquor made such a supply of broth for the sick poor. As the spring

* Written during the scarcity of 1795.

came on, and things grew worse, she never had a cake, a pye, or a pudding in her house; notwithstanding she used to have plenty of these good things, and will again, I hope, when the present scarcity is over; though she says she never will use such white flour again, even if it should come down to five shillings a bushel.

All the parish now began to murmur. Farmer Jones was sure the frost had killed the wheat. Farmer Wilson said the rye would never come up. Brown, the maltster, insisted the barley was dead at the root. Butcher Jobbins said beef would be a shilling a pound. All declared there would not be a hop to brew with. The orchards were all blighted; there would not be apples enough to make a pye; and as to hay there would be none to be had for love nor money. "I'll tell you "what," said Farmer White, "the season "is dreadful; the crops are unpromising "just now; but 'tis too early to judge. "Don't let us make things worse than

"they are. We ought to comfort the "poor, and you are driving them to "despair. Don't you know how much "God was displeased with the murmurs "of his chosen people? And yet, when "they were tired of manna he sent them "quails; but all did not do. Nothing "satisfies grumblers. We have a promise "on our side, that *there shall be seed-time "and harvest-time to the end.* Let us then "hope for a good day, but provide against "an evil one. Let us rather prevent the "evil before it is come upon us, than "sink under it when it comes. Grum-"bling cannot help us; activity can. Let "us set about planting potatoes in every "nook and corner, in case the corn "*should* fail, which, however, I don't "believe will be the case. Let us mend "our management before we are driven "to it by actual want. And if we allow "our honest labourers to plant a few "potatoes for their families in the head-"lands of our ploughed fields, or other "waste bits of ground, it will do us no

"harm, and be a great help to them. "The way to lighten the load of any "public calamity is not to murmur at it, "but put a hand to lessen it."

The farmer had many temptations to send his corn at an extravagant price to *a certain sea-port town*, but as he knew that it was intended to export it against law, he would not be tempted to encourage unlawful gain; so he threshed out a small mow at a time, and sold it to the neighbouring poor far below the market-price. He served his own workmen first. This was the same to them as if he had raised their wages, and even better, as it was a benefit of which their families were sure to partake. If the poor in the next parish were more distressed than his own, he sold to them at the same rate. For, said he, there is no distinction of parishes in heaven, and though charity begins at home, yet it ought not to end there.

He had been used in good times now and then to catch a hare or a partridge, as he was qualified; but he now resolved to

give up that pleasure. So he parted from a couple of spaniels he had: for he said he could not bear that his dogs should be eating the meat, or the milk, which so many men, women, and children wanted.

The White Loaf.

One day, it was about the middle of last July, when things seemed to be at the dearest, and the rulers of the land had agreed to set the example of eating nothing but coarse bread, Dr. Shepherd read, before sermon in the church, their public declaration, which the magistrates of the county sent him, and which they had also signed themselves. Mrs. White, of course, was at church, and commended it mightily. Next morning the doctor took a walk over to the farmer's, in order to settle further plans for the relief of the parish. He was much surprised to meet Mrs. White's little maid Sally with a very small white loaf, which she had been buying at a shop. He said nothing to the girl, as he never thought it right to

expose the faults of a mistress to her servant; but walked on, resolving to give Mrs. White a severe lecture for the first time in his life. He soon changed his mind, for on going into the kitchen, the first person he saw was Tom the thatcher, who had had a sad fall from a ladder; his arm, which was slipped out of his sleeve, was swelled in a frightful manner. Mrs. White was standing at the dresser making the little white loaf into a poultice, which she laid upon the swelling in a large clean old linen cloth.

"I ask your pardon, my good Sarah," said the doctor; "I ought not, however "appearances were against you, to have "suspected that so humble and prudent "woman as you are, would be led either "to indulge any daintiness of your own, "or to fly in the face of your betters, "by eating white bread while they are "eating brown. Whenever I come here, "I see it is not needful to be rich in "order to be charitable. A bountiful "rich man would have sent Tom to a

" surgeon, who would have done no more " for him than you have done; for in " those inflammations the most skilful " surgeon could only apply a poultice. " Your kindness in dressing the wound " yourself, will, I doubt not, perform the " cure at the expence of that threepenny " loaf and a little hog's lard. And I " will take care that Tom shall have " a good supply of rice from the " subscription." — " And he shan't want " for skim-milk," said Mrs. White; " and was he the best lord in the land, " in the state he is in, a dish of good rice " milk would be better for him than the " richest meat."

The Parish Meeting.

On the tenth of August, the vestry held another meeting, to consult on the best method of further assisting the poor. The prospect of abundant crops now cheered every heart. Farmer White, who had a mind to be a little jocular with his desponding neighbours, said, " Well,

"neighbour Jones, all the wheat was "killed, I suppose! the barley is all dead "at the root!" Farmer Jones looked sheepish, and said, "To be sure the "crops had turned out better than he "thought." — "Then," said Dr. Shepherd, "let us learn to trust Providence "another time; let our experience of his "past goodness strengthen our faith."

Among other things, they agreed to subscribe for a large quantity of rice, which was to be sold out to the poor at a very low price, and Mrs. White was so kind as to undertake the trouble of selling it. After their day's work was over, all who wished to buy at these reduced rates, were ordered to come to the farm on the Tuesday evening. Dr. Shepherd dropped in at the same time, and when Mrs. White had done weighing her rice, the doctor spoke as follows:

"My honest friends, it has pleased "God, for some wise end, to visit this "land with a scarcity, to which we have "been but little accustomed. There are

"some idle, evil-minded people, who are "on the watch for public distresses; not "that they may humble themselves under "the mighty hand of God, which is the "true use to be made of all troubles, "but that they may benefit themselves "by disturbing the public peace. These "people, by riot and drunkenness, "double the evil which they pretend "to cure. Riot will complete our mis-"fortunes, while peace, industry, and "good management, will go near to "cure them. Bread, to be sure, is "uncommonly dear. Among the various "ways of making it cheaper, one is to "reduce the quality of it, another to "lessen the quantity we consume. If "we cannot get enough of coarse wheaten "bread, let us make it of other grain. "Or let us mix one half of potatoes, "and one half of wheat. This last is "what I eat in my own family; it is "pleasant and wholesome. Our blessed "Saviour ate barley bread, you know, "as we are told in the last month's

"Sunday Reading of the Cheap Repo-
"sitory, which I hope you have all
"heard; as I desired the master of the
"Sunday-school to read it just after
"evening-service, when I know many of
"the parents are apt to call in at the
"school. This is a good custom, and
"one of those little books shall be often
"read at that time.

"My good women, I truly feel for you
"at this time of scarcity; and I am
"going to show my good-will, as much
"by my advice as my subscription. It
"is my duty, as your friend and minister,
"to tell you, that one half of your pre-
"sent hardships is owing to *bad manage-*
"*ment*. I often meet your children with-
"out shoes and stockings, with great
"luncheons of the very whitest bread,
"and that three times a day. Half that
"quantity, and still less if it were coarse,
"put into a dish of good onion or leek
"porridge, would make them an excel-
"lent breakfast. Many too, of the very
"poorest of you, eat your bread hot

" from the oven; this makes the differ-
" ence of one loaf in five; I assure you,
" 'tis what I cannot afford to do. Come,
" Mrs. White, you must assist me a little.
" I am not very knowing in these matters
" myself; but I know that the rich would
" be twice as charitable as they are, if the
" poor made a better use of their bounty.
" Mrs. White, do give these poor women
" a little advice how to make their pit-
" tance go further than it now does.
" When you lived with me you were
" famous for making us nice cheap dishes,
" and I dare say you are not less notable
" now you manage for yourself."

" Indeed, neighbours," said Mrs. White, " what the good doctor says is very
" true. A halfpenny worth of oatmeal,
" or groats, with a leek or onion, out of
" your own garden, which costs nothing,
" a bit of salt, and a little coarse bread,
" will breakfast your whole family. It is
" a great mistake at any time to think
" a bit of meat is so ruinous, and a great
" load of bread so cheap. A poor man

"gets seven or eight shillings a week; if
"he is careful he brings it home. I dare
"not say how much of this goes for tea
"in the afternoon, now sugar and butter
"are so dear, because I should have
"you all upon me; but I will say, that
"too much of this little goes even for
"bread, from a mistaken notion that it is
"the hardest fare. This, at all times,
"but particularly just now, is bad
"management. Dry pease, to be sure,
"have been very dear lately; but now
"they are plenty enough. I am certain
"then, that if a shilling or two of the
"seven or eight was laid out for a bit of
"coarse beef, a sheep's head, or any such
"thing, it would be well bestowed. I
"would throw a couple of pounds of this
"into the pot, with two or three handfuls
"of grey pease, an onion, and a little
"pepper. Then I would throw in cab-
"bage or turnip, and carrot; or any
"garden stuff that was most plenty; let
"it stew two or three hours, and it will
"make a dish fit for his Majesty. The

"working men should have the meat; "the children don't want it; the soup "will be thick and substantial, and re- "quires no bread."

Rice Milk.

"You who can get skim-milk, as all "our workmen can, have a great advan- "tage. A quart of this, and a quarter "of a pound of the rice you have just "bought, a little bit of all-spice, and "brown sugar, will make a dainty and "cheap dish."

"Bless your heart!" muttered Amy Grumble, who looked as dirty as a cin- der-wench, with her face and fingers all daubed with snuff; "rice milk, indeed! "it is very nice to be sure for those who "can dress it, but we have not a bit "of coal; rice is of no use to us with- "out firing;" "and yet," said the doctor, "I see your tea-kettle boiling "twice every day, as I pass by the poor- "house, and fresh butter at thirteen- "pence a pound on your shelf." — "O

"dear Sir," cried Amy, "a few sticks "serve to boil the tea-kettle." —"And "a few more," said the doctor, "will "boil the rice milk, and give twice the "nourishment at a quarter of the ex-"pence."

Rice Pudding.

"PRAY, Sarah," said the doctor, "how "did you use to make that pudding my "children were so fond of? And I "remember, when it was cold, we used "to have it in the parlour for supper." — "Nothing more easy," said Mrs. White: "I put half a pound of rice, two quarts "of skim-milk, and two ounces of brown "sugar." — "Well," said the doctor, "and how many will this dine?" — "Seven or eight, Sir." — "Very well, and "what will it cost?" — "Why, Sir, it did "not cost you so much, because we baked "it at home, and I used our own milk; "but it will not cost above seven-pence "to those who pay for both. Here, too, "bread is saved."

"Pray, Sarah, let me put in a word," said Farmer White: "I advise my men to "raise each a large bed of parsnips. They "are very nourishing, and very profitable. "Sixpenny worth of seed, well sowed, and "trod in, will produce more meals than "four sacks of potatoes; and what is "material to you who have so little "ground, it will not require more than "an eighth part of the ground which "the four sacks will take. Providence "having contrived by the very formation "of this root, that it shall occupy but a "very small space. Parsnips are very "good the second day warmed in the "frying-pan, and a little rasher of pork, "or bacon, will give them a nice flavour."

Dr. Shepherd now said, "As a proof of "the nourishing quality of parsnips, I was "reading in a history book this very day, "that the American Indians make a great "part of their bread of parsnips, though "Indian corn is so famous; it will make "a little variety too."

A Cheap Stew.

" I remember," said Mrs. White, " a " cheap dish, so nice that it makes my " mouth water. I peel some raw potatoes, " slice them thin, put the slices into a deep " frying-pan, or pot, with a little water, " an onion, and a bit of pepper. Then I " get a bone or two of a breast of mutton, " or a little strip of salt pork, and put " into it. Cover it down close, keep in " the steam, and let it stew for an hour."

" You really get me an appetite, Mrs. " White, by your dainty receipts," said the doctor. " I am resolved to have this " dish at my own table." — " I could tell " you another very good dish, and still " cheaper, "answered she. " Come, let " us have it," cried the doctor. " I " shall write all down as soon as I get " home, and I will favour any body with " a copy of these receipts who will call at " my house." — " And I will do more, " Sir," said Mrs. White, " for I will put " any of these women in the way how to

"dress it the first time, if they are at a "loss. But this is my dish:

"Take two or three pickled herrings, "put them into a stone jar, fill it up with "potatoes, and a little water, and let it "bake in the oven till it is done. I "would give one hint more," added she; "I have taken to use nothing but potatoe "starch; and though I say it, that should "not say it, nobody's linen in a common "way looks better than our's."

The doctor now said, "I am sorry for "one hardship which many poor people "labour under, I mean the difficulty of "getting a little milk. I wish all farmers' "wives were as considerate as you are, "Mrs. White. A little milk is a great "comfort to the poor, especially when "their children are sick; and I have "known it answer to the seller as well as "to the buyer, to keep a cow or two on "purpose to sell it out by the quart, in-"stead of making butter and cheese."

"Sir," said Farmer White, "I beg leave "to say a word to the men, if you please,

"for all your advice goes to the women. "If you will drink less gin you may get "more meat. If you abstain from the "ale-house, you may, many of you, get a "little one-way beer at home." — "Aye, "that we can farmer," said poor Tom the thatcher, who was now got well. "Easter "Monday for that — I say no more. A "word to the wise." The farmer smiled, and went on: "The number of public-"houses in many a parish brings on more "hunger and rags than all the taxes in it, "heavy as they are. All the other evils "put together hardly make up the sum "of that one. We are now raising a "fresh subscription for you. This will "be our rule of giving. We will not "give to sots, gamblers, and sabbath-"breakers. Those who do not set their "young children to work on week-days, "and send them to school and church on "Sundays, deserve little favour. No "man should keep a dog till he has "more food than his family wants. If "he feeds them at home, they rob his

" children; if he starves them, they " rob his neighbours. We have heard in " a neighbouring city, that some people " carried back the subscription loaves, " because they were too coarse; but we " hope better things of you." Here Betty Plane begged, with all humility, to put in a word. " Certainly," said the doctor, " we will listen to all modest " complaints, and try to redress them." — " You are pleased to say, Sir," said she, " that we might find much comfort from " buying coarse bits of beef. And so " we might, but you do not know, Sir, " that we could seldom get them, even " when we had the money, and times " were so bad." — " How so, Betty?" — " Sir, when we go to butcher Jobbins, " for a bit of shin, or any other " lean piece, his answer is, ' You can't " have it to-day. The cook at the great " house has bespoke it for gravy, or the " doctor's maid (begging your pardon, " Sir,) has just ordered it for soup.' " Now, Sir, if such kind gentlefolks were

"aware that this gravy and soup not only
"consume a great deal of meat, which,
"to be sure, those have a right to do
"who can pay for it; but that it takes
"away those coarse pieces which the poor
"would buy, if they bought at all. For,
"indeed, the rich have been very kind,
"and I don't know what we should have
"done without them."

"I thank you for the hint Betty," said the doctor, "and I assure you I will "have no more gravy soup. My garden "will supply me with soups that are both "wholesomer and better; and I will "answer for my lady at the great house, "that she will do the same. I hope "this will become a general rule, and "then we shall expect that butchers will "favour you in the prices of the coarse "pieces, if *we* who are rich buy nothing "but the prime. In our gifts we shall "prefer, as the farmer has told you, "those who keep steadily to their work. "Such as come to the vestry for a loaf, "and do not come to church for the "sermon, we shall mark; and prefer those

" who come constantly whether there are
" any gifts or not. But there is one rule
" from which we never will depart. Those
" who have been seen aiding or abetting
" any riot, any attack on butchers, bakers,
" wheat-mows, mills, or millers, we will
" not relieve; but with the quiet, con-
" tented, hard-working man, I will share
" my last morsel of bread. I shall only
" add, though it has pleased God to
" send us this visitation as a punishment,
" yet we may convert this short trial into
" a lasting blessing, if we all turn over a
" new leaf. Prosperity had made most
" of us careless. The thoughtless pro-
" fusion of some of the rich could only
" be exceeded by the idleness and bad
" management of some of the poor. Let
" us now at last adopt that good old
" maxim, *every one mend one.* And
" may God add his blessing!"

The people now cheerfully departed with their rice, resolving, as many of them as could get milk, to put one of Mrs. White's receipts in practice, and an excellent supper they had.

THE

HISTORY

OF

HESTER WILMOT.

BEING THE SECOND PART OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. *

HESTER WILMOT was born in the parish of Weston, of parents who maintained themselves by their labour; they were both of them ungodly, it is no wonder therefore they were unhappy. They lived badly together, and how could they do otherwise? for their tempers were very different, and they had no religion to

* See the preceding volume.

smooth down this difference, or to teach them that they ought to bear with each other's faults. Rebecca Wilmot was a proof that people may have some right qualities, and yet be but bad characters, and utterly destitute of religion. She was clean, notable, and industrious. Now I know some folks fancy that the poor who have these qualities need have no other, but this is a sad mistake, as I am sure every page in the Bible would show; and it is a pity people do not consult it oftener. They direct their ploughing and sowing by the information of the Almanack, why will they not consult the Bible for the direction of their hearts and lives? Rebecca was of a violent, ungovernable temper; and that very neatness which is in itself so pleasing, in her became a sin, for her affection to her husband and children was quite lost in an over-anxiou desire to have her house reckoned the nicest in the parish. Rebecca was also a proof that a poor woman may be as vain as a rich one, for it was not so much the

comfort of neatness, as the praise of neatness, which she coveted. A spot on her hearth, or a bit of rust on a brass candlestick, would throw her into a violent passion. Now it is very right to keep the hearth clean and the candlestick bright, but it is very wrong so to set one's affections on a hearth, or a candlestick, as to make one's self unhappy if any trifling accident happens to them; and if Rebecca had been as careful to keep her heart without spot, or her life without blemish, as she was to keep her fire-irons free from either, she would have been held up in this history, not as a warning, but a pattern, and in that case her nicety would have come in for a part of the praise. It was no fault in Rebecca, but a merit, that her oak table was so bright you could almost see to put your cap on in it; but it was no merit but a fault, that when John, her husband, laid down his cup of beer upon it so as to leave a mark, she would fly out into so terrible a passion that all the children were forced to

run to corners; now poor John having no corner to run to, ran to the ale-house, till that which was at first a refuge, too soon became a pleasure.

Rebecca never wished her children to learn to read, because she said it would only serve to make them lazy, and she herself had done very well without it. She would keep poor Hester from church to stone the space under the chairs in fine patterns and flowers. I don't pretend to say there was any harm in this little decoration, it looks pretty enough, and it is better to let the children do that than do nothing. But still these are not things to set one's heart upon; and besides Rebecca only did it as a trap for praise; for she was sulky and disappointed if any ladies happened to call in and did not seem delighted with the flowers which she used to draw with a burnt stick on the white wash of the chimney corners. Besides, all this finery was often done on a Sunday, and there is a great deal of harm in doing even right things at a wrong

time, or in wasting much time on things which are of no real use, or in doing any thing at all out of vanity. Now I beg that no lazy slattern of a wife will go and take any comfort in her dirt from what is here said against Rebecca's nicety; for I believe, that for one who makes her husband unhappy through neatness, twenty do so by dirt and laziness. All excesses are wrong, but the excess of a good quality is not so common as the excess of a bad one; and not being so obvious, perhaps, for that very reason requires more animadversion.

John Wilmot was not an ill-natured man, but he had no fixed principle. Instead of setting himself to cure his wife's faults by mild reproof and a good example, he was driven by them into still greater faults himself. It is a common case with people who have no religion when any cross accident befals them, instead of trying to make the best of a bad matter, instead of considering their trouble as a trial sent from God to purify

them, or instead of considering the faults of others as a punishment for their own sins, instead of this I say, what do they do but either sink down at once into despair, or else run for comfort into evil courses. Drinking is the common remedy for sorrow, if that can be called a remedy, the end of which is to destroy soul and body. John now began to spend all his leisure hours at the Bell. He used to be fond of his children; but when he could not come home in quiet and play with the little ones, while his wife dressed him a bit of hot supper, he grew in time not to come home at all. He who has once taken to drink can seldom be said to be guilty of one sin only; John's heart became hardened. His affection for his family was lost in self-indulgence. Patience and submission, on the part of his wife, might have won much upon a man of John's temper, but instead of trying to reclaim him, his wife seemed rather to delight in putting him as much in the wrong as she could, that she might be

justified in her constant abuse of him. I doubt whether she would have been as much pleased with his reformation as she was with always talking of his faults, though I know it was the opinion of the neighbours, that if she had taken as much pains to reform her husband by reforming her own temper, as she did to abuse him and expose him, her endeavours might have been blessed with success. Good christians, who are trying to subdue their own faults, can hardly believe that the ungodly have a sort of savage satisfaction in trying, by indulgence of their own evil tempers, to lessen the happiness of those with whom they have to do. Need we look any further for a proof of our own corrupt nature, when we see mankind delight in sins which offer neither the temptation of profit nor the allurement of pleasure, such as plaguing, vexing, or abusing each other.

Hester was the eldest of their five children; she was a sharp sensible girl, but at fourteen years old she could not tell a

letter, nor had she ever been taught to bow her knee to Him who made her; for John's, or rather Rebecca's house, had seldom the name of God pronounced in it, except to be blasphemed.

It was just about this time, if I mistake not, that Mrs. Jones set up her Sunday School, of which Mrs. Betty Crew was appointed mistress, as was related in the last volume. Mrs. Jones finding that none of the Wilmots were sent to School, took a walk to Rebecca's house, and civilly told her she called to let her know that a school was opened, to which she desired her to send her children on the Sunday following, especially her eldest daughter Hester. — "Well," said Rebecca, "and what will you give her if I "do?"—"Give her!" replied Mrs. Jones, "that is rather a rude question, and asked "in a rude manner: however, as a soft "answer turneth away wrath, I assure "you that I will give her the best of "learning; I will teach her to *fear God* "*and keep his commandments.*" — "I

"would rather you would teach her to "fear me, and to keep my house clean," said this wicked woman. "She shan't "come, however, unless you will pay her "for it." — "Pay her for it!" said the lady, "will it not be reward enough that "she will be taught to read the word of "God without any expence to you? For "though many gifts both of books and "clothing will be given the children, yet "you are not to consider these gifts so "much in the light of payment as an "expression of good-will in your bene-"factors." — "I say," interrupted Rebecca, "that Hester shan't go to school. "Religion is of no use that I know of "but to make people hate their own "flesh and blood; and I see no good in "learning but to make folks proud, and "lazy, and dirty. I cannot tell a letter "myself, and, though I say it, that "should not say it, there is not a notabler "woman in the parish." — "Pray," said "Mrs. Jones mildly, "do you think "that young people will disobey their

" parents the more for being taught to
" fear God?" — " I don't think any
" thing about it," said Rebecca; " I
" shan't let her come, and there's the
" long and short of the matter. Hester
" has other fish to fry; but you may have
" some of these little ones if you will?"
— " No," said Mrs. Jones, " I will not;
" I have not set up a nursery, but a
" school. I am not at all this expence
" to take crying babes out of the mother's
" way, but to instruct reasonable beings
" in the road to eternal life; and it ought
" to be a rule in all schools not to take
" the troublesome *young* children unless
" the mother will try to spare the *elder*
" ones, who are capable of learning." —
" But," said Rebecca, " I have a young
" child which Hester must nurse while I
" dress the Sunday dinner. And she
" must iron the rags, and scour the irons,
" and dig the potatoes, and fetch the
" water to boil them." — " As to nurs-
" ing the child, that is indeed a necessary
" duty, and Hester ought to stay at home

" part of the day to enable you to go to " church; and families should relieve " each other in this way: but as to all " the rest they are no reasons at all, for " the irons need not be scoured so often, " and the rags should be ironed, and " the potatoes dug, and the water fetched " on the Saturday; and I can tell you " that neither your minister here, nor " your judge hereafter, will accept of any " such excuses."

All this while Hester staid behind, pale and trembling, lest her unkind mother should carry her point. She looked up at Mrs. Jones with so much love and gratitude as to win her affection, and this good lady went on trying to soften this harsh mother. At last Rebecca condescended to say, " Well, I don't know " but I may let her come now and then " when I can spare her, provided I find " you make it worth her while." All this time she had never asked Mrs. Jones to sit down, nor had once bid her young children be quiet, though they

were crying and squalling the whole time. Rebecca fancied this rudeness was the only way she had of showing she thought herself to be as good as her guest, but Mrs. Jones never lost her temper. The moment she went out of the house, Rebecca called out loud enough for her to hear, and ordered Hester to get the stone and a bit of sand to scrub out the prints of that dirty woman's shoes. Hester in high spirits cheerfully obeyed, and rubbed out the stains so neatly, that her mother could not help lamenting that so handy a girl was going to be spoiled by being taught godliness, and learning, and such nonsense.

Mrs. Jones, who knew the world, told her agent, Mrs. Crew, that her grand difficulty would arise not so much from the children as the parents. These, said she, are apt to fall into that sad mistake, that because their children are poor, and have little of this world's goods, the mothers must make it up to them in false indulgence. The children

of the gentry are much more reproved and corrected for their faults, and bred up in far stricter discipline. He was a king who said, *Chasten thy son, and let not thy rod spare for his crying.* But do not lose your patience; the more vicious the children are, you must remember the more they stand in need of your instruction. When they are bad, comfort yourself with thinking, how much worse they would have been but for you; and what a burden they would become to society if these evil tempers were to receive no check. The great thing which enabled Mrs. Crew to teach well, was the deep insight she had got into the corruption of human nature. And I doubt if any one can make a thoroughly good teacher of religion and morals, who wants this master-key to the heart. Others indeed may teach knowledge, decency, and good manners; but those, however valuable, are not Christianity. Mrs. Crew, who knew that out of the heart proceed lying, theft, and all that train of evils which

begin to break out even in young children, applied her labours to correct this root of evil. But though a diligent, she was an humble teacher, well knowing that unless the grace of God blessed her labours, she should but labour in vain.

Hester Wilmot never failed to attend the school, whenever her perverse mother would give her leave, and her delight in learning was so great, that she would work early and late to gain a little time for her book. As she had a quick capacity, she learned soon to spell and read, and Mrs. Crew observing her diligence, used to lend her a book to carry home, that she might pick up a little at odd times. It would be well if teachers would make this distinction. To give, or lend books to those who take no delight in them is an useless expence; while it is kind and right to assist well-disposed young people with every help of this sort. Those who love books seldom hurt them, while the slothful, who hate learning, will wear out a book more in a week than the diligent

will do in a year. Hester's way was to read over one question in her catechism, or one verse in her hymn-book, by firelight before she went to-bed; this she thought over in the night; and when she was dressing herself in the morning she was glad to find she always knew a little more than she had done the morning before. It is not to be believed how much those people will be found to have gained at the end of the year, who are accustomed to work up all the little odd ends and remnants of leisure; who value time even more than money; and who are convinced that minutes are no more to be wasted than pence. Nay, he who finds he has wasted a shilling, may by diligence hope to fetch it up again; but no repentance, or industry, can ever bring back one wasted hour. My good young reader, if ever *you* are tempted to waste an hour, go and ask a dying man what he would give for that hour which you are throwing away, and according as he answers, so do you act.

As her mother hated the sight of a book, Hester was forced to learn out of sight: it was no disobedience to do this, as long as she wasted no part of that time which it was her duty to spend in useful labour. She would have thought it a sin to have left her work for her book; but she did not think it wrong to steal time from her sleep, and to be learning an hour before the rest of the family were awake. Hester would not neglect the washing-tub, or the spinning-wheel, even to get on with her catechism; but she thought it fair to think over her questions, while she was washing and spinning. In a few months she was able to read fluently in St. John's gospel, which is the easiest. But Mrs. Crew did not think it enough that her children could read a chapter, she would make them understand it also. It is in a good degree owing to the want of religious knowledge in teachers, that there is so little religion in the world. Unless the Bible is laid open to the understanding, children may read from Genesis

to the Revelation, without any other improvement than barely learning how to pronounce the words. Mrs. Crew found there was but one way to compel their attention; this was by obliging them to return back again to her the sense of what she had read to them, and this they might do in their own words, if they could not remember the words of Scripture. Those who had weak capacities would, to be sure, do this but very imperfectly; but even the weakest, if they were willing, would retain something. She so managed, that *saying the Catechism* was not merely an act of the memory, but of the understanding; for she had observed formerly, that those who had learned the Catechism in the common formal way, when they were children, had never understood it when they became men and women, and it remained in the memory without having made any impression on the mind. Thus this fine summary of the christian religion is considered as little more than a form of words, the being able to repeat which is

a qualification for being confirmed by the bishop, instead of being considered as really containing those grounds of christian faith and practice, by which they are to be confirmed christians.

Mrs. Crew used to say to Mrs. Jones, Those who teach the poor must indeed give line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, as they can receive it. So that teaching must be a great grievance to those who do not really make it a *labour of love.* I see so much levity, obstinacy, and ignorance, that it keeps my own forbearance in continual exercise, insomuch, that I trust that I am getting good myself while I am doing good to others. No one, Madam, can know till they try, that after they have asked a poor untaught child the same question nineteen times, they must not lose their temper, but go on and ask it the twentieth. Now and then, when I am tempted to be impatient, I correct myself, by thinking over that active proof which our blessed Saviour

requires of our love to him when he says, *Feed my lambs.*

Hester Wilmot had never been bred to go to church, for her father and mother had never thought of going themselves, unless at a christening in their own family, or at a funeral of their neighbours, both of which they considered merely as opportunities for good eating and drinking, and not as offices of religion.

As poor Hester had no comfort at home, it was the less wonder she delighted in her school, her Bible, and her church; for so great is God's goodness, that he is pleased to make religion a peculiar comfort to those who have no other comfort. The God whose name she had seldom heard but when it was *taken in vain*, was now revealed to her as a God of infinite power, justice, and holiness. What she read in her Bible, and what she felt in her own heart, convinced her she was a sinner; and her catechism said the same. She was much distressed one day on thinking over this promise which she had just

made, (in answer to the question which fell to her lot,) *To renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.* I say she was distressed on finding that these were not merely certain words which she was bound to repeat, but certain conditions which she was bound to perform. She was sadly puzzled to know how this was to be done, till she met with these words in her Bible: *My grace is sufficient for thee.* But still she was at a loss to know how this grace was to be obtained. Happily Mr. Simpson preached on the next Sunday from this text, *Ask and ye shall have,* &c. In this sermon was explained to her the nature, the duty, and the efficacy of prayer. After this she opened her heart to Mrs. Crew, who taught her the great doctrines of Scripture, in a serious, but plain way. Hester's own heart led her to assent to that humbling doctrine of the catechism, that *We are by nature born in sin;* and truly glad was she to be relieved by hearing of *That*

spiritual grace by which we have a new birth unto righteousness. Thus her mind was no sooner humbled by one part, than it gained comfort from another. On the other hand, while she was rejoicing in *a lively hope in God's mercy through Christ,* her mistress put her in mind that that was the only *true* repentance, *by which we forsake sin.* Thus the catechism, explained by a pious teacher, was found to contain *all the articles of the christian faith.*

Mrs. Jones greatly disapproved the practice of turning away the scholars because they were grown up. Young people, said she, want to be warned at sixteen more than they did at six, and they are commonly turned adrift at the very age when they want most instruction; when dangers and temptations most beset them. They are exposed to more evil by the leisure of a Sunday evening than by the business of a whole week: but then religion must be made pleasant, and instruction must be carried on in a kind,

and agreeable, and familiar way. If they once dislike the teacher they will soon get to dislike what is taught, so that a master or mistress is in some measure answerable for the future piety of young persons, inasmuch as that piety depends on their manner of making religion pleasant as well as profitable.

To attend Mrs. Jones's evening instructions was soon thought not a task but a holiday. In a few months it was reckoned a disadvantage to the character of any young person in the parish to know they did not attend the evening school. At first, indeed, many of them came only with a view to learn for amusement; but, by the blessing of God, they grew fond of instruction, and some of them became truly pious. Mrs. Jones spoke to them one Sunday evening as follows: — "My dear young women, I "rejoice at your improvement; but I "rejoice with trembling. I have known "young people set out well, who after-"wards fell off. The heart is deceitful.

"Many like religious knowledge, who "do not like the strictness of a religious "life. I must therefore watch whether "those who are diligent at church and "school, are diligent in their daily walk. "Whether those who say they *believe* in "God, really *obey* him. Whether they who "profess to *love* Christ keep his *command-* "*ments.* Those who hear themselves "commended for early piety, may learn "to rest satisfied with the praise of man. "People may get a knack at religious "phrases without being religious; they "may even get to frequent places of wor- "ship as an amusement, in order to meet "their friends, and may learn to delight "in a sort of *spiritual gossip*, while "religion has no power in their hearts. "But I hope better things of you, and "things that accompany salvation, though "I thus speak."

What became of Hester Wilmot, with some account of Mrs. Jones's May-day feast for her school, my readers shall be told next month.

PART II.

The New Gown.

HESTER WILMOT, I am sorry to observe, had been by nature peevish, and lazy; she would, when a child, now and then slight her work, and when her mother was very unreasonable she was too apt to return her a saucy answer; but when she became acquainted with her own heart, and with the Scriptures, these evil tempers were, in a good measure, subdued, for she now learned to imitate, not her violent mother, but *him who was meek and lowly.* When she was scolded for doing ill, she prayed for grace to do better; and the only answer she made to her mother's charge, "that religion only served to "make people lazy," was to strive to do twice as much work, in order to prove that it really made them diligent. The only thing in which she ventured to disobey her mother was, that when she ordered her to do week-days' work on

a Sunday, Hester cried, and said, she did not dare to disobey God; but to show that she did not wish to save her own labour, she would do a double portion of work on the Saturday night, and rise two hours earlier on the Monday morning.

Once, when she had worked very hard, her mother told her she would treat her with a holiday the following Sabbath, and take her a fine walk to eat cakes and drink ale at Weston fair, which, though it was professed to be kept on the Monday, yet, to the disgrace of the village, always began on the Sunday evening.* Rebecca, who would on no account have wasted the Monday, which was a working day, in idleness and pleasure, thought she had a very good right to enjoy herself at the

* This practice is too common. Those fairs which profess to be kept on Monday, commonly begin on the Sunday. It is much to be wished that magistrates would put a stop to it, as Mr. Edwards did at Weston, at the request of Mrs. Jones. There is another great evil worth the notice of justices. In many villages, during the fair, ale is sold at private houses, which have no licence, to the great injury of sobriety and good morals.

fair on the Sunday evening, as well as to take her children. Hester earnestly begged to be left at home, and her mother in a rage went without her. A wet walk, and more ale than she was used to drink, gave Rebecca a dangerous fever. During this illness, Hester, who would not follow her to a scene of dissolute mirth, attended her night and day, and denied herself necessaries that her sick mother might have comforts: and though she secretly prayed to God that this sickness might change her mother's heart, yet she never once reproached her, or put her in mind, that it was caught by indulging in a sinful pleasure.

Another Sunday night her father told Hester, he thought she had now been at school long enough for him to have a little good of her learning, so he desired she would stay at home and read to him. Hester cheerfully ran and fetched her Testament. But John fell a laughing, called her a fool, and said, it would be time enough to read the Testament to him

when he was going to die, but at present he must have something merry. So saying, he gave her a song-book which he had picked up at the Bell. Hester having cast her eyes over it, refused to read it, saying, she did not dare offend God by reading what would hurt her own soul, John called her a canting hypocrite, and said, he would put the Testament into the fire; for that there was not a more merry girl than she was before she became religious. Her mother for once took her part, not because she thought her daughter in the right, but because she was glad of any pretence to show her husband was in the wrong; though she herself would have abused Hester for the same thing if John had taken her part. John, with a shocking oath, abused them both, and went off in a violent passion. Hester, instead of saying one undutiful word against her father, took up a Psalter in order to teach her little sisters; but Rebecca was so provoked at her for not joining her in her abuse of her husband, that she changed

her humour, said John was in the right, and Hester a perverse hypocrite, who only made religion a pretence for being undutiful to her parents. Hester bore all in silence, and committed her cause to him *who judgeth righteously.* It would have been a great comfort to her if she had dared to go to Mrs. Crew, and to have joined in the religious exercises of the evening at school. But her mother refused to let her, saying, it would only harden her heart in mischief. Hester said not a word, but after having put the little ones to bed, and heard them say their prayers out of sight, she went and sat down in her own little loft, and said to herself, it would be pleasant to me to have taught my little sisters to read, I thought it was my duty, for David has said, *Come ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.* It would have been still more pleasant to have passed the evening at school, because I am still ignorant, and fitter to learn than to teach; but I cannot do either without

flying in the face of my mother; God sees fit to-night to change my pleasant duties into a painful trial. I give up my will, and I submit to the will of my father; but when he orders me to commit a known sin, then I dare not do it, because, in so doing, I must disobey my Father which is in heaven.

Now it so fell out, that this dispute happened on the very Sunday next before Mrs. Jones's yearly feast. On May-day all the school attended her to church, each in a stuff gown of their own earning, and a cap and white apron of her giving. After church there was an examination made into the learning and behaviour of the scholars; those who were most perfect in their chapters, and who brought the best character for industry, humility, and sobriety, received a Bible, or some other good book.

Now Hester had been a whole year hoarding up her little savings, in order to be ready with a new gown on the May-day feast. She had never got less than

two shillings a-week by her spinning, besides working for the family, and earning a trifle by odd jobs. This money she faithfully carried to her mother every Saturday night, keeping back, by consent, only two-pence a-week towards the gown. The sum was complete, the pattern had long been settled, and Hester had only on the Monday morning to go to the shop, pay her money, and bring home her gown to be made. Her mother happened to go out that morning early to iron in a gentleman's family, where she usually staid a day or two, and Hester was busy putting the house in order before she went to the shop.

On that very Monday there was to be a meeting at the Bell of all the idle fellows in the parish, John Wilmot of course was to be there. Indeed he had accepted a challenge of the blacksmith to a batch at all-fours. The blacksmith was flush of money; John thought himself the best player; and that he might make sure of winning, he resolved to keep himself

sober, which he knew was more than the other would do. John was so used to go upon tick for ale, that he got to the door of the Bell before he recollected that he could not keep his word with the gambler without money, and he had not a penny in his pocket, so he sullenly turned homewards. He dared not apply to his wife, as he knew he should be more likely to get a scratched face than a sixpence from her; but he knew that Hester had received two shillings for her last week's spinning on Saturday, and perhaps she might not yet have given it to her mother. Of the hoarded sum he knew nothing. He asked her if she could lend him half-a-crown, and he would pay her next day. Hester, pleased to see him in good-humour, after what had passed the night before, ran up and fetched down her little box, and in the joy of her heart that he now desired something she *could* comply with, without wounding her conscience, cheerfully poured out her whole little stock upon the table. John was in

raptures at the sight of three half-crowns and a sixpence, and eagerly seized it, box and all, together with a few hoarded halfpence at the bottom, though he had only asked to borrow half-a-crown. None but one whose heart was hardened by a long course of drunkenness could have taken away the whole, and for such a purpose. He told her she should certainly have it again next morning, and, indeed, intended to pay it, not doubting but he should double the sum. But John overrated his own skill, or luck, for he lost every farthing to the blacksmith, and sneaked home before midnight, and quietly walked up to-bed. He was quite sober, which Hester thought a good sign. Next morning she asked him, in a very humble way, for the money, which she said she would not have done, but that if the gown was not bought directly it would not be ready in time for the feast. John's conscience had troubled him a little for what he had done, for when he was not drunk he was not ill-

natured, and he stammered out a broken excuse, but owned he had lost the money, and had not a farthing left. The moment Hester saw him mild and kind, her heart was softened, and she begged him not to vex; adding, that she would be contented never to have a new gown as long as she lived, if she could have the comfort of always seeing him come home as sober as he was last night. For Hester did not know that he had refrained from getting drunk, only that he might gamble with a better chance of success, and that when a gamester keeps himself sober, it is not that he may practise a virtue, but that he may commit a worse crime. "I am indeed sorry for what I "have done," said he; "you cannot go "to the feast, and what will Madam "Jones say?" — "Yes, but I can," said Hester, "for God looks not at the gown, "but at the heart, and I am sure he sees "mine full of gratitude at hearing you "talk so kindly; and if I thought my "dear father would change his present evil

"courses, I should be the happiest girl "at the feast to-morrow." John walked away mournfully, and said to himself, surely there must be something in religion, since it can thus change the heart. Hester was once a pert girl, and now she is as mild as a lamb. She was once an indolent girl, and now she is up with the lark. She was a vain girl, and would do any thing for a new ribbon; and now she is contented to go in rags to a feast at which every one else will have a new gown. She deprived herself of her gown to give me the money; and yet this very girl, so dutiful in some things, would submit to be turned out of doors, rather than read a loose book at my command, or break the Sabbath. I do not understand this; there must be some mystery in it. All this he said as he was going to work. In the evening he did not go to the Bell: whether it was owing to his new thoughts, or to his not having a penny in his pocket, I will not take upon me positively to say, but I believe it was a little of one, and a little of the other.

As the pattern of the intended gown had long been settled in the family, and as Hester had the money by her, it was looked on as good as bought, so that she was trusted to get it brought home, and made in her mother's absence. Indeed, so little did Rebecca care about the school, that she would not have cared any thing about the gown, if her vanity had not made her wish that her daughter should be the best drest of any girl at the feast. Being from home, as was said before, she knew nothing of the disappointment. On May-day morning, Hester, instead of keeping from the feast, because she had not a new gown, or meanly inventing any excuse for wearing an old one, dressed herself out as neatly as she could in her poor old things, and went to join the school in order to go to church. Whether Hester had formerly indulged a little pride of heart, and talked of this gown rather too much, I am not quite sure; certain it is, there was a great hue and cry made at seeing Hester

Wilmot, the neatest girl, the most industrious girl in the school, come to the May-day feast in an old stuff gown, when every other girl was so creditably drest. Indeed, I am sorry to say, there were two or three much too smart for their station, and who had dizened themselves out in very improper finery, which Mrs. Jones made them take off before her. "I mean "this feast," said she, "as a reward of "industry and piety, and not as a trial of "skill who can be finest, and outvie the "rest in show. If I do not take care, my "feast will become an encouragement, "not to virtue, but to vanity. I am so "great a friend to decency of apparel, "that I even like to see you deny your "appetites, that you may be able to come "decently dressed to the house of God. "To encourage you to do this, I like to "set apart this one day of innocent "pleasure, against which you may be "preparing all the year, by laying aside "something every week towards buying "a gown out of your little savings. But,

"let me tell you, that meekness and a
"humble spirit is of more value in th
"sight of God and good men, than th
"gayest cotton gown, or the brighte
"pink ribbon in the parish."

Mrs. Jones, for all this, was as muc surprised as the rest at Hester's mea garb: but such is the power of a goo character, that she gave her credit for right intention, especially as she kne the unhappy state of her family. For was Mrs. Jones's way (and it is not a ba way) always to wait, and enquire into th truth, before she condemned any perso of good character, though appearanc were against them. As we cannot judg of people's motives, said she, we ma from ignorance, often condemn the best actions, and approve of their wors It will be always time enough to judg unfavourably, and let us give others cred as long as we can, and then we, in ou turn, may expect a favourable judgmer from others, and remember who has sai *Judge not, that ye be not judged.*

Hester was no more proud of what she had done for her father, than she was humbled by the meanness of her garb; and notwithstanding Betty Stiles, one of the girls whose finery had been taken away, sneered at her, Hester never offered to clear herself, by exposing her father, though she thought it right secretly to inform Mrs. Jones of what had passed. When the examination of the girls began, Betty Stiles was asked some questions on the fourth and fifth commandments which she answered very well. Hester was asked nearly the same questions, and, though she answered them no better than Betty had done, they were all surprised to see Mrs. Jones rise up, and give a handsome Bible to Hester, while she gave nothing to Betty. This girl cried out rather pertly, "Madam, it is "very hard that I have no book; I was "as perfect as Hester." — "I have often "told you," said Mrs. Jones, "that "religion is not a thing of the tongue "but of the heart. That girl gives me

"the best proof that she has learned "the fourth commandment to good pur- "pose, who persists in keeping holy the "Sabbath-day, though commanded to "break it by a parent whom she loves. "And that girl best proves that she "keeps the fifth, who gives up her own "comfort, and clothing, and credit, *to* "*honour and obey her father and mother*, "even though they are not such as she "could wish. Betty Stiles, though she "could answer the questions so readily, "went abroad last Sunday, when she "should have been at school, and refused "to nurse her sick mother, when she "could not help herself. Is this having "learnt these two commandments to any "good purpose?"

Farmer Hoskins, who stood by, whis- pered Mrs. Jones, "Well, Madam, now "you have convinced even me of the "benefit of religious instruction; now I "see there is a meaning to it. I thought "it was in at one ear and out at the "other, and that a song was as well as

"a psalm; but now I have found the "proof of the pudding is in the eating. "I see your scholars must *do* what they "*hear*, and *obey* what they *learn*. Why, "at this rate, they will all be the better "servants for being really godly, and so "I will add a pudding to next year's "feast."

The pleasure Hester felt in receiving a new Bible, made her forget that she had on an old gown. She walked to church in a thankful frame; but how great was her joy, when she saw, among a number of working men, her own father going into church! As she passed by him, she cast on him a look of so much joy and affection, that it brought tears into his eyes, especially when he compared her mean dress with that of the other girls, and thought who had been the cause of it. John, who had not been at church for some years, was deeply struck with the service. The confession with which it opens went to his heart. He felt, for the first time, that he was a

miserable sinner, and that there was no health in him. He now felt compunction for sin in general, though it was only his ill-behaviour to his daughter which had brought him to church. The sermon was such as served to strengthen the impression which the prayers had made; and when it was over, instead of joining the ringers, (for the belfry was the only part of the church John liked, because it usually led to the ale-house,) he quietly walked back to his work. It was, indeed, the best day's work he ever made. He could not get out of his head the whole day the first words he heard at church: *When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.* At night, instead of going to the Bell, he went home, intending to ask Hester to forgive him; but as soon as he got to the door, he heard Rebecca scolding his daughter for having brought such a disgrace on the family as to be seen in that old rag of a gown, and insisted

on knowing what she had done with the money. Hester tried to keep the secret, but her mother declared she would turn her out of doors if she did not tell the truth. Hester was at last forced to confess she had given it to her father. Unfortunately for poor John, it was at this very moment that he opened the door. The mother now divided her fury between her guilty husband and her innocent child, till from words she fell to blows. John defended his daughter, and received some of the strokes intended for the poor girl. This turbulent scene partly put John's good resolutions to flight, though the patience of Hester did him almost as much good as the sermon he had heard. At length the poor girl escaped up stairs, not a little bruised, and a scene of much violence passed between John and Rebecca. She declared she would not sit down to supper with such a brute, and set off to a neighbour's house, that she might have the pleasure of abusing him the longer. John, whose mind was much disturbed,

went up stairs without his supper. As he was passing by Hester's little room he heard her voice, and as he concluded she was venting bitter complaints against her unnatural parents, he stopped to listen, resolving to go in and comfort her. He stopped at the door, for, by the light of the moon, he saw her kneeling by her bedside, and praying so earnestly that she did not hear him. As he made sure she could be praying for nothing but his death, what was his surprise to hear these words, "O Lord, "have mercy upon my dear father and "mother, teach me to love them, to "pray for them, and do them good; "make me more dutiful and more "patient, that, adorning the doctrine of "God, my Saviour, I may recommend "his holy religion, and my dear parents "may be brought to love and fear thee, "through Jesus Christ."

Poor John, who would never have been hard-hearted if he had not been a drunkard, could not stand this, he fell

down on his knees, embraced his child, and begged her to teach him how to pray. He prayed himself as well as he could, and though he did not know what words to use, yet his heart was melted; he owned he was a sinner, and begged Hester to fetch the prayer-book, and read over the confession with which he had been so struck at church. This was the pleasantest order she had ever obeyed. Seeing him deeply affected with a sense of sin, she pointed out to him the Saviour of sinners; and in this manner she passed some hours with her father, which were the happiest of her life; such a night was worth a hundred cotton, or even silk gowns. In the course of the week Hester read over the confession, and some other prayers, to her father so often that he got them by heart, and repeated them while he was at work. She next taught him the fifty-first psalm. At length he took courage to kneel down and pray before he went to bed. From that time he bore his wife's ill-humour much better than he

had ever done, and as he knew her to be neat, and notable, and saving, he began to think, that if her temper was not quite so bad, his home might still become as pleasant a place to him as ever the Bell had been: but unless she became more tractable he did not know what to do with his long evenings after the little ones were in bed, for he began, once more, to delight in playing with them. Hester proposed that she herself should teach him to read an hour every night, and he consented. Rebecca began to storm, from the mere trick she had got of storming; but finding that he now brought home all his earnings, and that she got both his money and his company, (for she had once loved him,) she began to reconcile herself to this new way of life. In a few months John could read a psalm. In learning to read it he also got it by heart, and this proved a little store for private devotion, and while he was mowing or reaping he could call to mind a text to cheer his labour. He now went constantly to church, and

often dropped in at the school on a Sunday evening to hear their prayers. He expressed so much pleasure at this, that one day Hester ventured to ask him if they should set up family prayer at home? John said he should like it mightily, but as he could not yet read quite well enough, he desired Hester to try to get a proper book and begin next Sunday night. Hester had bought, of a pious hawker, for three half-pence *, the Book of Prayers, printed for the Cheap Repository, and knew she should there find something suitable.

When Hester read the exhortation at the beginning of this little book, her mother, who sat in the corner, and pretended to be asleep, was so much struck that she could not find a word to say against it. For a few nights, indeed, she continued to sit still, or pretended to rock the young child while her husband and daughter were kneeling at their prayers.

* These prayers may be had also divided into two parts, one fit for private persons, the other for families, price one halfpenny.

She expected John would have scolded her for this, and so perverse was her temper, that she was disappointed at his finding no fault with her. Seeing at last that he was very patient, and that though he prayed fervently himself, he suffered her to do as she liked, she lost the spirit of opposition for want of something to provoke it. As her pride began to be subdued, some little disposition to piety was awakened in her heart. By degrees she slid down on her knees, though at first it was behind the cradle, or the clock, or in some corner, where she thought they would not see her. Hester rejoiced even in this outward change in her mother, and prayed that God would at last be pleased to touch her heart as he had done that of her father.

As John now spent no idle money, he had saved up a trifle by working over-hours; this he kindly offered to Hester to make up for the loss of her gown. Instead of accepting it, Hester told him, that as she herself was young and healthy, she

should soon be able to clothe herself out of her own savings, and begged him to make her mother a present of this gown, which he did. It had been a maxim of Rebecca, that it was better not to go to church at all than go in an old gown. She had, however, so far conquered this evil notion, that she had lately gone pretty often. This kindness of the gown touched her not a little, and the first Sunday she put it on, Mr. Edwards happened to preach from this text, *God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.* This sermon so affected Rebecca that she never once thought she had her new gown on, till she came to take it off when she went to bed, and that very night, instead of skulking behind, she knelt down by her husband, and joined in prayer with much fervour.

There was one thing sunk deep in Rebecca's mind; she had observed, that since her husband had grown religious he had been so careful not to give her any offence, that he was become scrupulously

clean; took off his dirty shoes before he sat down, and was very cautious not to spill a drop of beer on her shining table. Now it was rather remarkable, that as John grew more neat, Rebecca grew more indifferent to neatness. But both these changes arose from the same cause, the growth of religion in their hearts. John grew cleanly from the fear of giving pain to his wife, while Rebecca grew indifferent from having discovered the sin and folly of an over-anxious care about trifles. When the heart is once given up to God, such vanities in a good degree die of themselves.

Hester continues to grow in grace, and in knowledge. Last Christmas-day she was appointed an under teacher in the school, and many people think that some years hence, if any thing should happen to Mrs. Crew, Hester may be promoted to be head-mistress.

THE

GRAND ASSIZES,

OR

GENERAL GAOL DELIVERY.

AN ALLEGORY.

THERE was in a certain country a great king, who was also a judge. He was very merciful, but he was also very just; for he used to say, that justice was the foundation of all goodness, and that indiscriminate and misapplied mercy was in fact injustice. His subjects were apt enough, in a general way, to extol his merciful temper, and especially those subjects who were always committing crimes which

made them particularly liable to be punished by his justice. This last quality they constantly kept out of sight, till they had cheated themselves into a notion that he was too good to punish at all.

Now it had happened a long time before, that this whole people had broken their allegiance, and had forfeited the king's favour, and had also fallen from a very prosperous state in which he had originally placed them, having one and all become bankrupts. But when they were over head and ears in debt, and had nothing to pay, the king's son most generously took the whole burden of their debts on himself; and, in short, it was proposed that all their affairs should be settled, and their very crimes forgiven, (for they were criminals as well as debtors,) provided only they would show themselves sincerely sorry for what they had done themselves, and be thankful for what had been done for them. I should however remark, that a book was also given them, in which a true and

faithful account of their own rebellion was written; and of the manner of obtaining the king's pardon, together with a variety of directions for their conduct in the time to come; and in this book it was particularly mentioned, that after having lived a certain number of years in a remote part of the same king's country, yet still under his eye and jurisdiction, there should be a *Grand Assizes*, when every one was to be publicly tried for his past behaviour; and after this trial was over, certain heavy punishments were to be inflicted on those who should have still persisted in their rebellion, and certain high premiums were to be bestowed as a gracious reward upon the penitent and obedient.

It may be proper here to notice, that this king's court differed in some respects from our courts of justice, being indeed a sort of court of appeal, to which questions were carried after they had been imperfectly decided in the common courts. And although with us all criminals are

tried (and a most excellent mode of trial it is) by a jury of their peers, yet in this king's country the mode was very different; for since every one of the people had been in a certain sense criminals, the king did not think it fair to make them judges also. It would, indeed, have been impossible to follow in all respects the customs which prevail with us, for the crimes with which men are charged in our courts are mere *overt acts*, as the lawyers call them, that is, acts which regard the outward behaviour; such as the acts of striking, maiming, stealing, and so forth. But in this king's court it was not merely outward sins, but sins of the heart also which were to be punished. Many a crime, therefore, which was never heard of in the court of King's Bench, or at the Old Bailey, and which indeed could not be cognisable by these courts, was here to be brought to light, and was reserved for this great day. Among these were pride and oppression, and envy, and malice, and revenge, and

covetousness, and secret vanity of mind, and evil thoughts of all sorts, and all sinful wishes and desires. When covetousness, indeed, put men on committing robbery, or when malice drove them to an act of murder, then the common courts immediately judged the criminal, without waiting for these Great Assizes; nevertheless, since even a thief and murderer would now and then escape in the common courts, for want of evidence, or through some fault or other of the judge or jury, the escape was of little moment to the poor criminal, for he was sure to be tried again by this great king; and even though the man should have been punished in some sense before, yet he had now a further and more lasting punishment to fear, unless, indeed, he was one of those, who had obtained, by the means I before spoke of, this great king's pardon. The *sins of the heart*, however, were by far the most numerous sort of sins, which were to come before this grand tribunal; and these were to be judged by this great

king in person, and by none but himself; because he alone possessed a certain power of getting at all secrets.

I once heard of a certain king of Sicily, who built a whispering gallery in the form of an ear, through which he could hear every word his rebellious subjects uttered, though spoken ever so low. But this secret of the king of Sicily was nothing to what this great king possessed; for He had the power of knowing every thought which was conceived in the mind, though it never broke out into words, or proceeded to actions.

Now you may be ready to think, perhaps, that these people were worse off than any others, because they were to be examined so closely, and judged so strictly. Far from it; the king was too just to expect bricks without giving them straw; he gave them, therefore, every help that they needed. He gave them a book of directions, as I before observed; and because they were naturally short-sighted, he supplied them with a glass for

reading it, and thus the most dim-sighted might see, if they did not wilfully shut their eyes; but though the king *invited* them to open their eyes, he did not *compel* them; and many remained stone blind all their lives with the book in their hand, because they would not use the glass, nor take the proper means for reading and understanding all that was written for them. The humble and sincere learned in time to see even that part of the book which was least plainly written; and it was observed that the ability to understand it depended more on the heart than the head; an evil disposition blinded the sight, while humility operated like an eye-salve.

Now it happened that those who had been so lucky as to escape the punishment of the lower courts, took it into their heads that they were all very good sort of people, and of course very safe from any danger at this *Great Assize*. This grand intended trial, indeed, had been talked of so much, and put off so

long, (for it had seemed long at least to these short-sighted people,) that many persuaded themselves it would never take place at all; and far the greater part were living away therefore without ever thinking about it; they went on just as if nothing at all had been done for their benefit; and as if they had no king to please, no king's son to be thankful to, no book to guide themselves by, and as if the Assizes were never to come about.

But with this king *a thousand years were as one day, for he was not slack concerning his promises, as some men count slackness.* —So at length the solemn period approached. Still, however, the people did not prepare for the solemnity, or rather, they prepared for it much as some of the people in our provincial towns are apt to prepare for the annual assize times; I mean by balls and feastings, and they saw their own trial come on, with as little concern as is felt by the people in our streets, when they see the judge's procession enter the town; they indeed comfort

themselves that it is only those in the prisons who are guilty.

But when at last the day came, and every man found that he was to be judged for himself; and that somehow or other, all his secrets were brought out, and that there was now no escape, not even a short reprieve, things began to take a more serious turn. Some of the worst of the criminals were got together debating in an outer court of the grand hall, and there they passed their time, not in compunction and tears, not in comparing their lives with what was required in that book which had been given them, but they derived a fallacious hope by comparing themselves with such as had been still more notorious offenders.

One who had grown wealthy by rapine and oppression, but had contrived to keep within the letter of the law, insulted a poor fellow as a thief, because he had stolen a loaf of bread. "You were far "wickeder than I was," said a citizen to his apprentice, "for you drank and swore

" at the ale-house every Sunday night."-
" Yes," said the poor fellow, " but it wi
" your fault that I did so, for you took n
" care of my soul, but spent all yo
" sabbaths in jaunting abroad or in riotin
" at home; I might have learnt, but the
" was no one to teach me; I might ha
" followed a good example, but I saw onl
" bad ones. I sinned against less ligl
" than you did." A drunken journe
man, who had spent all his wages on gi
rejoiced that he had not spent a gre
estate in bribery at elections, as the lo
of his manor had done, while a perjure
elector boasted that he was no drunkar
like the journeyman; and the memb
himself took comfort that he had nev
received the bribes which he had not be
ashamed to *give*.

I have not room to describe the awf
pomp of the court, nor the terrible soun
ing of the trumpet which attended tl
judge's entrance, nor the sitting of tl
judge, nor the opening of the books, n
the crowding of the millions, who stoc

before him. I shall pass over the multitudes who were tried and condemned to dungeons and chains, and eternal fire, and to perpetual banishment from the presence of the king, which always seemed to be the saddest part of the sentence. I shall only notice further, a few who brought some plea of merit, and claimed a right to be rewarded by the King, and even deceived themselves so far as to think that his own book of laws would be their justification.

A thoughtless spendthrift advanced without any contrition, and said, "that he "had lived handsomely, and had hated "the covetous whom God abhorreth; that "he trusted in that passage of the book "which said, that *covetousness was idol-* "*atry;* and that he therefore hoped for a "favourable sentence." Now it proved that this man had not only avoided covetousness, but that he had even left his wife and children in want through his excessive prodigality. The Judge therefore immediately pointed to that place in the book

where it is written, *he that provideth n*
for his household is worse than an infid
He that liveth in pleasure is dead while
liveth; "thou," said he, "*in thy li*
"*time, receivedst thy good things, and n*
"*thou must be tormented.*"—Then a mise
whom hunger and hoarding had worn
skin and bone, crept forward, and praise
the sentence passed on this extravaga
youth, "and surely," said he, "since
"is condemned, I am the man that m
"make some plea to favor — I was nev
"idle or drunk, I kept my body in su
"jection. I have been so self-denyi
"that I am certainly a saint: I have lov
"neither father nor mother, nor wife n
"children to excess, in all this I ha
"obeyed the book of the law."— Th
the Judge said, "But where are thy wor
"of mercy and thy labours of love? s
"that family which perished in thy sig
"last hard winter, while thy barns we
"overflowing; that poor family were n
"representatives; yet they were hung
"and thou gavest them no meat. — (

" *to-now, thou rich man, weep and howl*
" *for the miseries that are come upon you.*
" *Your gold and your silver is cankered,*
" *and the rust of them shall be a witness*
" *against you, and shall eat your flesh as*
" *it were fire.*"

Then came up one with a most self-sufficient air. He walked up boldly, having in one hand the plan of an hospital which he had built, and in the other the drawing of a statue, which was erecting for him in the country that he had just left, and on his forehead appeared, in gold letters, the list of all the public charities to which he had subscribed. He seemed to take great pleasure in the condemnation of the miser, and said, " *Lord,*
" *when saw I thee hungry and fed thee*
" *not, or in prison and visited thee not? I*
" *have visited the fatherless and widow in*
" *their affliction.*" Here the Judge cut him short, by saying, " True, thou didst
" visit the fatherless, but didst thou fulfil
" equally that other part of my command,
" *to keep thyself unspotted from the world.*

" —No, thou wast conformed to the " world in many of its sinful customs, *thou* " *didst follow a multitude to do evil; thou* " *didst love the world, and the things of the* " *world;* and the motive to all thy cha- " rities was not a regard to me but to thy " own credit with thy fellow men. Thou " hast done every thing for the sake of " reputation, and now thou art vainly " trusting in thy deceitful works, instead " of putting all thy trust in my Son, who " has offered himself to be a surety for " thee. Where has been that humility " and gratitude to him which was required " of thee. No, thou wouldst be thine " own surety: thou hast trusted in thy- " self: thou hast made thy boast of thine " own goodness: thou hast sought after " and thou hast enjoyed the praise of men, " and verily I say unto thee, *thou hast had* " *thy reward.*"

A poor diseased blind cripple, who came from the very hospital which this great man had built, then fell prostrate on his face, crying out, *Lord be merciful*

to me a sinner! on which the Judge, to the surprise of all, said, "*Well done, good* "*and faithful servant.*" The poor man replied, "Lord, I have done nothing!" —"But thou hast *suffered well*," said the Judge; "thou hast been an example of "patience and meekness, and though "thou hadst but few talents, yet thou "hast well improved those few; thou "hadst time, this thou didst spend in the "humble duties of thy station, and also "in earnest prayer; thou didst pray even "for that proud founder of thine hospital, "who never prayed for himself; thou "wast indeed blind and lame, but it is "no where said, my son give me thy feet, "or thine eyes, but *give me thy heart;* "and even the few faculties I did grant "thee, were employed to my glory; with "thine ears thou didst listen to my word, "with thy tongue thou didst show forth "my praise. *Enter thou into the joy of* "*thy Lord.*"

There were several who came forward, and boasted of some single and particular

virtue, in which they had been supposed to excel. One talked of his generosity, another of his courage, and a third of his fortitude; but it proved, on a close examination, that some of those supposed virtues were merely the effect of a particular constitution of body; that others proceeded from a false motive, and that not a few of them were actual vices, since they were carried to excess; and under the pretence of fulfilling one duty, some other duty was lost sight of; in short, these partial virtues were none of them practised in obedience to the will of the king, but merely to please the person's own humour, or to gain praise, and they would not therefore stand this day's trial, for *he that had kept the whole law, and yet had wilfully and habitually offended in any one point, was declared guilty of breaking the whole.*

At this moment a sort of thick scales fell from the eyes of the multitude. They could now no longer take comfort, as they had done for so many years, by measuring

their neighbours' conduct against their own. Each at once saw himself in his true light, and found, alas! when it was too late, that he should have made the BOOK which had been given him his rule of practice before, since it now proved to be the rule by which he was to be judged. Nay, every one now thought himself even worse than his neighbour, because, while he only *saw* and *heard* of the guilt of others, he *felt* his own in all its aggravated horror.

To complete their confusion, they were compelled to acknowledge the justice of the Judge who condemned them; and also to approve the favourable sentence by which thousands of other criminals had not only their lives saved, but were made happy and glorious beyond all imagination; not for any great merits which they had to produce, but in consequence of their sincere repentance, and their humble acceptance of the pardon offered to them by the king's son. One thing was remarkable, that whilst most of those who

were condemned, never expected condemnation, but even claimed a reward for their supposed innocence or goodness, all who were really rewarded and forgiven were sensible that they owed their pardon to a mere act of grace, and they cried out with one voice, *Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise!!!*

THE

SERVANT MAN TURNED SOLDIER,

OR

THE FAIR WEATHER CHRISTIAN.

AN ALLEGORY.

WILLIAM was a lively young servant, who lived in a *great but very irregular family*. His place was, on the whole, agreeable to him, and suited to his gay thoughtless temper. He found a plentiful table and a good cellar. There was, indeed, a good deal of work to be done, though it was performed with much disorder and confusion. The family in the main were not unkind to him, though they often contradicted and crossed him, especially when things went

ill with themselves. This William never much liked, for he was always fond of having his own way. There was a merry, or rather a noisy and riotous servants' hall; for disorder and quarrels are indeed the usual effects of plenty and unrestrained indulgence. The men were smart, but idle; the maids were showy, but licentious, and all did pretty much as they liked for a time, but the time was commonly short. The wages were reckoned high, but they were seldom paid, and it was even said by sober people, that the family was insolvent, and never fulfilled any of their flattering engagements, or their most positive promises; but still, notwithstanding their real poverty, things went on with just the same thoughtlessness and splendour, and neither masters nor servants looked beyond the jollity of the present hour.

In this unruly family there was little church going, and still less praying at home. They pretended, indeed, in a general way, to believe in the Bible, but it

was only an outward profession, few of them read it all, and even of those who did read it still fewer were governed by it. There was indeed a Bible lying on the table in the great hall, which was kept for the purpose of administering an oath, but was seldom used on any other occasion, and some of the heads of the family were of opinion that this was its only real use, as it might serve to keep the lower parts of it in order.

William, who was fond of novelty and pleasure, was apt to be negligent of the duties of the house. He used to stay out on his errands, and one of his favourite amusements was going to the parade to see the soldiers exercise. He saw with envy how smartly they were dressed, listened with rapture to the music, and fancied that a soldier had nothing to do but to walk to and fro in a certain regular order, to go through a little easy exercise, in short, to live without fighting, fatigue, or danger.

O, said he, whenever he was affronted

at home, what a fine thing it must be to be a soldier! to be so well dressed, to have nothing to do but to move to the pleasant sound of fife and drum, and to have so many people come to look at one, and admire one. O it must be a fine thing to be a soldier!

Yet when the vexation of the moment was over, he found so much ease and diversion in the great family, it so suited his low taste and sensual appetites, that he thought no more of the matter. He forgot the glories of a soldier, and eagerly returned to all the mean gratifications of the kitchen. His evil habits were but little attended to by those with whom he lived; his faults, among which were lying and swearing, were not often corrected by the family, who had little objection to those sins, which only offended God and did not much affect their own interest or property. And except that William was obliged to work rather more than he liked, he found little, while he was young and healthy, that was very disagreeable

in this service. So he went on, still thinking, however, when things went a little cross, what a fine thing it was to be a soldier! At last one day as he was waiting at dinner, he had the misfortune to let fall a china dish, and broke it all to pieces. It was a curious dish, much valued by the family, as they pretended; this family were indeed apt to set a false fantastic value on things, and not to estimate them by their real worth. The heads of the family, who had generally been rather patient and good-humoured with William, as I said before, for those vices, which though offensive to God did not touch their own pocket, now flew out into a violent passion with him, called him a thousand hard names, and even threatened to horsewhip him for his shameful negligence.

William, in a great fright, for he was a sad coward at bottom, ran directly out of the house to avoid the threatened punishment; and happening just at that very time to pass by the parade where

the soldiers chanced to be then exercising, his resolution was taken in a moment. He instantly determined to be no more a slave, as he called it; he would return no more to be subject to the humours of a tyrannical family; no, he was resolved to be free, or at least, if he must serve, he would serve no master but the king.

William, who had now and then happened to hear from the accidental talk of the soldiers, that those who served the great family he had lived with, were slaves to their tyranny and vices, had also heard in the same casual manner, that the service of the king was *perfect freedom*. Now he had taken it into his head to hope that this might be a freedom to do evil, or at least to do nothing, so he thought it was the only place in the world to suit him.

A fine likely young man as William was, had no great difficulty to get enlisted. The few forms were soon settled, he received the bounty money as eagerly as it was offered, took the oaths of allegiance, was joined to the regiment, and heartily

welcomed by his new comrades. He was the happiest fellow alive. All was smooth and calm. The day happened to be very fine, and therefore William always reckoned upon a fine day. The scene was gay and lively, the music cheerful, he found the exercise very easy, and he thought there was little more expected from him.

He soon began to flourish away in his talk; and when he met with any one of his old fellow-servants, he fell a prating about marches and counter-marches, and blockades, and battles, and sieges, and blood, and death, and triumphs, and victories, all at random, for these were words and phrases he had picked up without at all understanding what he said. He had no knowledge, and therefore he had no modesty; he had no experience, and therefore he had no fears.

All seemed to go on swimmingly, for he had as yet no trial. He began to think with triumph what a mean life he had escaped from in the old quarrelsome

family, and what a happy, honourable life he should have in the army. O there was no life like the life of a soldier!

In a short time, however, war broke out, his regiment was one of the first which was called out to actual and hard service. As William was the most raw of all the recruits he was the first to murmur at the difficulties and hardships, the cold and hunger, the fatigue and danger of being a soldier. O what watchings, and perils, and trials, and hardships, and difficulties he now thought attended a military life! Surely, said he, I could never have suspected all this misery when I used to see the men on the parade in our town.

He now found, when it was too late, that all the field-days he used to attend, all the evolutions and exercises which he had observed the soldiers to go through in the calm times of peace and safety, were only meant to fit, train, and qualify them for the actual service which they were now sent out to perform by the command of the king.

The truth is, William often complained when there was no real hardship to complain of; for the common troubles of life fell out pretty much alike to the great family which William had left, and to the soldiers in the king's army. But the spirit of obedience, discipline, and self-denial of the latter seemed hardships to one of William's loose turn of mind. When he began to murmur, some good old soldier clapped him on the back, saying, cheer up lad, it is a kingdom you are to strive for, if we faint not, henceforth there is laid up for us a great reward, we have the king's word for it man. William observed, that to those who truly believed this, their labours were as nothing, but he himself did not at the bottom believe it; and it was observed of all the soldiers who failed, the true cause was that they did not really believe the king's promise. He was surprised to see that those soldiers, who used to bluster, and boast, and deride the assaults of the enemy, now began to fall away; while such as had faithfully

obeyed the king's orders, and believed in his word, were sustained in the hour of trial. Those who had trusted in their own strength all fainted on the slightest attack, while those who had put on the armour of the king's providing, the sword, and the shield, and the helmet, and the breastplate, and whose feet were shod according to order, now endured hardship as good soldiers, and were enabled to fight the good fight.

An engagement was expected immediately. The men were ordered to prepare for battle. While the rest of the corps were so preparing, William's whole thoughts were bent on contriving how he might desert. But alas! he was watched on all sides, he could not possibly devise any means to escape. The danger increased every moment, the battle came on. William, who had been so sure and confident before he entered, flinched in the moment of trial, while his more quiet and less boastful comrades prepared boldly to do their duty. William looked

about on all sides, and saw that there was no eye upon him, for he did not know that the king's eye was every where at once. He at last thought he spied a chance of escaping, not from the enemy, but from his own army. While he was endeavouring to escape, a ball from the opposite camp took off his leg. As he fell, the first words which broke from him were, while I was in my duty I was preserved; in the very act of deserting I am wounded. He lay expecting every moment to be trampled to death, but as soon as the confusion was a little over, he was taken off the field by some of his own party, laid in a place of safety, and left to himself, after his wound was dressed.

The skirmish, for it proved nothing more, was soon over. The greater part of the regiment escaped in safety. William in the mean time suffered cruelly both in mind and body. To the pains of a wounded soldier, he added the disgrace of a coward, and the infamy of a deserter. O, cried he, why was I such a fool as to

leave the *great family* I lived in, where there was meat and drink enough and to spare, only on account of a little quarrel? I might have made up that with them as we had done our former quarrels. Why did I leave a life of ease and pleasure, where I had only a little rub now and then, for a life of daily discipline and constant danger? Why did I turn soldier? O, what a miserable animal is a soldier!

As he was sitting in this weak and disabled condition, uttering the above complaints, he observed a venerable old officer, with thin grey locks on his head, and on his face deep wrinkles engraved by time, and many an honest scar inflicted by war. William had heard this old officer highly commended for his extraordinary courage and conduct in battle, and in peace he used to see him cool and collected, devoutly employed in reading and praying in the interval of more active duties. He could not help comparing this officer with himself. I, said he, flinched and drew back, and would even have deserted in

the moment of peril, and now in return, I have no consolation in the hour of repose and safety. I would not fight then, I cannot pray now. O why would I ever think of being a soldier? He then began afresh to weep and lament, and he groaned so loud that he drew the notice of the officer, who came up to him, kindly sat down by him, took him by the hand, and inquired with as much affection as if he had been his brother, what was the matter with him, and what particular distress, more than the common fortune of war it was which drew from him such bitter groans? "I know something of "surgery," added he, "let me examine "your wound and assist you with such "little comforts as I can."

William at once saw the difference between the soldiers in the king's army and the people in the great family; the latter commonly withdrew their kindness in sickness and trouble, when most wanted, which was just the very time when the others came forward to assist. He told

the officer his little history, the manner of his living in the great family, the trifling cause of his quarrelling with it, the slight ground of his entering into the king's service. "Sir," said he, "I "quarrelled with the family, and I "thought I was at once fit for the army: "I did not know the qualifications it "required. I had not reckoned on dis- "cipline, and hardships, and self-denial. "I liked well enough to sing a loyal "song, or drink the king's health, but I "find I do not relish working and fight- "ing for him, though I rashly promised "even to lay down my life for his ser- "vice if called upon, when I took the "bounty money and the oath of alle- "giance. In short, Sir, I find that I "long for the ease and sloth, the merri- "ment and the feasting of my old ser- "vice; I find I cannot be a soldier, and, "to speak truth, I was in the very act of "deserting when I was stopped short by "the cannon ball. So that I feel the

"guilt of desertion, and the misery of "having lost my leg into the bargain."

The officer thus replied: "Your state "is that of every worldly, irreligious man. "The great family you served is a just "picture of the world. The wages the "world promises to those who are willing "to do its work are high, but the pay- "ment is attended with much disappoint- "ment; nay, the world, like your great "family, is in itself insolvent, and in its "very nature incapable of making good "the promises, and of paying the high "rewards, which it holds out to tempt "its credulous followers. The ungodly "world, like your family, cares little for "church, and still less for prayer; and "considers the Bible rather as an instru- "ment to make an oath binding, in "order to keep the vulgar in obedience, "than as containing in itself a perfect "rule of faith and practice, and as a "title-deed to heaven. The generality "of men love the world as you did your "service, while it smiles upon them, and

"gives them easy work, and plenty of
"meat and drink; but as soon as it
"begins to cross and contradict them,
"they get out of humour with it, just as
"you did with your service. They then
"think its drudgery hard, its rewards low.
"They find out that it is high in its
"expectations from them, and slack in its
"payments to them. And they begin
"to fancy (because they do not hear
"religious people murmur as they do)
"that there must be some happiness in
"religion. The world, which takes no
"account of their deeper sins, at length
"brings them into discredit for some
"act of imprudence, just as your family
"overlooked your lying and swearing,
"but threatened to drub you for break-
"ing a china dish. Such is the judg-
"ment of the world! it particularly bears
"with those who only break the laws of
"God, but severely punishes the smallest
"negligence by which they themselves
"are injured. The world sooner pardons
"the breaking ten commandments of

" God than even a china dish of its " own.

" After some cross or opposition, " worldly men, as I said before, begin " to think how much content and cheer- " fulness they remember to have seen in " religious people. They therefore begin " to fancy that religion must be an easy " and delightful, as well as a good thing. " They have heard, that *her ways are* " *ways of pleasantness, and all her paths* " *are peace;* and they persuade them- " selves, that by this is meant worldly " pleasantness, and sensual peace. They " resolve at length to try it, to turn their " back upon the world, to engage in the " service of God and turn Christians; just " as you resolved to leave your old ser- " vice, to enter into the service of the " king and turn soldier. But as you " quitted your place in a passion, so they " leave the world in a huff. They do not " count the cost. They do not calculate " upon the darling sins, the habitual plea- " sures, the ease and vanities which they

"undertake by their new engagements to
"renounce, any more than you counted
"what indulgences you were going to
"give up when you quitted the luxuries
"and idleness of your place to enlist in
"the soldier's warfare. They have, as I
"said, seen Christians cheerful, and they
"mistook the ground of their cheerful-
"ness; they fancied it arose, not because,
"through grace they had conquered dif-
"ficulties, but because they had no diffi-
"culties in their passage. They fancied
"that religion found the road smooth,
"whereas it only helps to bear with a
"rough road without complaint. They
"do not know that these Christians are
"of good cheer, not because the world is
"free from tribulation, but because Christ
"their captain has *overcome the world.*
"But the irreligious man, who has only
"seen the outside of a Christian in his
"worldly intercourse, knows little of his
"secret conflicts, his trials, his self-deni-
"als, his warfare with the world without,
"and with his own corrupt desires within.

"The irreligious man quarrels with the "world on some such occasion as you "did with your place. He now puts on "the outward forms and ceremonies of "religion, and assumes the badge of "Christianity, just as you were struck "with the shows of a field day; just as "you were pleased with the music and "the marching, and put on the cockade "and the red coat. All seems smooth "for a little while. He goes through the "outward exercises of a Christian, a de-"gree of credit attends his new profession, "but he never suspects there is either "difficulty or discipline attending it; he "fancies religion is a thing for talking "about, and not a thing of the heart and "the life. He never suspects that all the "psalm-singing he joins in, and the ser-"mons he hears, and the other means he "is using, are only as the exercises and "the evolutions of the soldiers, to fit and "prepare him for actual service; and that "these means are no more religion itself,

"than the exercises and evolutions of "your parade were real warfare.

"At length some trial arises. This "nominal Christian is called to differ from "the world in some great point; some-"thing happens which may strike at his "comfort, or his credit, or security. This "cools his zeal for religion, just as the "view of an engagement cooled your "courage as a soldier. He finds he was "only *angry* with the world, he was not "*tired* of it. He was out of humour with "the world, not because he had seen "through its vanity and emptiness, but "because the world was out of humour "with him. He finds that it is an easy "thing to be a fair-weather Christian, "bold where there is nothing to be done, "and confident where there is nothing "to be feared. Difficulties unmask him "to others; temptations unmask him to "himself; he discovers, that though he "is a high professor, he is no Christian; "just as you found out that your red coat "and your cockade, your shoulder-knot

" and your musket, did not prevent you
" from being a coward.

" Your misery in the military life, like
" that of the nominal Christian, arose
" from your love of ease, your cowardice,
" and your self-ignorance. You rushed
" into a new way of life, without trying
" after one qualification for it. A total
" change of heart and temper were neces-
" sary for your new calling. With new
" views and new principles, the soldier's
" life would have been not only easy but
" delightful to you. But while with a
" new profession you retained your old
" nature, it is no wonder if all disci-
" pline seemed intolerable to you.

" The true Christian, like the brave
" soldier, is supported under dangers by
" a strong faith that the fruits of that
" victory for which he fights will be safety
" and peace. But, alas! the pleasures of
" this world are present and visible; the
" rewards for which he strives are remote.
" He therefore fails, because nothing

" short of a lively faith can ever outweigh
" a strong present temptation, and lead a
" man to prefer the joys of conquest to
" the pleasures of indulgence."

BETTY BROWN,

THE

ST. GILES's ORANGE GIRL:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

MRS. SPONGE, THE MONEY LENDER.

Betty Brown, the Orange Girl, was born nobody knows where, and bred nobody knows how. No girl in all the streets of London could drive a barrow more nimbly, avoid pushing against passengers more dextrously, or cry her 'fine China Oranges' in a shriller voice. But then she could neither sew, nor spin, nor knit, nor wash, nor iron, nor read, nor spell. Betty had not been always in so good a situation as that in which we now describe her. She

came into the world before so many good gentlemen and ladies began to concern themselves so kindly that the poor might have a little learning. There was no charitable society then, as there is now, to pick up poor friendless children in the streets *, and put them into a good house, and give them meat, and drink, and lodging, and learning, and teach them to get their bread in an honest way into the bargain. Whereas, this now is often the case in London; blessed be God who *has ordered the bounds of our habitation*, and cast our lot in such a country!

The longest thing that Betty can remember is, that she used to crawl up out of a night cellar, stroll about the streets, and pick cinders from the scavengers' carts. Among the ashes she sometimes found some ragged gauze and dirty ribbons; with these she used to dizen herself out, and join the merry bands on the first of May. This was not however

* The Philanthropic.

quite fair, as she did not lawfully belong either to the female dancers, who foot it gaily round the garland, or to the sooty tribe, who, on this happy holiday, forget their whole year's toil in Portman Square, cheered by the tender bounty of her whose wit has long enlivened the most learned, and whose taste and talents long adorned the most polished societies. Betty, however, often got a few scraps, by appearing to belong to both parties. But as she grew bigger, and was not an idle girl, she always put herself in the way of doing something. She would run of errands for the footmen, or sweep the door for the maid of any house where she was known; she would run and fetch some porter, and never was once known either to sip a drop by the way, or steal the pot. Her quickness and fidelity in doing little jobs, got her into favour with a lazy cook-maid, who was too apt to give away her master's cold meat and beer, not to those who were most in want, but to those who waited upon her, and did the little things

for her which she ought to have done herself.

The cook, who found Betty a dextrous girl, soon employed her to sell ends of candles, pieces of meat and cheese, and lumps of butter, or any thing else she could crib from the house. These were all carried to her friend Mrs. Sponge, who kept a little shop, and a kind of eating-house for poor working people, not far from the Seven Dials. She also bought as well as sold many kinds of second-hand things, and was not scrupulous to know whether what she bought was honestly come by, provided she could get it for a sixth part of what it was worth. But if the owner presumed to ask for its real value, then she had sudden qualms of conscience, instantly suspected the things were stolen, and gave herself airs of honesty, which often took in poor silly people, and gave her a sort of half reputation among the needy and the ignorant, whose friend she hypocritically pretended to be.

To this artful woman Betty carried the cook's pilferings; and as Mrs. Sponge would give no great price for these in money, the cook was willing to receive payment for her eatables in Mrs. Sponge's drinkables; for she dealt in all kinds of spirits. I shall only just remark here, that one receiver, like Mrs. Sponge, makes many pilferers, who are tempted to commit these petty thieveries, by knowing how easy it is to dispose of them at such iniquitous houses.

Betty was faithful to both her employers, which is extraordinary, considering the greatness of the temptation, and her utter ignorance of good and evil. One day she ventured to ask Mrs. Sponge, if she could not assist her to get into a more settled way of life. She told her, that when she rose in the morning she never knew where she should lie at night, nor was she ever sure of a meal before-hand. Mrs. Sponge asked her what she thought herself fit for; Betty, with fear and trembling, said, there was one trade for which

she thought herself qualified, but she had not the ambition to look so high; it was far above her humble views; this was, to have a barrow and sell fruit, as several other of Mrs. Sponge's customers did, whom she had often looked up to with envy, little expecting herself ever to attain so high and independent a station.

Mrs. Sponge was an artful woman. Bad as she was, she was always aiming at something of a character; this was a great help to her trade. While she watched keenly to make every thing turn to her own profit, she had a false fawning way of seeming to do all she did out of pity and kindness to the distressed; and she seldom committed an extortion, but she tried to make the persons she cheated believe themselves highly obliged to her kindness. By thus pretending to be their friend, she gained their confidence; and she grew rich herself, while they thought she was only showing favour to them. Various were the arts she had of getting rich; and the money she got by grinding

the poor, she spent in the most luxurious living; while she would haggle with her hungry customers for a farthing, she would spend pounds on the most costly delicacies for herself.

Mrs. Sponge, laying aside that haughty look and voice, well known to such as had the misfortune to be in her debt, put on the hypocritical smile and soft canting tone, which she always assumed when she meant to flatter her superiors, or take in her dependents. "Betty," said she, "I "am resolved to stand your friend. These "are sad times to be sure. Money is "money now. Yet I am resolved to put "you into a handsome way of living. You "shall have a barrow, and well furnished "too." Betty could not have felt more joy or gratitude, if she had been told that she should have a coach. "O, Madam!" said Betty, "it is impossible. I have "not a penny in the world towards help-"ing me to set up." — "I will take care "of that," said Mrs. Sponge; "only "you must do as I bid you. You

"must pay me interest for my money;
"and you will of course be glad also to
"pay so much every night for a nice hot
"supper which I get ready, *quite out of*
"*kindness*, for a number of poor working
"people. This will be a great comfort
"for such a friendless girl as you, for my
"victuals and drink are the best, and my
"company the merriest of any house in all
"St. Giles's." Betty thought all this only so many more favours, and courtesying to the ground, said, "To be sure, Ma'am,
"and thank you a thousand times into
"the bargain. I never could hope for
"such a rise in life."

Mrs. Sponge knew what she was about. Betty was a lively girl, who had a knack at learning any thing; and so well looking through all her dirt and rags, that there was little doubt she would get custom. A barrow was soon provided, and five shillings put into Betty's hands. Mrs. Sponge kindly condescended to go to show her how to buy the fruit; for it was a rule with this prudent gentlewoman,

and one from which she never departed, that no one should cheat but herself; and suspecting from her own heart the fraud of all other dealers, she was seldom guilty of the weakness of being imposed upon.

Betty had never possessed such a sum before. She grudged to lay it out all at once, and was ready to fancy she could live upon the capital. The crown, however, was laid out to the best advantage. Betty was carefully taught in what manner to cry her oranges; and received many useful lessons how to get off the bad with the good, and the stale with the fresh. Mrs. Sponge also lent her a few bad sixpences, for which she ordered her to bring home good ones at night. Betty stared. Mrs. Sponge said, "Betty, those "who would get money, must not be too "nice about trifles. Keep one of these "sixpences in your hand, and if an igno- "rant young customer gives you a good "sixpence, do you immediately slip it into "your other hand, and give him the "bad one, declaring, that it is the very

"one you have just received, and be "ready to swear that you have not another "sixpence in the world. You must also "learn how to treat different sorts of "customers. To some you may put off, "with safety, goods which would be quite "unsaleable to others. Never offer bad "fruit, Betty, to those who know better; "never waste the good on those who may "be put off with worse; put good oranges "at top to attract the eye, and the "mouldy ones under for sale."

Poor Betty had not a nice conscience, for she had never learnt that grand, but simple rule of all moral obligation, *Never do that to another which you would not have another do to you.* She set off with her barrow, as proud and as happy as if she had been set up in the finest shop in Covent Garden. Betty had a sort of natural good temper, which made her unwilling to impose, but she had no principle which told her it was a sin to do so. She had such good success, that when night came, she had not an orange

left. With a light heart, she drove her empty barrow to Mrs. Sponge's door. She went in with a merry face, and threw down on the counter every farthing she had taken. "Betty," said Mrs. Sponge, "I have a right to it all, as it was got by "my money. But I am too generous to "take it. I will therefore only take six-"pence for this day's use of my five "shillings. This is a most reasonable "interest, and I will lend you the same "sum to trade with to-morrow, and so on; "you only paying me sixpence for the "use of it every night, which will be a "great bargain to you. You must also "pay me my price every night for your "supper, and you shall have an excellent "lodging above stairs; so you see every "thing will now be provided for you in "a genteel manner, through my gene-"rosity."*

Poor Betty's gratitude blinded her so

* For an authentic account of numberless frauds of this kind, see that very useful work of Mr. Colquhoun on the *Police of the Metropolis of London.*

completely, that she forgot to calculate the vast proportion which this generous benefactress was to receive out of her little gains. She thought herself a happy creature, and went in to supper with a number of others of her own class. For this supper, and for more porter and gin than she ought to have drunk, Betty was forced to pay so high, that it ate up all the profits of the day, which, added to the daily interest, made Mrs. Sponge a rich return for her five shillings.

Betty was reminded again of the gentility of her new situation, as she crept up to bed in one of Mrs. Sponge's garrets five stories high. This loft, to be sure, was small, and had no window, but what it wanted in light was made up in company, as it had three beds, and thrice as many lodgers. These gentry had one night, in a drunken frolic, broken down the door, which happily had never been replaced; for, since that time, the lodgers had died much seldomer of infectious distempers, than when they were close shut in. For

this lodging Betty paid twice as much to her *good friend* as she would have done to a stranger. Thus she continued, with great industry and a thriving trade, as poor as on the first day, and not a bit nearer to saving money enough to buy her even a pair of shoes, though her feet were nearly on the ground.

One day, as Betty was driving her barrow through a street near Holborn, a lady from a window called out to her that she wanted some oranges. While the servant went to fetch a plate, the lady entered into some talk with Betty, having been struck with her honest countenance and civil manner. She questioned her as to her way of life, and the profits of her trade; and Betty, who had never been so kindly treated before by so genteel a person, was very communicative. She told her little history as far as she knew it, and dwelt much on the generosity of Mrs. Sponge, in keeping her in her house, and trusting her with so large a capital as five shillings. At first it sounded like a

very good-natured thing; but the lady, whose husband was one of the justices of the new police, happened to know more of Mrs. Sponge than was good, which led her to inquire still further. Betty owned, that to be sure it was not all clear profit, for besides that the high price of the supper and bed ran away with all she got, she paid sixpence a-day for the use of the five shillings. "And how long "have you done this?" said the lady. "About a year, Madam."

The lady's eyes were at once opened. "My poor girl," said she, "do you "know that you have already paid for "that single five shillings the enormous "sum of 7l. 10s.? I believe it is the "most profitable five shillings Mrs. Sponge "ever laid out." — "O, no, Madam," said the girl, "that good gentlewoman "does the same kindness to ten or twelve "other poor friendless creatures like me." — "Does she so?" said the lady, "then "I never heard of a more lucrative trade "than this woman carries on, under the

" mask of charity, at the expence of her " poor deluded fellow-creatures."

" But, Madam," said Betty, who did not comprehend this lady's arithmetic, " what can I do? I now contrive to " pick up a morsel of bread without beg- " ging or stealing. Mrs. Sponge has been " very good to me; and I don't see how " I can help myself."

" I will tell you," said the lady: " if you " will follow my advice, you may not only " maintain yourself honestly, but inde- " pendently. Only oblige yourself to live " hard for a little time, till you have saved " five shillings out of your own earnings. " Give up that expensive supper at night, " drink only one pint of porter, and no " gin at all. As soon as you have scraped " together the five shillings, carry it back " to your false friend; and if you are " industrious, you will, at the end of the " year, have saved 7l. 10s. If you can " make a shift to live now, when you " have this heavy interest to pay, judge " how things will mend when your capital

"becomes your own. You will put some "clothes on your back; and, by leaving "the use of spirits, and the company in "which you drink them, your health, your "morals, and your condition, will mend."

The lady did not talk thus to save her money. She would willingly have given the girl the five shillings; but she thought it was beginning at the wrong end. She wanted to try her. Besides, she knew there was more pleasure, as well as honour, in possessing five shillings of one's own saving, than of another's giving. Betty promised to obey. She owned she had got no good by the company or the liquor at Mrs. Sponge's. She promised that very night to begin saving the expence of the supper; and that she would not taste a drop of gin till she had the five shillings beforehand. The lady, who knew the power of good habits, was contented with this, thinking, that if the girl could abstain for a certain time, it would become easy to her. She therefore, at present,

said little about the *sin* of drinking, and only insisted on the *expence* of it.

In a very few weeks Betty had saved up the five shillings. She went to carry back this money with great gratitude to Mrs. Sponge. This kind friend began to abuse her most unmercifully. She called her many hard names, not fit to repeat, for having forsaken the supper, by which she swore she herself got nothing at all; but as she had the charity to dress it for such beggarly wretches, she insisted they should pay for it whether they eat it or not. She also brought in a heavy score for lodging, though Betty had paid for it every night, and had given notice of her intending to quit her. By all these false pretences, she got from her not only her own five shillings, but all the little capital with which Betty was going to set up for herself. All was not sufficient to answer her demands, she declared she would send her to prison; but while she went to call a constable, Betty contrived to make off.

With a light pocket and a heavy heart, she went back to the lady; and with many tears told her sad story. The lady's husband, the justice, condescended to listen to Betty's tale. He said Mrs. Sponge had long been upon his books as a receiver of stolen goods. Betty's evidence strengthened his bad opinion of her. "This petty "system of usury," said the magistrate, "may be thought trifling; but it will no "longer appear so, when you reflect, "that if one of these female sharpers "possesses a capital of seventy shillings, "or 3*l.* 10*s.* with fourteen steady regular "customers, she can realize a fixed "income of one hundred guineas a-year. "Add to this the influence such a loan "gives her over these friendless creatures, "by compelling them to eat at her house, "or lodge, or buy liquors, or by taking "their pawns, and you will see the extent "of the evil. I pity these poor victims: "you, Betty, shall point out some of them "to me. I will endeavour to open their "eyes on their own bad management.

"It is not by giving to the importunate "shillings and half-crowns, and turning "them adrift to wait for the next acci- "dental relief, that much good is done. "It saves trouble, indeed, but that trouble "being the most valuable part of charity "ought not to be spared; at least by "those who have leisure as well as "affluence. It is one of the greatest acts "of kindness to the poor to mend their "economy, and to give them right views "of laying out their little money to "advantage. These poor blinded crea- "tures look no further than to be able to "pay this heavy interest every night, and "to obtain the same loan on the same "hard terms the next day. Thus are "they kept in poverty and bondage all "their lives; but I hope as many as hear "of this will get on a better plan, and I "shall be ready to help any who are will- "ing to help themselves." This worthy magistrate went directly to Mrs. Sponge's with proper officers; and he soon got to the bottom of many iniquities. He not

only made her refund poor Betty's money, but committed her to prison for receiving stolen goods, and various other offences, which may, perhaps, make the subject of another history.

Betty was now set up in trade to her heart's content. She had found the benefit of leaving off spirits, and she resolved to drink them no more. The first fruits of this resolution was, that in a fortnight she bought her a new pair of shoes; and as there was now no deduction for interest or for gin, her earnings became considerable. The lady made her a present of a gown and a hat, on the easy condition that she should go to church. She accepted the terms, at first rather as an act of obedience to the lady, than from a sense of higher duty. But she soon began to go from a better motive. This constant attendance at church, joined to the instructions of the lady, opened a new world to Betty. She now heard, for the first time, that she was a sinner; that God had given a law which was holy,

just, and good; that she had broken this law, had been a swearer, a sabbath-breaker, and had lived *without God in the world.* All this was sad news to Betty; she knew, indeed, before, that there were sinners, but she thought they were only to be found in the prisons, or at Botany Bay, or in those mournful carts which she had sometimes followed with her barrow, with the unthinking crowd, to Tyburn. She was deeply struck with the great truths revealed in the Scripture, which were quite new to her; her heart smote her, and she became anxious *to flee from the wrath to come.* She was desirous of improvement, and said, "she would "give up all the profits of her barrow, "and go into the hardest service, rather "than live in sin and ignorance."

"Betty," said the lady, "I am glad to "see you so well disposed, and will do "what I can for you. Your present way "of life, to be sure, exposes you to much "danger; but the trade is not unlawful "in itself, and we may please God in any

" calling, provided it be not a dishonest
" one. In this great town there must be
" barrow-women to sell fruit. Do you,
" then, instead of forsaking your business,
" set a good example to those in it, and
" show them, that though a dangerous
" trade, it need not be a wicked one.
" Till Providence points out some safer
" way of getting your bread, let your
" companions see, that it is possible to be
" good even in this. Your trade being
" carried on in the open street, and your
" fruit bought in an open shop, you are
" not so much obliged to keep sinful
" company as may be thought. Take a
" garret in an honest house, to which you
" may go home in safety at night. I will
" give you a bed and a few necessaries to
" furnish your room; and I will also give
" you a constant Sunday's dinner. A
" barrow-woman, blessed be God and our
" good laws, is as much her own mistress
" on Sundays as a duchess; and the
" church and the Bible are as much open
" to her. You may soon learn as much

"of religion as you are expected to "know. A barrow-woman may pray as "heartily morning and night, and serve "God as acceptably all day, while she is "carrying on her little trade, as if she "had her whole time to spare.

"To do this well, you must mind the "following

"RULES FOR RETAIL DEALERS:

"*Resist every temptation to cheat.*

"*Never impose bad goods on false pre-*
"*tences.*

"*Never put off bad money for good.*

"*Never use profane or uncivil language.*

"Never swear your goods cost so "much, when you know it is false. By "so doing you are guilty of two sins in "one breath, a lie and an oath.

"To break these rules, will be your "chief temptation. God will mark how "you behave under them, and will "reward or punish you accordingly. "These temptations will be as great to

"you, as higher trials are to higher "people; but you have the same God to "look to for strength to resist them as "they have. You must pray to him to "give you this strength. You shall attend "a Sunday-school, where you will be "taught these good things; and I will "promote you as you shall be found to "deserve."

Poor Betty here burst into tears of joy and gratitude, crying out, "What! shall "such a poor friendless creature as I be "treated so kindly, and learn to read the "word of God too? Oh, Madam, what a "lucky chance brought me to your door!" —"Betty," said the lady, "what you "have just said, shows the need you have "of being better taught; there is no such "thing as chance; and we offend God "when we call that luck or chance which "is brought about by his will and plea-"sure. None of the events of your life "have happened by chance; but all have "been under the direction of a good and "kind Providence. He has permitted

" you to experience want and distress,
" that you might acknowledge his hand
" in your present comfort and prosperity.
" Above all, you must bless his goodness
" in sending you to me, not only because
" I have been of use to you in your
" worldly affairs, but because he has
" enabled me to show you the danger of
" your state from sin and ignorance, and
" to put you in a way to know his will
" and to keep his commandments, which
" is eternal life."

How Betty, by industry and piety, rose in the world, till at length she came to keep that handsome sausage-shop near the Seven Dials, and was married to that very hackney-coachman, whose history and honest character may be learned from that ballad of the Cheap Repository which bears his name, may be shown hereafter.

BLACK GILES

THE POACHER;

CONTAINING

Some Account of a Family who had rather live by their Wits than their Work.

PART I.

POACHING GILES lives on the borders of one of those great moors in Somersetshire. Giles, to be sure, has been a sad fellow in his time; and it is none of his fault if his whole family do not end their career either at the gallows or at Botany Bay. He lives at that mud cottage with the broken windows, stuffed with dirty rags, just beyond the gate which divides the Upper from the Lower Moor. You may

know the house at a good distance by the ragged thatch on the roof, and the loose stones which are ready to drop out from the chimney; though a short ladder, a hod of mortar, and half an hour's leisure time, would have prevented all this, and made the little dwelling tight enough. But as Giles had never learnt any thing that was good, so he did not know the value of such useful sayings, as, that "a stone in time saves nine."

Besides this, Giles fell into that common mistake, that a beggarly looking cottage, and filthy ragged children, raised most compassion, and of course drew most charity. But as cunning as he was in other things, he was out in his reckoning here; for it is neatness, housewifery, and a decent appearance, which draw the kindness of the rich and charitable, while they turn away disgusted from filth and laziness; not out of pride, but because they see that it is next to impossible to mend the condition of those who degrade themselves by dirt and sloth; and few

people care to help those who will not help themselves.

The common on which Giles's hovel stands, is quite a deep marsh in a wet winter: but in summer it looks green and pretty enough. To be sure it would be rather convenient when one passes that way in a carriage, if one of the children would run out and open the gate: but instead of any *one* of them running out as soon as they hear the wheels, which would be quite time enough, what does Giles do, but set all his ragged brats, with dirty faces, matted locks, and naked feet and legs, to lie all day upon a sand-bank hard by the gate, waiting for the slender chance of what may be picked up from travellers. At the sound of a carriage, a whole covey of these little scare-crows start up, rush to the gate, and all at once thrust out their hats and aprons; and for fear this, together with the noise of their clamorous begging, should not sufficiently frighten the horses, they are very apt to let the gate slap full against you, before

you are half-way through, in their eager scuffle to snatch from each other the halfpence which you may have thrown out to them. I know two ladies who were one day very near being killed by these abominable tricks.

Thus five or six little idle creatures, who might be earning a trifle by knitting at home, who might be useful to the public by working in the field, and who might assist their families by learning to get their bread twenty honest ways, are suffered to lie about all day, in the hope of a few chance halfpence, which, after all, they are by no means sure of getting. Indeed, when the neighbouring gentlemen found out that opening the gate was the family trade, they soon left off giving anything. And I myself, though I used to take out a penny ready to give, had there been only one to receive it, when I see a whole family established in so beggarly a trade, quietly put it back again in my pocket, and give nothing at all. And so few travellers pass that way, that some-

times, after the whole family have lost a day, their gains do not amount to two-pence.

As Giles had a far greater taste for living by his wits than his work, he was at one time in hopes that his children might have got a pretty penny by *tumbling* for the diversion of travellers, and he set about training them in that indecent practice; but unluckily the moors being level, the carriages travelled faster than the children tumbled. He envied those parents who lived on the London road, over the Wiltshire Downs, which Downs being very hilly, it enables the tumbler to keep pace with the traveller, till he sometimes extorts from the light and unthinking, a reward instead of a reproof. I beg leave, however, to put all gentlemen and ladies in mind that such tricks are a kind of apprenticeship to the trades of begging and thieving; and that nothing is more injurious to good morals, than to encourage the poor in any habits which may lead them to live upon chance.

Giles, to be sure, as his children grew

older, began to train them to such other employments as the idle habits they had learned at the gate very properly qualified them for. The right of common, which some of the poor cottagers have in that part of the country, and which is doubtless a considerable advantage to many, was converted by Giles into the means of corrupting his whole family; for his children, as soon as they grew too big for the trade of begging at the gate, were promoted to the dignity of thieving on the moor. Here he kept two or three asses, miserable beings, which, if they had the good fortune to escape an untimely death by starving, did not fail to meet with it by beating. Some of the biggest boys were sent out with these lean and galled animals to carry sand or coals about the neighbouring towns. Both sand and coals were often stolen before they got them to sell; or if not, they always took care to cheat in selling them. By long practice in this art, they grew so dextrous, that they could give a pretty good guess

how large a coal they could crib out of every bag before the buyer would be likely to miss it.

All their odd time was taken up under the pretence of watching their asses on the moor, or running after five or six half-starved geese: but the truth is, these boys were only watching for an opportunity to steal an odd goose of their neighbour's, while they pretended to look after their own. They used also to pluck the quills or the down from these poor live creatures, or half milk a cow before the farmer's maid came with her pail. They all knew how to calculate to a minute what time to be down in a morning to let out their lank hungry beasts, which they had turned over-night into the farmer's field to steal a little good pasture. They contrived to get there just time enough to escape being caught in replacing the stakes they had pulled out for the cattle to get over. For Giles was a prudent long-headed fellow; and wherever he stole food for his colts, took care never to

steal stakes from the hedges at the same place. He had sense enough to know that the gain did not make up for the danger; he knew that a loose faggot, pulled from a neighbour's pile of wood after the family were gone to bed, answered the end better, and was not half the trouble.

Among the many trades which Giles professed, he sometimes practised that of a rat-catcher; but he was addicted to so many tricks, that he never followed the same trade long; for detection will, sooner or later, follow the best concerted villainy. Whenever he was sent for to a farm-house, his custom was to kill a few of the old rats, always taking care to leave a little stock of young ones alive sufficient to keep up the breed; "for," said he, "if "I were to be such a fool as to clear a "house or a barn at once, how would my "trade be carried on?" And where any barn was over-stocked, he used to borrow a few rats from thence just to people a neighbouring granary which had none; and he might have gone on till now, had

he not unluckily been caught one evening emptying his cage of rats under parson Wilson's barn-door.

This worthy minister, Mr. Wilson, used to pity the neglected children of Giles, as much as he blamed the wicked parents. He one day picked up Dick, who was far the best of Giles's bad boys. Dick was loitering about in a field behind the parson's garden in search of a hen's nest, his mother having ordered him to bring home a few eggs that night, by hook or by crook, as Giles was resolved to have some pancakes for supper, though he knew that eggs were a penny a-piece. Mr. Wilson had long been desirous of snatching some of this vagrant family from ruin; and his chief hopes were bent on Dick, as the least hackneyed in knavery. He had once given him a new pair of shoes, on his promising to go to school next Sunday; but no sooner had Rachel, the boy's mother, got the shoes into her clutches, than she pawned them for a bottle of gin, and ordered the boy to keep

out of the parson's sight, and to be sure to play his marbles on Sunday for the future at the other end of the parish, and not near the church-yard. Mr. Wilson, however, picked up the boy once more; for it was not his way to despair of any body. Dick was just going to take to his heels, as usual, for fear the old story of the shoes should be brought forward; but finding he could not get off, what does he do but run into a little puddle of muddy water which lay between him and the parson, that the sight of his naked feet might not bring on the dreaded subject. Now it happened that Mr. Wilson was planting a little field of beans, so he thought this a good opportunity to employ Dick; and he told him he had got some pretty easy work for him. Dick did as he was bid; he willingly went to work, and readily began to plant his beans with dispatch and regularity, according to the directions given him.

While the boy was busily at work by himself, Giles happened to come by,

having been skulking round the back way to look over the parson's garden wall, to see if there was any thing worth climbing over for on the ensuing night. He spied Dick, and began to scold him for working for the stingy old parson; for Giles had a natural antipathy to whatever belonged to the church. "What has he promised "thee a-day?" said he; "little enough "I dare say."—"He is not to pay me by "the day," said Dick, "but says he will "give me so much when I have planted "this peck, and so much for the next." —"Oh, oh! that alters the case," said Giles. "One may, indeed, get a trifle by "this sort of work. I hate your regular "day-jobs, where one can't well avoid "doing one's work for one's money. "Come, give me a handful of the beans; "I will teach thee how to plant when "thou art paid for planting by the peck. "All we have to do in that case is to "dispatch the work as fast as we can, "and get rid of the beans with all speed; "and as to the seed coming up or not,

"that is no business of our's; we are "paid for planting, not for growing. "At the rate thou goest on thou would'st "not get sixpence to-night. Come along, "bury away." So saying, he took his hatful of the seed, and where Dick had been ordered to set one bean, Giles buried a dozen: of course the beans were soon out. But though the peck was emptied, the ground was unplanted. But cunning Giles knew this could not be found out till the time when the beans might be expected to come up, "and then, Dick," says he, "the snails and the mice may go "shares in the blame; or we can lay the "fault on the rooks or the black-birds." So saying, he sent the boy into the parsonage to receive his pay, taking care to secure about a quarter of the peck of beans for his own colt. He put both bag and beans into his own pocket to carry home, bidding Dick tell Mr. Wilson that he had planted the beans and lost the bag.

In the mean time Giles's other boys

were busy in emptying the ponds and trout-streams in the neighbouring manor. They would steal away the carp and tench when they were no bigger than gudgeons. By this untimely depredation they plundered the owner of his property, without enriching themselves. But the pleasure of mischief was reward enough. These, and a hundred other little thieveries, they committed with such dexterity, that old Tim Crib, whose son was transported last assizes for sheep-stealing, used to be often reproaching his boys, that Giles's sons were worth a hundred of such blockheads as he had; for scarce a night past but Giles had some little comfortable thing for supper which his boys had pilfered in the day, while his undutiful dogs never stole any thing worth having. Giles, in the mean time, was busy in his way, but as busy as he was in laying nets, starting coveys, and training dogs, he always took care that his depredations should not be confined merely to game.

Giles's boys had never seen the inside

of a church since they were christened, and the father thought he knew his own interest better than to force them to it; for church-time was the season of their harvest. Then the hens' nests were searched, a stray duck was clapped under the smock frock, the tools which might have been left by chance in a farm-yard were picked up, and all the neighbouring pigeon-houses were thinned, so that Giles used to boast to tawny Rachel his wife, that Sunday was to them the most profitable day in the week. With her it was certainly the most laborious day, as she always did her washing and ironing on the Sunday morning, it being, as she said, the only leisure day she had, for on the other days she went about the country telling fortunes, and selling dream books and wicked songs. Neither her husband's nor her children's clothes were ever mended, and if Sunday, her idle day, had not come about once in every week, it is likely they would never have been washed neither. You might, however, see her as

you were going to church smoothing her own rags on her best red cloak, which she always used for her ironing-cloth on Sundays, for her cloak when she travelled, and for her blanket at night; such a wretched manager was Rachel! Among her other articles of trade, one was to make and sell peppermint, and other distilled waters. These she had the cheap art of making without trouble and without expence, for she made them without herbs and without a still. Her way was, to fill so many quart bottles with plain water, putting a spoonful of mint water in the mouth of each; these she corked down with rosin, carrying to each customer a phial of real distilled water to taste by way of sample. This was so good that her bottles were commonly bought up without being opened; but if any suspicion arose, and she was forced to uncork a bottle, by the few drops of distilled water lying at top, she even then escaped detection, and took care to get out of reach before the bottle was opened

a second time. She was too prudent ever to go twice to the same house.

The upright Magistrate.

THERE is hardly any petty mischief that is not connected with the life of a poacher. Mr. Wilson was aware of this; he was not only a pious clergyman, but an upright justice. He used to say, that people who were truly conscientious, must be so in small things as well as in great ones, or they would destroy the effect of their own precepts, and their example would not be of general use. For this reason he never would accept of a hare or a partridge from any unqualified person in his parish. He did not content himself with shuffling the thing off by asking no questions, and pretending to take it for granted in a general way that the game was fairly come at; but he used to say, that by receiving the booty he connived at the crime, made himself a sharer in it, and if he gave a present to the man

who bought it, he even tempted him to repeat the fault.

One day poor Jack Weston, an honest fellow in the neighbourhood, whom Mr. Wilson had kindly visited and relieved in a long sickness, from which he was but just recovered, was brought before him as he was sitting on the Justice's bench; Jack was accused of having knocked down a hare; and of all the birds in the air, who should the informer be but Black Giles the poacher? Mr. Wilson was grieved at the charge, he had a great regard for Jack, but he had still a greater regard for the law. The poor fellow pleaded guilty. He did not deny the fact, but said he did not consider it as a crime, for he did not think game was private property, and he owned he had a strong temptation for doing what he had done, which he hoped would plead in his excuse. The Justice desired to know what this temptation was. "Sir," said the poor fellow, "you know I was given "over this spring in a bad fever. I had

" no friend in the world but you, Sir,
" Under God you saved my life by your
" charitable relief; and I trust also you
" may have helped to save my soul by your
" prayers and your good advice; for, by
" the grace of God, I have turned over a
" new leaf since that sickness.

" I know I can never make you amends
" for all your goodness, but I thought it
" would be some comfort to my full heart
" if I could but once give you some little
" token of my gratitude. So I had trained
" a pair of nice turtle doves for Madam
" Wilson, but they were stolen from me,
" Sir, and I do suspect Black Giles stole
" them. Yesterday morning, Sir, as I was
" crawling out to my work, for I am still
" but very weak, a fine hare ran across
" my path. I did not stay to consider
" whether it was wrong to kill a hare, but
" I felt it was right to show my gratitude;
" so, Sir, without a moment's thought I
" did knock down the hare, which I was
" going to carry to your worship, because
" I knew Madam was fond of hare. I am

" truly sorry for my fault, and will sub-
" mit to whatever punishment your wor-
" ship may please to inflict."

Mr. Wilson was much moved with this honest confession, and touched with the poor fellow's gratitude. What added to the effect of the story, was the weak condition and pale sickly looks of the offender. But this worthy magistrate never suffered his feelings to bias his integrity; he knew that he did not sit on that bench to indulge pity, but to administer justice; and while he was sorry for the offender, he would never justify the offence. " John," said he, " I am surprised that you could for a
" moment forget that I never accept any
" gift which causes the giver to break a
" law. On Sunday I teach you from the
" pulpit the laws of God, whose minister
" I am. At present I fill the chair of the
" magistrate, to enforce and execute the
" laws of the land. Between those and
" the others there is more connection than
" you are aware. I thank you, John, for
" your affection to me, and I admire your

"gratitude; but I must not allow either "affection or gratitude to be brought "as a plea for a wrong action. It is "not your business nor mine, John, to "settle whether the game laws are good "or bad. Till they are repealed we must "obey them. Many, I doubt not, break "these laws through ignorance, and "many, I am certain, who would not "dare to steal a goose or a turkey, make "no scruple of knocking down a hare or "a partridge. You will hereafter think "yourself happy that this your first "attempt has proved unsuccessful, as I "trust you are too honest a fellow ever "to intend to turn poacher. With poach-"ing much moral evil is connected; a "habit of nightly depredation; a custom "of prowling in the dark for prey pro-"duces in time a disrelish for honest "labour. He whose first offence was "committed without much thought or "evil intention, if he happens to succeed "a few times in carrying off his booty "undiscovered, grows bolder and bolder;

" and when he fancies there is no shame
" attending it, he very soon gets to per-
" suade himself that there is also no sin.
" While some people pretend a scruple
" about stealing a sheep, they partly live
" by plundering of warrens. But re-
" member that the warrener pays a high
" rent, and that therefore his rabbits are
" as much his property as his sheep. Do
" not then deceive yourselves with these
" false distinctions. All property is
" sacred, and as the laws of the land are
" intended to fence in that property, he
" who brings up his children to break
" down any of these fences, brings them
" up to certain sin and ruin. He who
" begins with robbing orchards, rabbit-
" warrens, and fish-ponds, will probably
" end with horse stealing or highway
" robbery. Poaching is a regular ap-
" prenticeship to bolder crimes. He
" whom I may commit as a boy to sit in
" the stocks for killing a partridge, may
" be likely to end at the gallows for
" killing a man.

"Observe, you who now hear me, the "strictness and impartiality of justice. I "know Giles to be a worthless fellow, yet "it is my duty to take his information; "I know Jack Weston to be an honest "youth, yet I must be obliged to make "him pay the penalty. Giles is a bad "man, but he can prove this fact; Jack "is a worthy lad, but he has committed "this fault. I am sorry for you, Jack; "but do not let it grieve you that Giles "has played worse tricks a hundred times, "and yet got off, while you were detected "in the very first offence, for that would "be grieving because you are not so "great a rogue as Giles. At this "moment you think your good luck is "very unequal; but all this will one day "turn out in your favour. Giles is not "the more a favourite of Heaven because "he has hitherto escaped Botany Bay or "the Hulks; nor is it any mark of God's "displeasure against you, John, that you "were found out in your very first "attempt."

Here the good Justice left off speaking, and no one could contradict the truth of what he had said. Weston humbly submitted to his sentence, but he was very poor, and knew not where to raise the money to pay his fine. His character had always been so fair, that several farmers present, kindly agreed to advance a trifle each, to prevent his being sent to prison, and he thankfully promised to work out the debt. The Justice himself, though he could not soften the law, yet showed Weston so much kindness, that he was enabled, before the year was out, to get out of this difficulty. He began to think more seriously than he had ever yet done, and grew to abhor poaching, not merely from fear but from principle.

We shall soon see whether poaching Giles always got off so successfully. Here we have seen that worldly prosperity is no sure sign of goodness. Next month we may, perhaps, see that the "triumph-"ing of the wicked is short;" for I then promise to give the Second Part of the

Poacher, together with the entertaining story of the Widow Brown's Apple-Tree.

PART II.

History of Widow Brown's Apple-Tree.

I THINK my readers got so well acquainted last month with Black Giles the poacher, that they will not expect, this month, to hear any great good, either of Giles himself, his wife Rachel, or any of their family. I am sorry to expose their tricks, but it is their fault, not mine. If I pretend to speak about people at all, I must tell the truth. I am sure, if folks would but turn about and mend, it would be a thousand times pleasanter to me to write their histories; for it is no comfort to tell of any body's faults. If the world would but grow good, I should be glad enough to publish it; but till it really becomes so, I must go on describing it

as it is; otherwise, I should only mislead my readers, instead of instructing them. It is the duty of a faithful historian to relate the evil with the good.

As to Giles and his boys, I am sure old widow Brown has good reason to remember their dexterity. Poor woman! she had a fine little bed of onions, in her neat and well-kept garden; she was very fond of her onions, and many a rheumatism has she caught by kneeling down to weed them in a damp day, notwithstanding the little flannel cloak and the bit of an old mat which Madam Wilson gave her, because the old woman would needs weed in wet weather. Her onions she always carefully treasured up for her winter's store; for an onion makes a little broth very relishing, and is indeed the only savoury thing poor people are used to get. She had also a small orchard, containing about a dozen apple-trees, with which in a good year she has been known to make a couple of barrels of cyder, which she sold to her landlord towards paying her

rent, besides having a little keg which she was able to keep back for her own drinking. Well! would you believe it, Giles and his boys marked both onions and apples for their own; indeed, a man who stole so many rabbits from the warren, was likely enough to steal onions for sauce. One day, when the widow was abroad on a little business, Giles and his boys made a clear riddance of the onion bed; and when they had pulled up every single onion, they then turned a couple of pigs into the garden, who, allured by the smell, tore up the bed in such a manner, that the widow, when she came home, had not the least doubt but the pigs had been the thieves. To confirm this opinion, they took care to leave the little hatch half open at one end of the garden, and to break down a slight fence at the other end.

I wonder how anybody can find in his heart not to pity and respect poor old widows! There is something so forlorn and helpless in their condition, that me-

thinks it is a call on every body, men, women, and children, to do them all the kind services that fall in their way. Surely their having no one to take their part, is an additional reason for kind-hearted people not to hurt and oppress them. But it was this very reason which led Giles to do this woman an injury. With what a touching simplicity is it recorded in Scripture, of the youth whom our Blessed Saviour raised from the dead, that he was the only son of his mother, *and she a widow!*

It happened unluckily for poor widow Brown that her cottage stood quite alone. On several mornings together (for roguery gets up much earlier than industry) Giles and his boys stole regularly into her orchard, followed by their jack-asses. She was so deaf that she could not hear the asses if they had brayed ever so loud, and to this Giles trusted; for he was very cautious in his rogueries; since he could not otherwise have contrived so long to keep out of prison; for though he was

almost always suspected, he had seldom been taken up, and never convicted. The boys used to fill their bags, load their asses, and then march off; and if in their way to the town where the apples were to be sold, they chanced to pass by one of their neighbours who might be likely to suspect them, they then all at once began to scream out, "Buy my coal! "—buy my sand!"

Besides the trees in her orchard, poor widow Brown had in her small garden one apple-tree particularly fine; it was a red-streak, so tempting and so lovely, that Giles's family had watched it with longing eyes, till at last they resolved on a plan for carrying off all this fine fruit in their bags. But it was a nice point to manage. The tree stood directly under her chamber window, so that there was some danger that she might spy them at the work. They therefore determined to wait till the next Sunday morning, when they knew she would not fail to be at church. Sunday came, and during service Giles

attended. It was a lone house, as I said before, and the rest of the parish were safe at church. In a trice the tree was cleared, the bags were filled, the asses were whipped, the thieves were off, the coast was clear, and all was safe and quiet by the time the sermon was over.

Unluckily, however, it happened, that this tree was so beautiful, and the fruit so fine, that the people, as they used to pass to and from the church, were very apt to stop and admire widow Brown's red-streaks; and some of the farmers rather envied her, that in that scarce season, when they hardly expected to make a pye out of a large orchard, she was likely to make a cask of cyder from a single tree. I am afraid, indeed, if I must speak out, she herself rather set her heart too much upon this fruit, and had felt as much pride in her tree as gratitude to a good Providence for it; but this failing of her's was no excuse for Giles. The covetousness of this thief had for once got the better of his caution; the tree was too

completely stripped, though the youngest boy Dick did beg hard that his father would leave the poor old woman enough for a few dumplings; and when Giles ordered Dick in his turn to shake the tree, the boy did it so gently that hardly any apples fell, for which he got a good stroke of the stick with which the old man was beating down the apples.

The neighbours on their return from church stopped as usual, but it was — not, alas! to admire the apples, for apples there were none left, but to lament the robbery, and console the widow; meantime the redstreaks were safely lodged in Giles's hovel under a few bundles of new hay which he had contrived to pull from the farmers' mow the night before, for the use of his jack-asses. Such a stir, however, began to be made about the widow's apple-tree, that Giles, who knew how much his character laid him open to suspicion, as soon as he saw the people safe in church again in the afternoon, ordered his boys to carry each a hatful of the

apples and thrust them in at a little casement window which happened to be open in the house of Samuel Price, a very honest carpenter in that parish, who was at church with his whole family. Giles's plan, by this contrivance, was to lay the theft on Price's sons in case the thing should come to be further inquired into. Here Dick put in a word, and begged and prayed his father not to force them to carry the apples to Price's. But all that he got by his begging was such a knock as had nearly laid him on the earth. "What, you cowardly rascal," said Giles, "you will go and *'peach* I suppose, and "get your father sent to gaol."

Poor widow Brown, though her trouble had made her still weaker than she was, went to church again in the afternoon; indeed she rightly thought that her being in trouble was a new reason why she ought to go. During the service she tried with all her might not to think of her redstreaks, and whenever they would come into her head, she took up her prayer book directly,

and so she forgot them a little; and indeed she found herself much easier when she came out of the church than when she went in; an effect so commonly produced by prayer, that methinks it is a pity people do not try it oftener. Now it happened oddly enough, that on that Sunday, of all the Sundays in the year, the widow should call in to rest a little at Samuel Price's, to tell over again the lamentable story of the apples, and to consult with him how the thief might be brought to justice. But, O reader! guess if you can, for I am sure I cannot tell you, what was her surprise, when, on going into Samuel Price's kitchen, she saw her own redstreaks lying in the window! The apples were of a sort too remarkable, for colour, shape, and size, to be mistaken. There was not such another tree in the parish. Widow Brown immediately screamed out, "Alas-a-day! as sure as can be here are "my redstreaks; I could swear to them "in any court." Samuel Price, who be-

lieved his sons to be as honest as himself, was shocked and troubled at the sight. He knew he had no redstreaks of his own; he knew there were no apples in the window when he went to church; he did verily believe these apples to be the widow's. But how they came there he could not possibly guess. He called for Tom, the only one of his sons who now lived at home. Tom was at the Sunday school, which he had never once missed since Mr. Wilson the minister had set up one in the parish. Was such a boy likely to do such a deed?

A crowd was by this time got about Price's door, among which were Giles and his boys, who had already taken care to spread the news that Tom Price was the thief. Most people were unwilling to believe it. His character was very good, but appearances were strongly against him. Mr. Wilson, who had staid to christen a child, now came in. He was much concerned that Tom Price, the best boy in his school, should stand accused

of such a crime. He sent for the boy, examined, and cross-examined him. No marks of guilt appeared. But still though he pleaded *not guilty*, there lay the red-streaks in his father's window. All the idle fellows in the place, who were most likely to have committed such a theft themselves, were the very people who fell with vengeance on poor Tom. The wicked seldom give any quarter. "This "is one of your sanctified ones!" cried they. "This was all the good that Sun-"day schools did! For their parts they "never saw any good come by religion. "Sunday was the only day for a little pas-"time, and if poor boys must be shut up "with their godly books, when they ought "to be out taking a little pleasure, it "was no wonder they made themselves "amends by such tricks." Another said, he should like to see parson Wilson's righteous one well whipped. A third hoped he would be clapped in the stocks for a young hypocrite as he was; while old Giles, who thought the only way to avoid

suspicion was by being more violent than the rest, declared, "that he hoped the "young dog would be transported for "life."

Mr. Wilson was too wise and too just to proceed against Tom without full proof. He declared the crime was a very heavy one, and he feared that heavy must be the punishment. Tom, who knew his own innocence, earnestly prayed to God that it might be made to appear as clear as the noon-day; and very fervent were his secret devotions on that night.

Black Giles passed his night in a very different manner. He set off as soon as it was dark, with his sons and their jack-asses laden with their stolen goods. As such a cry was raised about the apples he did not think it safe to keep them longer at home, but resolved to go and sell them at the next town; borrowing without leave a lame colt out of the moor to assist in carrying off his booty.

Giles and his eldest sons had rare sport all the way in thinking, that while they

were enjoying the profit of their plunder, Tom Price would be whipped round the market-place at least, if not sent beyond sea. But the younger boy Dick, who had naturally a tender heart, though hardened by his long familiarity with sin, could not help crying when he thought that Tom Price might, perhaps, be transported for a crime which he himself had helped to commit. He had had no compunction about the robbery, for he had not been instructed in the great principles of truth and justice; nor would he, therefore, perhaps, have had much remorse about accusing an innocent boy. But, though utterly devoid of principle, he had some remains of natural feeling and of gratitude. Tom Price had often given him a bit of his own bread and cheese; and once, when Dick was like to be drowned, Tom had jumped into the pond with his clothes on, and saved his life when he was just sinking; the remembrance of all this made his heart heavy. He said nothing; but, as he trotted barefoot after

the asses, he heard his father and brothers laugh at having outwitted the godly ones; and he grieved to think how poor Tom would suffer for his wickedness, yet fear kept him silent; they called him sulky dog, and lashed the asses till they bled.

In the mean time Tom Price kept up his spirits as well as he could. He worked hard all day, and prayed heartily night and morning. It is true, said he to himself, I am not guilty of this sin; but let this accusation set me on examining myself, and truly repenting of all my other sins; for I find enough to repent of, though I thank God I did not steal the widow's apples.

At length Sunday came, and Tom went to school as usual. As soon as he walked in, there was a great deal of whispering and laughing among the worst of the boys; and he overheard them say, "Who "would have thought it? This is master's "favourite! This is parson Wilson's "sober Tommy! We sha'n't have Tom- "my thrown in our teeth again if we go

"to get a bird's nest, or gather a few "nuts on a Sunday." — "Your demure "ones are always hypocrites," says another. — "The still sow sucks all the milk," says a third.

Giles's family had always kept clear of the school. Dick, indeed, had sometimes wished to go; not that he had much sense of sin, or desire after goodness, but he thought if he could once read, he might rise in the world, and not be forced to drive asses all his life. Through this whole Saturday night he could not sleep. He longed to know what would be done to Tom. He began to wish to go to school, but he had not courage; sin is very cowardly. So on the Sunday morning he went and sat himself down under the church wall. Mr. Wilson passed by. It was not his way to reject the most wicked, till he had tried every means to bring them over; and even then he pitied and prayed for them. He had, indeed, long left off talking to Giles's sons; but, seeing Dick sitting by himself, he once

more spoke to him, desired him to leave off his vagabond life, and go with him into the school. The boy hung down his head, but made no answer. He did not, however, either rise up and run away, or look sulky as he used to do. The minister desired him once more to go. "Sir," said the boy, "I can't go; I am so big I "am ashamed." — "The bigger you are, "the less time you have to lose." — "But, Sir, I can't read." — "Then it is "high time you should learn." — "I "should be ashamed to begin to learn my "letters." — "The shame is not in beginning to learn them, but in being contented never to know them." — "But, "Sir, I am so ragged!" — "God looks "at the heart and not at the coat." — "But, Sir, I have no shoes and stockings." — "So much the worse. I remember "who gave you both. (Here Dick "coloured.) It is bad to want shoes and "stockings, but still if you can drive "your asses a dozen miles without them, "you may certainly walk a hundred yards

"to school without them." — "But, Sir, "the good boys will hate me, and won't "speak to me." — "Good boys hate "nobody: and as to not speaking to you, "to be sure they will not keep you com- "pany while you go on in your present "evil courses; but as soon as they see "you wish to reform, they will help you, "and pity you, and teach you; and so "come along." Here Mr. Wilson took this dirty boy by the hand, and gently pulled him forward, kindly talking to him all the way, in the most condescending manner.

How the whole school stared to see Dick Giles come in! No one, however, dared to say what he thought. The business went on, and Dick slunk into a corner, partly to hide his rags, and partly to hide his sin; for last Sunday's transaction sat heavy on his heart, not because he had stolen the apples, but because Tom Price had been accused. This, I say, made him slink behind. Poor boy! He little thought there was ONE saw him

who sees all things, and from whose eye no hole nor corner can hide the sinner; "for he is about our bed, and about our "paths, and spieth out all our ways."

It was the custom in that school, and an excellent custom it is, for the master, who was a good and wise man, to mark down in his pocket-book all the events of the week, that he might turn them to some account in his Sunday evening instructions; such as any useful story in the newspaper, any account of boys being drowned as they were out in a pleasure-boat on Sundays, any sudden death in the parish, or any other remarkable visitation of Providence; insomuch, that many young people in the place, who did not belong to the school, and many parents also, used to drop in for an hour on a Sunday evening, when they were sure to hear something profitable. The minister greatly approved this practice, and often called in himself, which was a great support to the master, and encouragement to the people who attended.

The master had taken a deep concern in the story of widow Brown's apple-tree. He could not believe Tom Price was guilty, nor dared he pronounce him innocent; but he resolved to turn the instructions of the present evening to this subject. He began thus: "My dear boys, "however light some of you may make of "robbing an orchard, yet I have often told "you there is no such thing as a *little* sin, "if it be wilful or habitual. I wish now "to explain to you, also, that there is "hardly such a thing as a *single* solitary "sin. You know I teach you not merely "to repeat the commandments as an "exercise for your memory, but as a rule "for your conduct. If you were to come "here only to learn to read and spell on "a Sunday, I should think that was not "employing God's day for God's work; "but I teach you to read that you may, "by this means, come so to understand "the Bible and the Catechism, as to make "every text in the one, and every ques-"tion and answer in the other, to be so

"fixed in your hearts, that they may "bring forth in you the fruits of good "living."

Master. How many commandments are there?

Boy. Ten.

Master. How many commandments did that boy break who stole widow Brown's apples?

Boy. Only one, master; the eighth.

Master. What is the eighth?

Boy. Thou shalt not steal.

Master. And you are very sure that this was the only one he broke? Now suppose I could prove to you that he probably broke not less than six out of those ten commandments, which the great Lord of heaven himself stooped down from his eternal glory to deliver to men, would you not, then, think it a terrible thing to steal, whether apples or guineas?

Boy. Yes, master.

Master. I will put the case. Some wicked boy has robbed widow Brown's

orchard. (Here the eyes of every one were turned on poor Tom Price, except those of Dick Giles, who fixed his on the ground.) I accuse no one, continued the master, Tom Price is a good boy, and was not missing at the time of the robbery; these are two reasons why I presume that he is innocent; but whoever it was, you allow that by stealing these apples he broke the *eighth* commandment?

Boy. Yes, master.

Master. On what day were these apples stolen?

Boy. On Sunday.

Master. What is the fourth commandment?

Boy. Thou shalt keep holy the sabbath-day.

Master. Does that person keep holy the sabbath-day who loiters in an orchard on Sunday, when he should be at church, and steals apples when he ought to be saying his prayers?

Boy. No, master.

Master. What command does he break?

Boy. The fourth.

Master. Suppose this boy had parents who had sent him to church, and that he had disobeyed them by not going, would that be keeping the fifth commandment?

Boy. No, master; for the fifth commandment says, *Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother.*

This was the only part of the case in which poor Dick Giles's heart did not smite him; he knew he had disobeyed no father! for his father, alas! was still wickeder than himself, and had brought him up to commit the sin. But what a wretched comfort was this! The master went on.

Master. Suppose this boy earnestly coveted this fruit, though it belonged to another person, would that be right?

Boy. No, master; for the tenth commandment says, *Thou shalt not covet.*

Master. Very well. Here are four of God's positive commands already broken.

Now do you think thieves ever scruple to use wicked words?

Boy. I am afraid not, master.

Here Dick Giles was not so hardened but that he remembered how many curses had passed between him and his father while they were filling the bags, and he was afraid to look up. The master went on.

"I will now go one step further. If "the thief, to all his other sins, has added "that of accusing the innocent to save "himself, if he should break the *ninth* "commandment, by *bearing false witness* "*against a harmless neighbour*, then six "commandments are broken for an *apple!* "But if it be otherwise, if Tom Price "should be found guilty, it is not his "good character shall save him. I shall "shed tears over him, but punish him I "must, and that severely." — "No, that "you sha'n't," roared out Dick Giles, who sprung from his hiding-place, fell on his knees, and burst out a-crying, "Tom "Price is as good a boy as ever lived; it "was father and I who stole the apples!"

It would have done your heart good to have seen the joy of the master, the modest blushes of Tom Price, and the satisfaction of every honest boy in the school. All shook hands with Tom, and even Dick got some portion of pity. I wish I had room to give my readers the moving exhortation which the master gave. But while Mr. Wilson left the guilty boy to the management of the master, he thought it became himself, as a minister and a magistrate, to go to the extent of the law in punishing the father. Early on the Monday morning he sent to apprehend Giles. In the mean time Mr. Wilson was sent for to a gardener's house two miles distant, to attend a man who was dying. This was a duty to which all others gave way in his mind. He set out directly; but what was his surprise, on his arrival, to see, on a little bed on the floor, poaching Giles lying in all the agonies of death! Jack Weston, the same poor young man against whom Giles had informed for killing a hare, was kneeling

by him, offering him some broth, and talking to him in the kindest manner. Mr. Wilson begged to know the meaning of all this; and Jack Weston spoke as follows:

"At four this morning, as I was going "out to mow, passing under the high "wall of this garden, I heard a most dis- "mal moaning. The nearer I came the "more dismal it grew. At last, who "should I see but poor Giles groaning, "and struggling under a quantity of "bricks and stones, but not able to stir. "The day before he had marked a fine "large net on this old wall, and resolved "to steal it, for he thought it might do as "well to catch partridges as to preserve "cherries; so, Sir, standing on the very "top of this wall, and tugging with all "his might to loosen the net from the "hooks which fastened it, down came "Giles, net, wall, and all; for the wall "was gone to decay. It was very high "indeed, and poor Giles not only broke "his thigh, but has got a terrible blow

"on his head, and is bruised all over like "a mummy. On seeing me, Sir, poor "Giles cried out, 'Oh, Jack! I did try to "ruin thee by lodging that information, "and now thou wilt be revenged by let-"ting me lie here and perish.'—'God "forbid, Giles'! cried I; 'thou shalt see "what sort of revenge a Christian takes.' "So, Sir, I sent off the gardener's boy to "fetch a surgeon, while I scampered "home and brought on my back this "bit of a hammock, which is indeed my "own bed, and put Giles upon it; we "then lifted him up, bed and all, as ten-"derly as if he had been a gentleman, "and brought him in here. My wife has "just brought him a drop of nice broth; "and now, Sir, as I have done what I "could for his poor perishing body, it "was I who took the liberty to send to "you to come to try to help his poor "soul, for the doctor says he can't live."

Mr. Wilson could not help saying to himself, Such an action as this is worth a whole volume of comments on that

precept of our blessed Master, *Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you.* Giles's dying groans confirmed the sad account Weston had just given. The poor wretch could neither pray himself nor attend to the minister. He could only cry out, "Oh! Sir, what will be-"come of me? I don't know how to "repent. O my poor wicked children! "Sir, I have bred them all up in sin and "ignorance. Have mercy on them, Sir; "let me not meet them in the place of "torment to which I am going. Lord "grant them that time for repentance "which I have thrown away!" He languished a few days, and died in great misery:—a fresh and sad instance that people who abuse the grace of God and resist his Spirit, find it difficult to repent when they will.

Except the minister and Jack Weston, no one came to see poor Giles, besides Tommy Price, who had been so sadly wronged by him. Tom often brought him his own rice-milk or apple-dumpling;

and Giles, ignorant and depraved as he was, often cried out, "That he thought "now there must be some truth in reli- "gion, since it taught even a boy to *deny* "*himself*, and to *forgive an injury*." Mr. Wilson, the next Sunday, made a moving discourse on the danger of what are called *petty offences*. This, together with the awful death of Giles, produced such an effect, that no poacher has been able to show his head in that parish ever since.

TAWNEY RACHEL;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

DREAMS, OMENS, AND CONJURERS.

TAWNEY RACHEL was the wife of poaching Giles. There seemed to be a conspiracy in Giles's whole family to maintain themselves by tricks and pilfering. Regular labour and honest industry did not suit their idle habits. They had a sort of genius at finding out every unlawful means to support a vagabond life. Rachel travelled the country with a basket on her arm. She pretended to get her bread by selling laces, cabbage-nets, ballads, and history books, and used

to buy old rags and rabbit-skins. Many honest people trade in these things, and I am sure I do not mean to say a word against honest people, let them trade in what they will. But Rachel only made this traffic a pretence for getting admittance into farmers' kitchens, in order to tell fortunes.

She was continually practising on the credulity of silly girls; and took advantage of their ignorance to cheat and deceive them. Many an innocent servant has she caused to be suspected of a robbery, while she herself, perhaps, was in league with the thief. Many a harmless maid has she brought to ruin by first contriving plots and events herself, and then pretending to foretel them. She had not, to be sure, the power of really foretelling things, because she had no power of seeing into futurity: but she had the art sometimes to bring them about according as she had foretold them. So she got that credit for her wisdom which really belonged to her wickedness.

Rachel was also a famous interpreter of dreams, and could distinguish exactly between the fate of any two persons who happened to have a mole on the right or the left cheek. She had a cunning way of getting herself off when any of her prophecies failed. When she explained a dream according to the natural appearance of things, and it did not come to pass; then she would get out of that scrape by saying, that this sort of dreams went by contraries. Now of two very opposite things the chance always is that one of them may turn out to be true; so in either case she kept up the cheat.

Rachel, in one of her rambles, stopped at the house of Farmer Jenkins. She contrived to call when she knew the master of the house was from home, which indeed was her usual way. She knocked at the door; the maids being in the field hay-making, Mrs. Jenkins went to open it herself. Rachel asked her if she would please to let her light her pipe? This was a common pretence, when she could

find no other way of getting into a house. While she was filling her pipe, she looked at Mrs. Jenkins, and said, she could tell her some good fortune. The farmer's wife, who was a very inoffensive, but a weak and superstitious woman, was curious to know what she meant. Rachel then looked about very carefully, and shutting the door with a mysterious air, asked her if she was sure nobody would hear them. This appearance of mystery was at once delightful and terrifying to Mrs. Jenkins, who, with trembling agitation, bid the cunning woman speak out. "Then," said Rachel in a solemn whisper, "there is to my certain knowledge a "pot of money hid under one of the "stones in your cellar." — "Indeed!" said Mrs. Jenkins, "it is impossible, "for now I think of it, I dreamt last "night I was in prison for debt." — "Did you really?" said Rachel; "that "is quite surprising. Did you dream "this before twelve o'clock or after?" — "O it was this morning, just before I

" awoke." — " Then I am sure it is true, " for morning dreams always go by con- " traries," cried Rachel. " How lucky " it was you dreamt it so late." — Mrs. Jenkins could hardly contain her joy, and asked how the money was to be come at. " There is but one way," said Rachel; " I must go into the cellar. I " know by my art under which stone it " lies, but I must not tell." Then they both went down into the cellar, but Rachel refused to point at the stone unless Mrs. Jenkins would put five pieces of gold into a bason and do as she directed. The simple woman instead of turning her out of doors for a cheat, did as she was bid. She put the guineas into a bason which she gave into Rachel's hand. Rachel strewed some white powder over the gold, muttered some barbarous words, and pretended to perform the black art. She then told Mrs. Jenkins to put the bason quietly down within the cellar; telling her that if she offered to look into it, or even to speak a word, the charm

would be broken. She also directed her to lock the cellar door, and on no pretence to open it in less than forty-eight hours. "If," added she, "you closely "follow these directions, then, by the "power of my art, you will find the bason "conveyed to the very stone under which "the money lies hid, and a fine treasure "it will be!" Mrs. Jenkins, who firmly believed every word the woman said, did exactly as she was told, and Rachel took her leave with a handsome reward.

When Farmer Jenkins came home he desired his wife to draw him a cup of cyder; this she put off doing so long that he began to be displeased. At last she begged he would be so good to drink a little beer instead. He insisted on knowing the reason, and when at last he grew angry, she told him all that had passed; and owned that as the pot of gold happened to be in the cyder cellar, she did not dare open the door, as she was sure it would break the charm. "And it "would be a pity you know," said she,

"to lose a good fortune for the sake of a "draught of cyder." The farmer, who was not so easily imposed upon, suspected a trick. He demanded the key, and went and opened the cellar door; there he found the bason, and in it five round pieces of tin covered with powder. Mrs. Jenkins burst out a crying; but the farmer thought of nothing but of getting a warrant to apprehend the cunning woman. Indeed she well proved her claim to that name, when she insisted that the cellar door might be kept locked till she had time to get out of the reach of all pursuit.

Poor Sally Evans! I am sure she rued the day that ever she listened to a fortune-teller! Sally was as harmless a girl as ever churned a pound of butter; but Sally was credulous, ignorant, and superstitious. She delighted in dream-books, and had consulted all the cunning women in the country to tell her whether the two moles on her cheek denoted that she was to have two husbands, or only two children. If she picked up an old horse-shoe going

to church, she was sure that would be a lucky week. She never made a black-pudding without borrowing one of the parson's old wigs to hang in the chimney, firmly believing there were no other means to preserve them from bursting. She would never go to bed on Midsummer-eve without sticking up in her room the well-known plant called Midsummer-men, as the bending of the leaves to the right or to the left, would not fail to tell her whether Jacob, of whom we shall speak presently, was true or false. She would rather go five miles about than pass near a church-yard at night. Every seventh year she would not eat beans because they grew downward in the pod, instead of upward; and, though a very neat girl, she would rather have gone with her gown open than have taken a pin from an old woman, for fear of being bewitched. Poor Sally had so many unlucky days in her calendar, that a large portion of her time became of little use, because on these days she did not dare set about any new

work. And she would have refused the best offer in the country if made to her on a Friday, which she thought so unlucky a day that she often said what a pity it was that there were any Friday in the week. Sally had twenty pounds left her by her grandmother. She had long been courted by Jacob, a sober lad, with whom she lived fellow-servant at a creditable farmer's. Honest Jacob, like his namesake of old, thought it little to wait seven years to get this damsel to wife, because of the love he bore her, for Sally had promised to marry him when he could match her twenty pounds with another of his own.

Now there was one Robert, a rambling, idle young gardener, who, instead of sitting down steadily in one place, used to roam about the country, and do odd jobs where he could get them. No one understood any thing about him, except that he was a down-looking fellow, who came nobody knew whence, and got his bread nobody knew how, and never had a penny

in his pocket. Robert, who was now in the neighbourhood, happened to hear of Sally Evans and her twenty pounds. He immediately conceived a longing desire for the latter. So he went to his old friend Rachel the fortune-teller, told her all he had heard of Sally, and promised if she could bring about a marriage between them, she should go shares in the money.

Rachel undertook the business. She set off to the farm-house, and fell to singing one of her most enticing songs just under the dairy window. Sally was so struck with the pretty tune, which was unhappily used, as is too often the case, to set off some very loose words, that she jumped up, dropped the skimming dish into the cream, and ran out to buy the song. While she stooped down to rummage the basket for those songs which had the most tragical pictures, (for Sally had a tender heart, and delighted in whatever was mournful,) Rachel looked stedfastly in her face, and told her she

knew by her art that she was born to good fortune, but advised her not to throw herself away. "These two moles on your "cheek," added she, "show you are in "some danger." — "Do they denote "husbands or children?" cried Sally, starting up, and letting fall the song of the children in the wood. — "Husbands," muttered Rachel. — "Alas! poor Jacob!" said Sally, mournfully, "then he will die "first, won't he?" — "Mum for that," quoth the fortune-teller, "I will say no "more." Sally was impatient, but the more curiosity she discovered, the more mystery Rachel affected. At last she said, "If you will cross my hand with a "piece of silver, I will tell your fortune. "By the power of my art I can do this "three ways; first by cards, next by the "lines of your hand, or by turning a cup "of tea-grounds; which will you have?" — "O, all! all!" cried Sally, looking up with reverence to this sun-burnt oracle of wisdom, who was possessed of no less than three different ways of diving into the

secrets of futurity. Alas! persons of better sense than Sally have been so taken in; the more is the pity! The poor girl said, she would run up stairs to her little box where she kept her money tied up in a bit of an old glove, and would bring down a bright queen Ann's sixpence very crooked. "I am sure," added she, "it "is a lucky one, for it cured me of a very "bad ague last spring, by only laying it "nine nights under my pillow without "speaking a word. But then you must "know what gave the virtue to this six-"pence was, that it had belonged to "three young men of the name of John; "I am sure I had work enough to get it. "But true it is, it certainly cured me. "It must be the sixpence you know, for "I am sure I did nothing else for my "ague, except indeed taking some bitter "stuff every three hours which the doc-"tor called bark. To be sure I lost my "ague soon after I took it, but I am cer-"tain it was owing to the crooked six-"pence and not to the bark. And so,

"good woman, you may come in if you "will, for there is not a soul in the house "but me." This was the very thing Rachel wanted to know, and very glad she was to learn it.

While Sally was above stairs untying her glove, Rachel slipped into the parlour, took a small silver cup from the beaufet, and clapped it into her pocket. Sally ran down lamenting that she had lost her sixpence, which she verily believed was owing to her having put it into a left hand glove, instead of a right one. Rachel comforted her by saying, that if she gave her two plain ones instead, the charm would work just as well. Simple Sally thought herself happy to be let off so easily, never calculating that a smooth shilling was worth two crooked sixpences. But this skill was a part of the black art in which Rachel excelled. She took the money and began to examine the lines of Sally's left hand. She bit her withered lip, shook her head, and bade her poor dupe beware of a young man who had

black hair. "No indeed," cried Sally all in a fright, "you mean black eyes, "for our Jacob has got brown hair, 'tis "his eyes that are black." — "That is "the very thing I was going to say," muttered Rachel, "I meant eyes though "I said hair, for I know his hair is as "brown as a chesnut, and his eyes as "black as a sloe." — "So they are sure "enough," cried Sally, "how in the "world could you know that?" forgetting that she herself had just told her so. And it is thus that these hags pick out of the credulous all which they afterwards pretend to reveal to them. "O, I know a "pretty deal more than that," said Rachel, "but you must be aware of this "man." — "Why so," cried Sally with great quickness. — "Because," answered Rachel, "you are fated to marry a man "worth a hundred of him, who has blue "eyes, light hair, and a stoop in the "shoulders." — "No, indeed, but I "can't," said Sally; "I have promised "Jacob, and Jacob I will marry." —

"You cannot, child," returned Rachel, in a solemn tone; "it is out of your "power, you are *fated* to marry the grey "eyes and light hair."—"Nay, indeed," said Sally, sighing deeply, "if I am fated, "I must; I know there's no resisting "one's fate." This is a common cant with poor deluded girls, who are not aware that they themselves make their fate by their folly, and then complain there is no resisting it.—"What can I "do?" said Sally.—"I will tell you that "too," said Rachel. "You must take "a walk next Sunday afternoon to the "church-yard, and the first man you "meet in a blue coat, with a large posy "of pinks and southernwood in his bosom, "sitting on the church-yard wall, about "seven o'clock, he will be the man."—"Provided," said Sally, much disturbed, "that he has grey eyes, and stoops."—"O, to be sure," said Rachel, "other-"wise it is not the right man."—"But "if I should mistake," said Sally, "for "two men may happen to have a coat

" and eyes of the same colour?" — " To " prevent that," replied Rachel, " if it " is the right man, the two first letters of " his name will be R. P. This man has " got money beyond sea." — " O, I do " not value his money," said Sally, with tears in her eyes, " for I love Jacob better " than house or land; but if I am fated " to marry another, I can't help it; you " know there is no struggling against my " fate."

Poor Sally thought of nothing, and dreamt of nothing all the week but the blue coat and the grey eyes. She made a hundred blunders at her work. She put her rennet into the butter-pan, and her skimming dish into the cheese-tub. She gave the curd to the hogs, and put the whey into the vats. She put her little knife out of her pocket for fear it should cut love, and would not stay in the kitchen, if there was not an even number of people, lest it should break the charm. She grew cold and mysterious in her behaviour to faithful Jacob, whom she

truly loved. But the more she thought of the fortune-teller, the more she was convinced that brown hair and black eyes were not what she was fated to marry, and therefore, though she trembled to think it, Jacob could not be the man.

On Sunday she was too uneasy to go to church; for poor Sally had never been taught that her being uneasy was only a fresh reason why she ought to go thither. She spent the whole afternoon in her little garret, dressing in all her best. First she put on her red ribbon, which she had bought at last Lammas fair: then she recollected that red was an unlucky colour, and changed it for a blue ribbon, tied in a true lover's knot; but suddenly calling to mind that poor Jacob had bought this knot for her of a pedlar at the door, and that she had promised to wear it for his sake, her heart smote her, and she laid it by, sighing to think she was not fated to marry the man who had given it to her. When she had looked at herself twenty times in the glass, (for one vain action

always brings on another,) she set off, trembling and shaking every step she went. She walked eagerly towards the church-yard, not daring to look to the right or left, for fear she should spy Jacob, who would have offered to walk with her, and so have spoilt all. As soon as she came within sight of the wall, she spied a man sitting upon it. Her heart beat violently. She looked again; but alas! the stranger not only had on a black coat, but neither hair nor eyes answered the description. She now happened to cast her eyes on the church clock, and found she was two hours before her time. This was some comfort. She walked away and got rid of the two hours as well as she could, paying great attention as she went not to walk over any straws which lay across, and carefully looking to see if there were never an old horse-shoe in the way, that infallible symptom of good fortune. While the clock was striking seven, she returned to the church-yard, and, O! the wonderful

power of fortune-tellers! there she saw him! there sat the very man! his hair as light as flax, his eyes as blue as butter-milk, and his shoulders as round as a tub. Every tittle agreed, to the very nosegay in his waistcoat button-hole. At first indeed she thought it had been sweet-brier, and, glad to catch at a straw, whispered to herself, it is not he, and I shall marry Jacob still; but on looking again, she saw it was southernwood plain enough, and that of course all was over. The man accosted her with some very nonsensical, but too acceptable, compliments. Sally was naturally a modest girl, and but for Rachel's wicked arts, would not have had courage to talk with a strange man; but how could she resist her fate, you know? After a little discourse, she asked him, with a trembling heart, what might be his name? Robert Price at your service, was the answer. "Robert "Price! that is R. P. as sure as I am "alive, and the fortune-teller was a witch! "It is all out! it is all out! O! the won-"derful art of fortune-tellers!"

The little sleep she had that night was disturbed with dreams of graves, and ghosts, and funerals; but as they were morning dreams, she knew those always went by contraries, and that a funeral denoted a wedding. Still a sigh would now and then heave, to think that in that wedding Jacob could have no part. Such of my readers as know the power which superstition has over the weak and credulous mind, scarcely need be told, that poor Sally's unhappiness was soon completed. She forgot all her vows to Jacob; she at once forsook an honest man whom she loved, and consented to marry a stranger, of whom she knew nothing, from a ridiculous notion that she was compelled to do so by a decree which she had it not in her power to resist. She married this Robert Price, the strange gardener, whom she soon found to be very worthless, and very much in debt. He had no such thing as "money beyond "sea," as the fortune-teller had told her; but alas! he had another wife there. He

got immediate possession of Sally's twenty pounds. Rachel put in for her share, but he refused to give her a farthing, and bid her get away or he would have her taken up on the vagrant act. He soon ran away from Sally, leaving her to bewail her own weakness; for it was that indeed, and not any irresistible fate, which had been the cause of her ruin. To complete her misery, she herself was suspected of having stolen the silver cup which Rachel had pocketed. Her master, however, would not prosecute her, as she was falling into a deep decline, and she died in a few months of a broken heart, a sad warning to all credulous girls.

Rachel, whenever she got near home, used to drop her trade of fortune-telling, and only dealt in the wares of her basket. Mr. Wilson, the clergyman, found her one day dealing out some very wicked ballads to some children. He went up with a view to give her a reprimand; but had no sooner begun his exhortation than up came a constable, followed by several

people. — "There she is, that is she, that "is the old witch who tricked my wife "out of the five guineas," said one of them. "Do your office constable, seize "that old hag. She may tell fortunes and "find pots of gold in Taunton gaol, for "there she will have nothing else to do!" This was that very farmer Jenkins, whose wife had been cheated by Rachel of the five guineas. He had taken pains to trace her to her own parish: he did not so much value the loss of the money, as he thought it was a duty he owed the public to clear the country of such vermin. Mr. Wilson immediately committed her. She took her trial at the next assizes, when she was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. In the meantime, the pawnbroker to whom she had sold the silver cup, which she had stolen from poor Sally's master, impeached her; and as the robbery was fully proved upon Rachel, she was sentenced for this crime to Botany Bay; and a happy day it was for the county of Somerset, when such a nuisance

was sent out of it. She was transported much about the same time that her husband Giles lost his life, in stealing the net from the garden-wall, as related in the second part of poaching Giles.

I have thought it my duty to print this little history, as a kind warning to all you young men and maidens not to have any thing to say to *cheats, impostors, cunning women, fortune-tellers, conjurers,* and *interpreters of dreams.* Listen to me, your true friend, when I assure you that God never reveals to weak and wicked women those secret designs of his providence, which no human wisdom is able to foresee. To consult these false oracles is not only foolish, but sinful. It is foolish, because they are themselves as ignorant as those whom they pretend to teach; and it is sinful, because it is prying into that futurity which God, in mercy as well as wisdom, hides from men. God indeed *orders* all things; but when you have a mind to do a foolish thing, do not fancy you are *fated* to do it. This is tempting

Providence, and not trusting him. It is indeed *charging God with folly*. Prudence is his gift, and you obey him better when you make use of prudence, under the direction of prayer, than when you madly run into ruin, and think you are only submitting to your *fate*. Never fancy that you are compelled to undo yourself, or to rush upon your own destruction, in compliance with any supposed fatality. Never believe that God conceals his will from a sober Christian who obeys his laws, and reveals it to a vagabond gipsy who runs up and down breaking the laws both of God and man. King Saul never consulted the witch till he had left off serving God. The Bible will direct us what to do better than any conjurer, and there are no days unlucky but those which we make so by our own vanity, sin, and folly.

THE END.

Printed by A. Strahan,
New-Street-Square, London.